

SWEET BRIAR COLLEGE

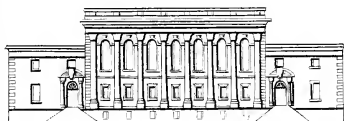


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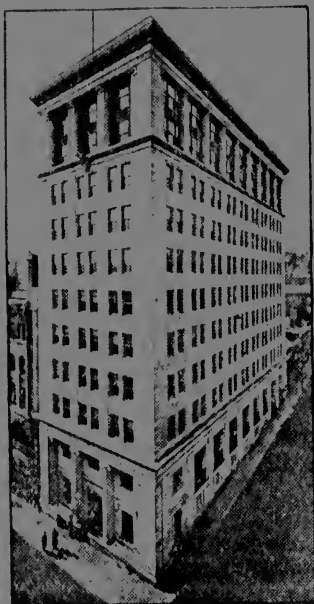
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The Brambler

October

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The BRAMBLER

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A Bedtime Tale for Brittle Brats

CLEMMIE CARTER, '40

Data: Born—she won't tell. Lives—Darien (peak?), Connecticut.

Wrote as a Youngling: A Tragedy of Roman Slaves.

Soft Spot: Books and Browning.

Known Best by: Paris trips and coiffeurs.

IN a lonely swamp where the harsh croaking of frogs is heard against the gentler murmur of mosquitoes, there sprawled upon a moist rock a lovely amoeba. She was an innocent girl, a mere child of nature. It was obvious that the world as a unit of evil had made no impression upon her. Her worries were few, as she dangled a foot from the rock into a small pool, in hopes that there might lurk some unprotected protozoa. She noticed a tall fern, stretched far, far above her, its gentle tendrils faintly brushing the clouds, and as her foot had discovered no prey, she reabsorbed it and sank into reverie. Suddenly her sweet solitude was penetrated by a dashing figure of odd proportions. His upper lip was covered with cilia, a beginning of a moustache, and his build was definitely husky. The amoeba's vacuous spot fluttered. "Percy Paramecium! When did you return?"

"Amanda—I'm here to warn you. The anemones have allied with the hydras and they are coming our way." Amanda shuddered with terror and simultaneous with that shudder was the war cry of the hydra followed by the distinct hiss of the anemone. Crashing across the roots of the ferns like a great tank ploughed a puffing mass of protoplasm. Percy stepped forward bravely.

"Halt! Are you a friend, or anemone?"

"Friend be demmed!" it cried, at which Amanda clapped two feet over each ear. Oh how sad—! The stillness of the swamp was rent in twain, and the earth shook as, pseudopod against pseudopod, the warriors clashed.

"Percy, Percy my darling, do be careful."

"Amanda, look behind you quickly." Amanda gave a furtive glance about her just as she felt herself entwined in the vise-like grip of a hydra.

"Percy, Percy, my end has come. Goodbye." Fired by the tender voice of his love, Percy annihilated the anemone in one final sting and sprang to Amanda. But the hydra was larger than he, and panting still from his last battle, Percy remained inert in a moment of cataclysmic action.

"Leave me," Amanda heroically said. "You cannot save me, leave me." Percy's agony cannot be described as, helpless, he watched the destruction of his fair one.

"Leave you, never! Die with you, yes!"

Then like a lull in a storm, or a moment of relief to a sufferer late in pain, there was a pause in the uproar and joyfully Amanda cried, "Percy, Percy, I'm dividing." Out of the pincer grip of the hydra slipped Amanda. In half a second she was at Percy's side, and together they slid swiftly to safety.

"Amanda, my own, are you all right?"

As she smiled sweetly and trembled slightly, coming shyly to his arms, she said, "Percy dearest, this is my better half."

Nearly An Hour

MARGARET VALLANCE, '40

Data: Born—Washington, D. C. Lives—ditto.

Wrote as a Youngling: Detective thrillers!

Soft Spot: A. E. and Lord Peter Wimsey.

Known Best by: Ice cream cones and horoscopes.

The Scene: Kensington Gardens.

The Time: Late Summer. Late afternoon.

(A young man, wearing a light top-coat, is standing inside the iron-grilled gate, looking at the passers-by eagerly. With an angry gesture he throws his cigarette away. Just then a girl hurries up. She is blonde and pretty, dressed in a green plaid suit with a tall feather in her hat. She breathes quickly as though from running.)

The Girl: Alan, I'm so sorry I'm late! Mr. Johnson said we must finish all the filing before we could leave. It took hours, and I could hardly keep from running right out here.

Alan: Poor darling! I thought you'd never come. But don't worry.

The Girl: Now we have so little time left! When must you leave?

Alan: At five of seven. Nearly an hour, Janet dear. An hour to say all the things we've meant to say and all the things we'll wish to say afterwards.

Janet: There's so much we haven't decided yet. Not even what kind of house to have! Let's just walk around and plan it all.

(They saunter slowly up and down the paths. The light gradually fades and the city noises seem fainter for a while.)

Alan (smiling): You've something definite in mind; I know you well enough for that. What is it?

Janet: I want a brown half-timbered house with diamond-paned casements. Something quaint and Elizabethan. Don't you?

Alan: Yes. With tall holly-hocks in front of it and a straight flagged walk.

Janet: We ought to have morning glory growing over the garden wall and night-blooming jasmine, too.

Alan (laughing): That might be a bit tangling, darling! It would be fun to dig about evenings, though.

Janet: Oh, I know you, too, Alan Gregory! You'd lean on the gate all the time, gossiping with the man next door.

Alan (indignantly): I should say not! What could we talk about? (With a grin) Unless we sympathized about the cooking!

Janet (drawing herself up trimly): You just don't know what accomplishments I have. I'll make you eat those words, someday!

(They pass out of sight and for a few moments the stage is silent, save for a distant shouting. It grows quite dark, then they reappear, arm-in-arm.)

Janet (softly): Oh, Alan, we're going to live the most wonderful life, aren't we?

Alan (soberly): Yes, my dear.

Janet: A year from yesterday we'll celebrate our first anniversary. Can you believe it? (She raises her left hand proudly. The distant shouting approaches and newsboys can be heard calling extras. Neither notice.)

Alan: It will always seem unbelievable, even when we've had dozens of them.

Janet: Even when we're ninety.

Alan: People will smile at us then because they'll think we're old.

Janet: When all the time we'll be as young as we are today.

(The cries of newsboys fill the air. A few words are distinguished: "Hitler"—"blockade"—"long war." The curtain falls.)



CYCLE OF LIFE

Tiny tucks in snowy white batiste,
Dainty ruffles on a printed lawn,
Whispers of a bouffant taffeta skirt,
Heavy folds of velvet rich and deep,
Stateliness and glamor of old lace,
Cold and white the shroud enfolds her sleep.

—*The Concept*

The Ghosts of Sweet Briar

MARTHA INGLES, 40

Data: Born—Baltimore, Maryland. Lives—on an army post.

Wrote as a Youngling: Fairy tales.

Soft Spot: Still the Army.

Known Best by: Her Liberty scarfs.

THERE is a mood about Sweet Briar House and its gardens, a feeling of unseen presence that has never left it since the day that its owner, Mrs. Indiana Williams, died. We do not realize this as we divide our days between the dormitories and the class rooms and the Inn, because all of these are new since "Miss Indy's" day. But we need only to go to the old house to feel and believe in the "ghosts" of Sweet Briar. In the gardens there at night, if there are no clouds to make it dark, we might, on coming around one of the box-woods, glimpse Miss Indy and Daisy walking together across the grass. If we spent a night in the haunted tower, especially if it were moonlight and the mimosa were in bloom, we would surely see them. It is quite natural that they should be there. They lived there once, Sweet Briar was their home, and they feel that they must watch over it. Ghosts have a great responsibility; it is up to them to keep us reminded of the past.

After Daisy died at sixteen, and Mr. Williams followed her a few months later, "Miss Indy" Williams lived alone at Sweet Briar House with only her servants and her memories. Daisy had been her life, and the child's death only made her mother more wrapped up in her than ever. As the years passed she became more and more of a recluse; she began to do queer things that made people shake their heads and wonder about her. She had all of the trees and brush cut away so that she could see the monument from her windows. She sometimes even took food up to the monument and left it on Daisy's

grave. She cherished all of the child's belongings with what almost amounted to worship, and the night of her death it is said that she dragged herself into Daisy's room and died across the little bed.

Miss Indy died, but her presence and the presence of Daisy whom she loved so devotedly, lived on about the place. They still live. To this day the negroes say that both Daisy and Miss Indy "walk" on nights that are not too dark and not too bright. Many have heard horses' hoofs on certain nights, and when they hear them they say that Daisy is riding her pony around the dell. One night Miss Benedict, the first president of Sweet Briar, actually saw a little white pony out of the parlor window of Sweet Briar House. Another time she saw Daisy and her pony riding straight for the monument, not by way of the road as we go, for ghosts never bother with roads, but skimming over the fields and trees.

On Christmas Eve it is said that Daisy plucks her harp. Many vow that they have heard it; others are not quite sure.

Miss Benedict, who was the first to live in the house after Miss Indy's death, was so acutely aware of the "presences" that she kept a flashlight and a pistol always under her pillow. One night, about one o'clock, she was awakened out of a sound sleep by the sound of a crash and then of tinkling music playing. It seemed to be coming from the front parlor. Immediately wide awake, she took her pistol and her flashlight and went downstairs to investigate. She found that Daisy's picture had fallen from the wall and was lying face downward on the floor. And Daisy's music box, which had not been touched since she died, was playing softly in its corner. The next morning the picture was hung back up on the wall. The music box has never played since.

The house has always had an "atmosphere" about it. It insists upon being itself and will not be changed. Miss Indy watches over it well. She does not like anything to be taken

out of it that belongs there; whenever this happens she shows her disapproval in some way. When Randolph was a newly-finished dormitory, Miss Benedict gave a rug out of Sweet Briar House for its hall. That night the clock in the back parlor fell off the mantel and through the window, shattering into a hundred pieces. Miss Indy did not want her rug to go to Randolph!

The day of the big fire, about twelve years ago, when the middle part of the house burned down, the ghosts were terribly disturbed. That night, after the fire was over, three of the college girls went over the charred and smoking house. They were walking along the path when suddenly they saw going up the front steps two white figures—one tall and one small. All three saw it; all three explained it by saying that it was probably a couple of the girls who had come over to see the house as they had. But those steps were charred and hollow from the fire, ready to fall into ashes. None but a ghost could have walked upon them without caving them in!

Since the fire the ghosts have not been as restless as they were before. Perhaps they are pleased with the careful way in which the house was restored. Perhaps they are pleased that the furniture that was there while they lived has stayed there in its customary arrangement, that the house does not change. Perhaps they like Miss Glass. Sweet Briar may be making Miss Indy's dreams come true. We hope so. We hope that she and Daisy are pleased with the college that they made possible. As long as they remain pleased with us, the Sweet Briar ghosts will be friendly ghosts. Let us hope that they will never have reason to be otherwise. It is nice to be haunted by friendly ghosts; it would be awful to have to live with the other kind.

Pause

RUTH JACQUOT, '42

Data: Born—New Jersey. Lives—Colorado.

Wrote as a Youngling: Western stories.

Soft Spot: Edna St. Vincent Millay and Princeton.

Known Best by: Butterfly eyebrows.

THE office was quiet, and the sheriff was idly working a cross-word puzzle on his desk when the telephone rang with a sudden sharp urgency that roused him instantly, hinting of something that made him reach for his hat with one hand while he caught up the receiver with the other. A metallic, excited voice was yelling, loudly enough to hurt his ears, "Bad wreck up Highway 40, Sheriff. Traffic's all piled up. Better come a-runnin'."

* * * * *

The share-the-way cars between the West and Middle West are the bane of bus companies and railroads. Known under various names, they operate on a variety of plans. Some belong simply to people who are going East and want to share the expense of gas and oil and to have companionship. Others are operated by young men with roomy old cars and a need for ready cash.

Bud Peters had acquired his old car in a swap, and the idea of taking paying passengers with him was a simple way of paying for gas. His companions were oddly assorted, alike in one respect—a desire to get to Kansas City quickly—and cheaply. It was almost 800 miles, and Bud did it in one day. That is, he started at two in the morning and would drive until he got there—at two the next morning if need be.

"It won't be bad, ma'am," he said to Mrs. Erskine as they were preparing to leave. She was a worn, tired woman, seem-

ing even older than she actually was. She sniffed sourly and got into the back seat and sat there, looking yellow and unhappy in the dim morning light. He put the other feminine passenger beside her, a young woman dressed in the cheap blue slacks which befitted the occasion in her mind. She gave him a bright, vacant smile.

The two other passengers, two men, arrived almost simultaneously, and the fat one saw the girl in the back seat and heaved himself in beside her with a facetious smirk. She giggled coyly and batted her eyelashes at him. She thought things might not be so bad after all, and she pulled out a compact and fixed her face carefully. The other man got into the front seat and sat waiting, staring straight ahead over the battered hood of the old car.

They drove as fast as they could. Bud was a steady driver, listening only half-way to the desultory talk. He had a job promised in Kansas City, his redhead was waiting there, and he'd get a little extra money out of this trip. He thought of her with satisfaction as he drove.

At first Mrs. Erskine tried to talk to the girl. She went on and on in a complaining voice to tell of her poverty and ills and difficulties. "I'm gonna live with my daughter and her husband," she said unenthusiastically, talking slowly with whining martyrdom. But Pauline preferred to talk to Bartlet. He was a salesman of novelties. He preferred to travel this way—it took him away from Denver and his wife, and he could meet girls like Pauline, who giggled at his coarse jokes and snickered when he put a fat hand on their knees. She was a little dumber than most of them, he thought. She had been a waitress at a Drive-In hamburger stand in Pueblo, but became bored and was going to try Kansas City. "Denver or K. C. or the Springs—it don't make no difference," she said. The man in grey in the front seat didn't say anything.

Twice they stopped for gas and sandwiches and cokes. Bartlet drank beer. He was warm and flushed. The Kansas sun was blazing down, and the old car was hot and crowded with people and baggage. Mrs. Erskine stared drearily out the window. Pauline put her head on Bartlet's shoulder and dozed. He put his arm around her. Then he took it away; it was too hot. He went to sleep himself. Bud drove steadily.

The blow-out sounded like a backfire, and they didn't notice anything wrong until the car jerked violently across the road. Pauline woke and screamed once, long and shrilly. The car rocketed violently to the left, and Bud struggled with the steering wheel while the others just sat uncomprehending. It struck the shoulder of the road, rolled over twice into the ditch, and crashed upright against a telephone pole.

There was silence after the crash except for a few tinkles of broken glass. A cloud of dust rose lazily into the air. The empty road stretched as flat and far as the eye could see, heat waves shimmering over it, and somewhere a meadowlark was singing shrilly.

* * * * *

The sheriff thought that people shouldn't be standing around. He told some one to try to keep traffic moving. "Get me a tarp outa the trunk in my car," he said. "Gotta cover up them bodies. Here's the keys." He walked over and looked at the bodies impersonally. The kid who was driving must have been instantly killed. It had been hard getting him out of the car. Beside him was the body of a blonde in slacks. Her lipstick and rouge looked grotesque against the pallor of her face. The sheriff wondered whether they were married.

They were still trying to get the old woman out of the car. It was obvious that she was dead. Her head was thrown back, and they could see her face dimly. She looked asleep, the bitter lines of envy and hate and tragedy softened by the

shadows inside the wrecked car. "Maybe better wait for a torch," the sheriff said. He glanced with contempt at Bartlet, who sat on a running-board, crying hysterically in a high-pitched mumble. Glass had cut his wrist and his face, and he would stare at the blood and sob and then take a drink from a bottle of whiskey some one was offering him.

A green car pulled up and the deputy sheriff got out. "Glad you made it, Tom," said the sheriff in a pleased voice. "Carlson—you know—was in this wreck. Ain't hurt a-tall and I want for you to take him." He pushed the man in grey forward, still silent, his eyes on the ground. There was despair in his stooped shoulders.

The deputy drove away with his prisoner and the sheriff turned back to the wreck. "Let's get this straightened up," he said.



RAIN SONG

The rain song covers other sounds
 And makes the world seem still;
 Shuts out the clatter of the street;
 Protects the ear from the harsh beat
 Of idle talk and laughter shrill.

—*The Concept*

America Is So Different!

IRENE VONGEHR, '40

Data: Born—China. Lives—ditto.

Wrote as a Youngling: Adventure stories for her sister (illustrated!).

Soft Spot: Beethoven and Van Gogh.

Known Best by: Airplanes and China.

COMING to live in the United States after having been brought up abroad is like moving into another world. I know, having come here—very 'green'—from China.

Feeling quite American (I now drink "cokes" and can almost shag), I knocked on Gertrude Marill's door to find out her impressions of America. Gertrude came here last April from Vienna and entered Sweet Briar this fall.

"Gertrude," I began (as all interviews on impressions-of-the-U. S. do), "what were your first impressions of America?"

"Ach," she said, "I overslept at the Statue of Liberty—we had such a big party the night before." (She had come over on the *Queen Mary*). "I was so ashamed."

"And your first impressions of New York?" I went on, very envious of her Viennese accent.

"New York is wonderful," she exclaimed. "The skyline—the young people in the streets. In Vienna you do not often see young people on the streets any more. Or else they are in uniform. My first impression of New York was the pickets. We don't have them in Vienna. And Central Park West—it is a beautiful street—"

"And the American girls?"

"American girls—they are wonderful. At first I think they look like actresses—in Austria we do not wear very much make-up, but now I like that very much. And they dress so well; they have such *schöne beine*—beautiful legs. You cannot

tell an American girl's age—she may be fifteen or twenty-five. In Vienna, girls of fifteen and sixteen are babies.”

“And what are the young people's amusements in Vienna?” I went on, writing down things at a mile-a-minute.

“Ah—in winter, skating and skiing. Every day we go skating. And for six weeks of the year, starting in March, there is a ball season. Everyone dances. Even there is dancing in the streets — waltz, tango, polka, fox trot and some Hungarian dances. It is *sehr schön*. But there is no—how do you call it?” (wiggling her right forefinger)

“Shagging?”

“Yes, shagging. And no Lambeth Walk, either. They are ‘foreign.’ In summer we swim and go for long bicycle rides in the country. There is boating, and, of course, music festivals. Vienna people are very fond of music, and we have many concerts, operas and theatres. There is much more time there. In America you are in such a rush.”

“What about American food?” I asked. (I had been terribly impressed by the food here.)

Gertrude agreed at once. “The food here is marvelous—it is so big and so much, and you can get anything you want. The meals in Vienna are different too. In the morning we have coffee and rolls. Then at ten we have sandwiches or frankfurters. The big meal is at noon, with always heavy desserts like *Apfelstrudel*.”

“What about tea in the afternoon?” (I missed that in America.)

“In the afternoon, you can have tea or coffee or *Schokolade* at the cafes. We take hours over one cup of coffee and read the newspapers. Then in the evening at eight we have a light supper.”

“Do they still wear native costumes?”

"In the country, yes. Then, a while ago, the city people began to wear the dirndls too."

"We wore them here also," I added.

"In America everything is so comfortable," Gertrude became very enthusiastic. "There is running water everywhere, and elevators, and everyone has cars."

"And in conclusion?" I said, regretfully getting up.

"It's better here—especially for the young people. It is wonderful for the young people. There are so many possibilities and so much fun. And the most beautiful place in America—I think it is Sweet Briar."

Whereupon—very pleased—I left with "*Auf wiederseh'n*."



PRAYER

Lord, make me from the pattern of a stream
That follows down the valley to its end,
With time to eddy into pools and dream,
And wisdom, when I reach great rocks, to bend.

—*The Pharetra*

Hieroglyphs

NAN TAYLOR, '42

Data: Born—Miami. Lives—Miami Beach.

Wrote as a Youngling: One novel at the age of fifteen.

Soft Spot: Archaeology and Erich Maria Remarque.

Known Best by: Her snood.

They dance
 On a rock in the sun.
 Cut into the rock ages ago
 By a man
 Trying to express his thoughts,
 They still dance . . .
 Queer little figures of men,
 And horses,
 Bows and arrows . . .
 Primitive figures
 With round heads and stick bodies.
 They carry a message
 Obscured by the dust of time.
 Men with sun-helmets and glasses
 Walk around the rock,
 They exclaim with joy when they see the figures.
 They copy them,
 Take them away to be studied
 And deciphered.
 The figures don't care.
 Why should they?
 They are only cut into a rock.
 But they will last
 As long as the rock lasts—
 Longer than the men.

One Week in a Faculty House

CYNTHIA FALKNER, '41

Data: Born—Weymouth, Dorsetshire. Lives—New Jersey.

Wrote as a Youngling: Of runaway girls; then switched to amorous yarns.

Soft Spot: Scotland, where she should be now.

Known Best by: Her British clip.

*F*riday—Promptly at seven the alarm went off and it was such a quiet noise instead of the bell, that I leapt out of bed full of *joie de vivre*. Unfortunately, so did roommate, and the resulting bruises (our quarters are not large enough to permit two cases of *joie de vivre* with safety) somewhat hampered our five-minute hike up to breakfast. Came back from a few classes and attempted to tidy up a bit. First blow came when I found that Faculty Houses obviously aren't adapted to radios, or else one of the inhabitants is addicted to the use of an electric razor, because so far all we can get is a monotonously dull roar. A little discouraged, we decided that hanging the curtains might tend to improve the appearance of our domicile, which, containing as it did in one and a half rooms three people, three wardrobe trunks, three bureaus, two desks and one closet, was necessarily a trifle barn like. But this was soon proved definitely false. After a strenuous two hours hanging by the toes on windowsills, shoe in one hand (faculty house equivalent for a hammer), nails, tacks and accessories in the other, and rods and curtains in the mouth, with no better results than two curtains precariously up, and one definitely down, we decided that almost anything would have been better than this—a tent out in front of Grammer, for instance.

Saturday—New experience of the day—trying out the shower. This, I must explain, is a huge room right outside our

door with a tiny little spray in the middle of the far wall. Innocuous as this spray looks, it is really the devil in disguise. The usual procedure is this: one walks fairly well-clothed into the vault, discards clothing and hangs it up on hooks provided for that purpose. Then one boldly touches the handle—immediately a piercing stream of icy water envelopes the room, soaking one's garments and giving one every reason to dread immediate heart failure. At this juncture there are two alternative courses of action: one can either save one's clothes by flinging open the door and thrusting them out in the hall. But as this is a faculty house, one can never be too sure who will be out there to receive them in the face, so perhaps the best plan is to try and grope blindly for the handle. It is then that the terrible truth is borne home: this frightful fixture is not provided with any means of regulation. In a few moments the water will have become so unbearably hot that there is nothing else to do but scream " " and have a sponge bath in one's own room.

Monday—Late for breakfast.

Tuesday—Breakfast at the inn. Late for first period class.

Wednesday—The disadvantages of one closet for three people were intensified today when the over-worked rod gave up an unequal struggle and yielded to the pull of gravity. Problem: whether to save one's clothes by putting them on the beds and sleeping on the floor or to save one's self by *vice versa*? Solution obvious.

Thursday—The screens, which we were assured were brand new, are so obviously built for three other windows that a happy hornet couple are nesting in our chandelier, which not only prevented us from the use of that glorified alcove known as the second room, but is also evidence of the extremely poor taste of the hornet.

Made at least seven trips to and from our little home in search of things that were always in the other place. What price piano ankles?

Friday—Curtains finally put up. Washing situation nicely compromised on by the use of the bath tub, and clothes hung on a firmer basis. Except that we were late for dinner and that the lack of a central lighting fixture in one room has us tripping over masses of wires, we are fairly settled. But where, oh Scotland, is thy glory?

Saturday—Received an offer to move up on campus today. Refused it.



TO AN UNBURNT CANDLE

A candle without a flame
Is scarcely worthy of the name.
A thing of beauty or desire
Must be touched with living fire.

—*The Virginia Spectator*

September, 1939

RUTH JACQUOT, '42

Don't start so, dearest, that was only
Thunder in the hills;
There will be
An evening rain;
Look, where the sun is setting, how its rays
Pierce the clouds in smoky shafts;
Don't look so frightened toward the sky, my dear,—
It broods just an early autumn storm . . .
Let us dance upon the grass together,
In the swift-fading light,
Let us love and laugh together
Before the night.

Mr. Bagby Finds a Friend

ANNE DEWEY, '41

Data: Born—Dallas, Texas. Lives—ditto.

Wrote as a Youngling: Nothing, so she says.

Soft Spot: T. S. Eliot.

Known Best by: Subtle sense of humor.

MR. Bagby and Mr. Bixter were friends. They met in a bar off Madison Street one hot afternoon in July. Mr. Bagby had come in because he always came in to this particular bar off Madison street when he was feeling lower than usual. He was feeling terribly low this afternoon, and he wanted above all to hear the wallpaper say it again. You see, psychologically, Mr. Bagby had a couple of wires crossed, so that when he looked at colors he heard sounds. A particular shade of red said, "Ah," for instance, and a particular shade of blue said, "Ug." It so happened that the pattern of the wallpaper in this obscure bar off Madison street said, "Hello, fellow, you must be sitting on top of the world. I never saw you look better. Business picking up?" And since the colors were subdued and delicate, the wallpaper said all this in a husky contralto that would have done credit to a torch singer.

"You're not looking so bad, yourself, kid," thought Mr. Bagby as he rested his elbows on the bar and said, "Sidecar, please."

About then the door opened and Mr. Bixter came in. He was a sporty looking fellow, fortyish, and conspicuously disguised in colored glasses. He whipped over to the bar and confessed that he wanted a sidecar. His whole manner was that of a man doing his best to outdistance the Hounds of Hell.

"I beg your pardon," he said as he took off his glasses.

"What?" said Mr. Bagby.

"I thought you spoke," said Mr. Bixter. "I thought you said I never looked better."

"No," said Mr. Bagby, "it must have been the wallpaper."

Mr. Bixter looked around. "Of course. It says business must be picking up."

"Yes, I know, I have it too," said Mr. Bagby.

"The same way? How amazing! I've never seen a fellow that got the same sounds out of the same colors I do. What does that curacao bottle over there say to you?"

Mr. Bagby looked. "It isn't very coherent," he said. "It says, 'Tom, Tom, down town, see the crooked railroad with the half-digested off woff!'"

"That's right," said Mr. Bixter. "How about that absinthe bottle?"

Mr. Bagby blushed. "Let's not go into that. It's worried me ever since I first came here. I never heard such language. My name's Bagby, by the way, and yours?"

"Purple with yellow—I mean Bixter. How do you do?"

"Not so well as I might," said Bagby. "Get your drink and let's sit down."

They drifted toward a table and a couple of arm chairs.

"Don't sit down in that one, Bagby. It says it has a mother-in-law and five children to support. I feel sorry for the thing. Pull up the one that's over there reciting 'Mary had a little lamb'."

"You know," said Bagby, sinking into the chair, "this disease of ours has its amusing sides. I looked at a colored picture of Shirley Temple the other day and the kid said, 'O. K. big boy, hand over them rocks before I rip your guts out.' Surprising to say the least."

"It has its bad points too," said Bixter, looking at the ceiling because Bagby covered up just enough of his chair to make it

say, "Little Mary was fleeced," over and over. "The reason I whipped in here so quick this afternoon was that the hat on the woman in front of me was making definitely improper advances, and I didn't want to stay to be tempted. It's hard enough on my wife as it is. She got a new set of curtains the other day and damned if the things didn't sing the Maine Stein Song every time I looked at them. I couldn't stand it. Couldn't hear another word as long as I was in the room."

"I know," said Bagby. "I used to work in a paint store, but I had to give it up, the noise was unbearable."

A young lady strolled by. "Closing time, gentlemen; punch the clock as you leave," said her dress.

"It's right," said Bixter rising. "I hope I'll see you here again, Mr. Bagby. That wallpaper really cheers a fellow up."



CINQUAIN

The branch
Of the dead tree
Is gaunt as the lean hand
Of charity after a long
Winter.

—*The Wellesley Review*

Corridors of Time

MARGARET VALLANCE, '40

Down the dim, forgotten corridors of time,
 Where my breath came soft and low,
 I have walked.
 Beside me huge gray stones were piled;
 On each a single fact had been inscribed,
 But as I looked, straining to read,
 The wall faded in mist.
 Then slowly before me
 Some city of the past arose,
 Its towers standing proud and strong.
 I named it Assur in my thought.
 Later I saw the flat rich valley of Egypt
 And heard slaves' groan, building giant tombs.
 There came to me the perfumes of Babylon
 While I learned the secrets of the stars.
 Fearfully I hid my look from Helen's face,
 Knowing old Hecuba's grief.
 At last, in unsailed seas,
 I met Odysseus' craft
 And watched him past the Pillars of Hercules.
 All through the plain square gateway of a book.

Ex Libris

CECILIA MACKINNON, '40

Data: Born—Washington, D. C. Lives—Eldorado, Kansas.

Wrote as a Youngling: Poem at the age of ten.

Soft Spot: Wilfrid Owen.

Known Best by: Her brothers.

EVERY year there is one book which excites the reading public to rash statements and strong emotions. This year it is John Steinbeck's sensational novel, *The Grapes of Wrath*. We have heard it commended: "It is the one great book of the year." We have heard it condemned: "My only reaction was that I am sorry I read it." Yet almost everyone agrees that we must face, in time, the social problem which Steinbeck presents so forcefully. The question is did he need to be so brutally forceful? This is Ann Sims' opinion:

The Grapes of Wrath is an excellent book of its type, but one which the majority of people will find difficult to read objectively. Its title, taken from *The Battle Hymn of the Republic*, indicates that it is a "problem" book, a sociological exposition of the dust-bowl farmers and their troubles. Here, in novel form, Mr. Steinbeck presents the problem and tells the reader that "In the souls of the people the grapes of wrath are filling and growing heavy, growing heavy for the vintage."

Tom Joad returns from the penitentiary to learn that his family is leaving for California. The dust storms have ruined their chances for making a living, and California seems to be the land of promise. Although it violates his parole, Tom goes with them. The westward trip is one of desperation and resolve. Despite the deaths of the grandparents and the desertion of two of the men, the Joad family moves on, looking eagerly for the greenness that will be such great relief after the dust and barrenness of Oklahoma and the desert. They finally reach California, only to learn that they are unwanted, despised "Okies." They are forced to move from place to place. Shelter is hard to find and food is scarce. Work is practically non-existent. Yet through all their difficulties, they

continue to hope, to believe that if they wait long enough, matters will be settled satisfactorily. It is thus that Mr. Steinbeck leaves the Joads and their kind, drawing strength for tomorrow from the trials of each day.

The style of the novel fits the subject: halting and somewhat desperate. The descriptive passages are especially fine, and the characterization is sympathetic. Ma Joad, in particular, wins a place in one's memory for her futile attempts to keep her family together and their morale at its highest. Some of the details are not pleasant, but after reading the novel, one can see the author's reasons for including them. Through these things, however, Mr. Steinbeck builds within the reader a sense of being on the brink of something, and something unpleasant at that. I believe that it is this cumulative emotion, so minutely drawn, that leaves the bad taste in one's mouth at the end. This makes one dislike the book, for man refuses to admit such stark reality as he finds in *The Grapes of Wrath*. Yet, after reviewing the book mentally, the sordidness falls into its true place as an integral part of a depressing picture.

All in all, this highly controversial book is to be recommended, not for pleasure, but for a more personal insight into one of the most pressing social problems of our day.

Before dismissing John Steinbeck, one must recall his other best-seller, *Of Mice and Men*, which incidentally has recently been made into a successful play on Broadway, and his first success, *Tortilla Flat*. The utter charm of Danny and His Friends has long drawn loyal admirers who will forgive for their sakes as many terse brutalities as Steinbeck wishes to commit. The story of their lives in Tortilla Flat makes a completely delightful book. But let us turn from social problems to the land of phantasy. *Black Narcissus* by Rumer Godden was this summer's contribution to the list of "escapist" novels. Unlike so many this one is written in a smooth polished style, which is rather surprising coming from such a young writer. Although Miss Godden's book cannot be considered important, it provides pleasant relaxation. Martha Ingles liked it:

Every now and then a book comes out that is so different in its locale and in its subject matter that everyone starts reading it and talking about

it at once. This happened with the publication of *The Bridge of San Luis Rey*. It happened a few years later with *Lost Horizon*. Now it is happening with *Black Narcissus*, a book that is reminiscent of both of these. *Black Narcissus* is not the masterpiece that the other two are. It misses being a great book, but it is a good book.

Its attraction lies in that it is so refreshingly different. It is a story of a world far removed from our own. Six Anglican nuns journey high into the Himalaya mountains where they take over the rambling summer place of an old retired Tibetan general. They convert it into a nunnery, with a mission school for the native children, and a dispensary for the sick. The story tells of how living in that remote spot, always in the shadow of the silent mountain, affects each of the sisters in turn. The atmosphere of the place, the remoteness, the unreality is finally too much for them, and they depart the way they came.

Miss Godden writes with a great deal of subtlety and charm. She develops her story well. It unfolds smoothly, step by step, toward the climax, holding the interest at every moment. If there is a criticism it is that this climax that she works up to so carefully is a little weak. It collapses at the end, and it is this that leads one to suspect that it is a first novel. We cannot expect a first novel to be perfect; and this one has a great deal more to offer than most.

It is not an important book; but it is an attractive one.

If History, French, and Classical Civilization are bearing down too heavily, try escaping into *Black Narcissus* by Rumer Godden. Then for those who enjoyed laughing at Margaret Halsey's *With Malice Towards Some*, comes the interesting announcement that the British Isles have replied to it in *I Lost My English Accent* by C. V. R. Thompson. It is comments by an Englishman who visited in the United States and who was moved thereby to express himself on paper. This sounds like one of those much prized read-aloudable books. It will certainly repay investigation.

A book which some of us had been reading in the *Atlantic Monthly*, was published last spring. Since then Nora Waln's

Reaching for the Stars has been consistently one of the best-sellers. Those who had enjoyed Mrs. Waln's sensitive style in *House of Exile* were attracted to it. But its extremely timely subject, contemporary Germany, is what has earned its great popularity. Jacqueline Sexton says about it:

Reaching for the Stars is a lovely book. Nora Waln with sympathy and sensitivity has drawn Germany's portrait. Her theme is that the German people are by nature idealistic, and that the materialism of the Nazi regime cannot long be successful with such a people. She wrote her book so that the German people might be better understood by the rest of the world. If any one could succeed in this aim it is someone whose sympathy and charity are as deep as Nora Waln's.

The author and her husband went to Germany so that he might study music there. During her four-year stay Mrs. Waln met and talked with peasants and aristocrats, Nazis and Anti-Nazis. As a result she was able to describe in intimate detail the Germany she found. Included also are detailed accounts of the history of many German social customs. For example one chapter is called "Marriage" in which she describes the history of Germany wedding ceremonies from the earliest times. Anyone who is familiar with Mrs. Waln's other writings will expect the sensitive, almost poetic, descriptions of nature.

The answer to the question as to how the book came to be written as it is lies in the personality of the author. Nora Waln is an American Quakeress, who lived with a Chinese family for many years, and who is married to an Englishman. Since her early acquaintance with the Pennsylvania Dutch, she had been fond of the German people. Her liking was returned by the Germans partly because they are grateful for the unfailing kindness the Quakers have shown them. However, the real explanation seems to be that Nora Waln is a most lovable person. People seem to like her instinctively. One of her chief characteristics is intellectual curiosity. She even went so far as to put this curiosity to work on the Nazi machine. The result might have been disastrous. At any rate she intended to be fair. She refused to condemn without giving the other side of the case.

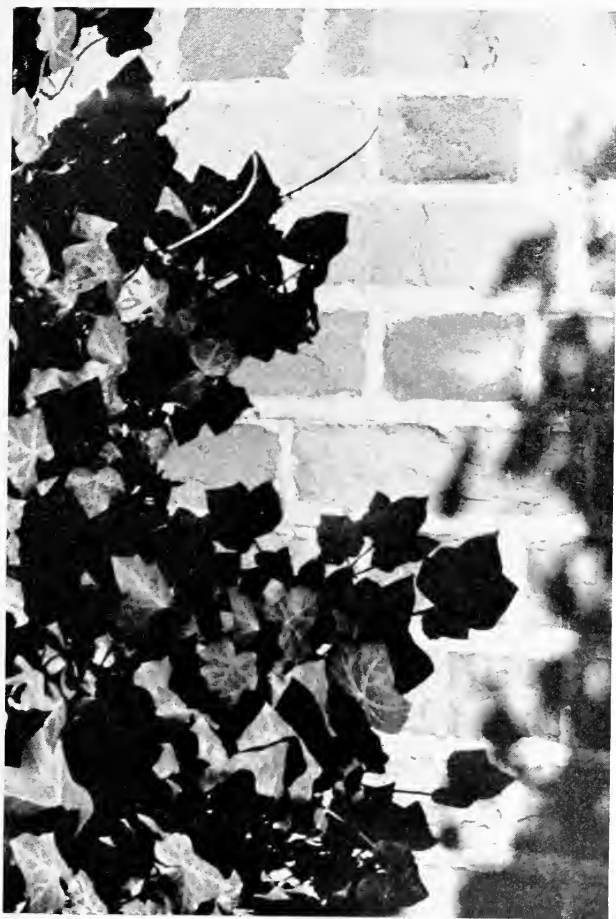
There is beautiful writing and great truth in *Reaching for the Stars*. It will well repay the time spent in reading it.

To turn again from world problems, two interesting facts should be noted in the recent list of best sellers. The first is that the new *Wizard of Oz* by L. Frank Baum is among them. It is truly a strange world when *Mein Kampf* and *Oz* are placed side by side. The second will delight all "Pooh" devotees. A. A. Milne has just published his *Autobiography*. It is said to be just as delightful as *When We Were Very Young*!



To ponder with the gravity of youth
 On mankind's fate requires a sombre day,
 For who would choose to seek elusive Truth
 When Fall drops colored leaves along the way?

—*The Kodak*



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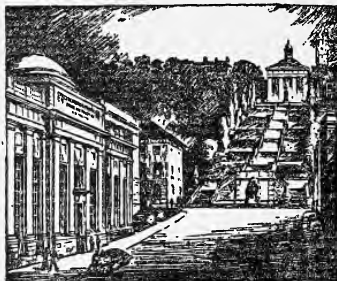
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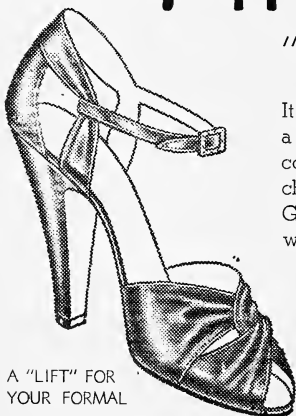
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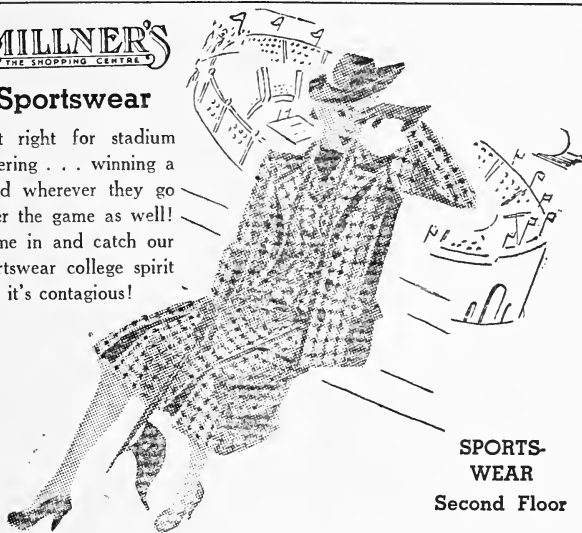
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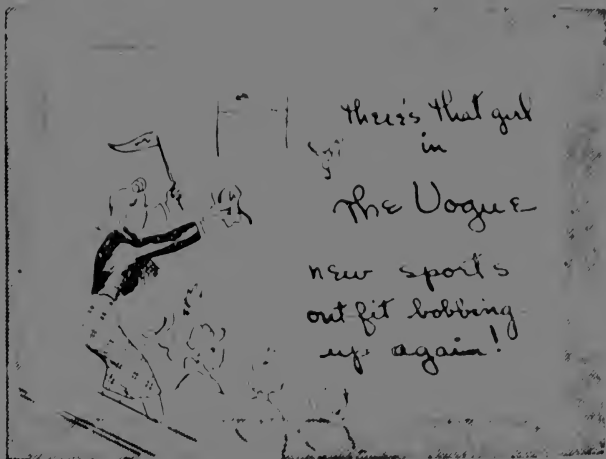
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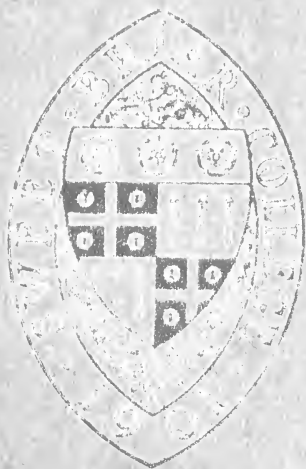
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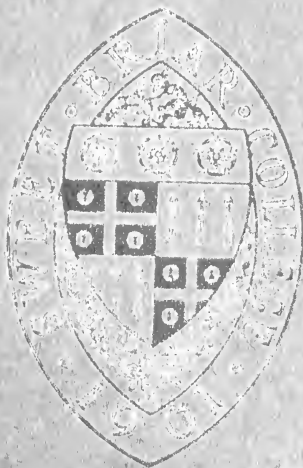
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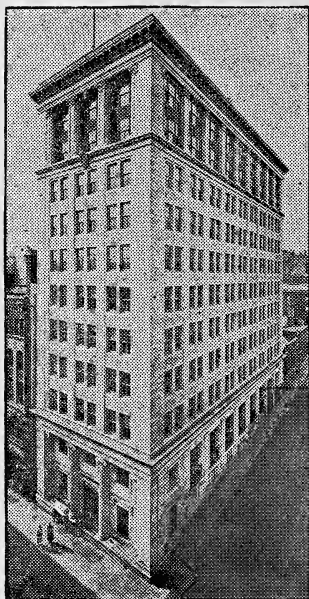
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Editorial

This month for the first time in several years the staff of THE BRAMBLER has undertaken to publish a Freshman Issue. We wish to thank all the members of the Class of 1943 who contributed to this number, and it is with real pleasure that we announce that the prize for the best prose contribution has been awarded to Catherine Parker for her essay, *Freedom, Not License*; for the best poetry to Nancy-Earle Smith for her three poems in this issue, and for the best pictures to Chesley Johnson for the two excellent photographs she submitted. We wish to thank Florence Cheek, Pauline Boswell and Barbara Wright for their help in collecting the material for this issue.

We also take pleasure in announcing the introduction of two new features in THE BRAMBLER. To Dr. Eva M. Sanford we are grateful for her contribution which enables us to inaugurate "From Faculty Row," and it is Martha Ingles, '41, who, after a great deal of browsing among old issues of THE BRAMBLER, is responsible for our other new department, "The Old Oak."

Freedom, not License

CATHERINE PARKER, '43

Data: Born—Portland, Maine. Lives—ditto.

Wrote as a Youngling: Poetic sentiment on sunsets.

Soft Spot: Beethoven.

Known Best by: Falling upstairs.

THROUGHOUT the course of human civilization, freedom has been an ideal which men have sought, fought for, proclaimed as their birthright. Its importance has been evinced with increasing emphasis all over the world during the last century and a half. Germany wants to free her people from the humiliation of the Versailles Treaty, and this desire is part of the appeal of Naziism; Russia tried to free her people from the tyranny of the nobles and the Church through Communism; toward the high ideal of freedom was the French Revolution directed, particularly the first revolt which preceded the later violence. Freedom of the individual, freedom in family life, freedom in civil affairs are being stressed by all of us in America, England, and France as fundamental rights and privileges of Democracy.

Unfortunately, however, most of us never bother to think out for ourselves just exactly what this much-wanted freedom is. To most of us it is, vaguely, the right to do just as we please when and where we please. That this privilege involves responsibility too seldom occurs to us. This misconception of freedom accounts in large part, I think, for the failures in individual lives, for the domestic troubles so apparent today, for the fiascos in which the great revolutions for liberty in the last century and a half often ended.

Individuals given freedom are rendered stronger or weaker according to their use of the privilege. A college student granted

ample time to work on her own, without supervision, gains much psychologically and morally from her freedom if she uses her time to advantage. If, on the other hand, she wastes her time and accomplishes nothing, she has lost more than her time; she has grown weaker, and her power to govern her own life has weakened. Such a student would have been better off studying under more supervision and with less freedom. When husbands and wives forget that their privileges entail responsibility to each other, misunderstanding and ultimately separation results. Many of us do not even recognize the responsibility involved in our civic privileges, freedom of speech, of the press, of religion, and the franchise. In communities all over this country citizens do not bother to vote for the people they want to lead the government of the community. Church members throughout the nation, although they rail indignantly against the atrocities accorded Christians in Germany and Russia, refuse to support their own churches by even their regular attendance and are thus the Church's greatest enemies. It is said that the price of freedom is eternal vigilance. How can we hope to achieve our ideal of liberty if we shirk our responsibility thus?

The French and Russian revolutions ended in dictatorship because the people, conscious that they had been cheated of freedom for years, sought only to attain its privilege. They did not recognize their duty to devise sane and fair means of government to replace their old autocracies. It is not smug to state that the American Revolution, unlike many others, was not a preface to chaos, because at that time we had responsible and earnest leaders, not only of the revolution, but statesmen as well. Furthermore the people were willing each and every one of them to undertake the individual responsibility of self-government. When the colonists had freed themselves from the yoke of tyranny, they proceeded to devise a new plan of government. When that, the Articles of Confederation, failed, the leaders reconvened and worked for a whole summer on the

plan of government that has endured with few changes for one hundred and fifty years. Can we, observing the growing power of the autocracies and the war which has resulted from suppression of freedom and the whim of a dictator, forfeit our birthright by neglecting to undertake its responsibility?



Time Gone

NANCY-EARLE SMITH, '43

Data: Born—Worcester, Massachusetts. Lives—Philadelphia.

Wrote as a Youngling: Five years old—a poem of eight couplets.

Soft Spot: Tropical fish and New England.

Known Best by: Much noise!

One solitary day I will go back
 And lie one quiet moment in the grass
 And feel earth grow;
 Make part of me the slack
 And spring of birches;
 Know
 The warm, living touch of water on my skin.
 One solitary hour left to hear
 The silver sound of rain upon the sea;
 To smell clam-flats from some seaweeded pier.
 One lonely second left of all my life
 To be immersed in stillnesses of fir
 Before I go.

First Love

BARBARA WRIGHT, '43

Data: Born—Evanston, Illinois. Lives—Highland Park, Illinois.

Wrote as a Youngling: Poems on Easter eggs.

Soft Spot: Lawrence Olivier and the Philippines.

Known Best by: Un-domesticity.

A POEM that meant a great deal in my earlier life was Rupert Brookes' "The Great Lover," and though greater, more technically perfect works may have come my way since then, I shall always remain fondest of this one bit of poetry.

I was never very fond of reading verse when young, in spite of the fact that I myself, especially from the ages of seven through twelve, wrote literally reams of poetry. These poems of mine, ranging from lyrical to doggerel, were usually illustrated in violent crayon hues, bound in grubby, finger-marked paper and ultimately sold to my family at outrageous prices.

On Easter I proudly presented each kin with a boiled egg, simply adorned with a well-intentioned poem; on Christmas each present was accompanied by another poem, and so on through all family birthdays and celebrations. Yet, in spite of my own tendencies, the only poets who could interest me were A. A. Milne and Robert Louis Stevenson, whose respective books, *Now We Are Six* and *A Child's Garden of Verses*, were the sole poetical works to meet with my approval.

Loving relatives were convinced that if I wrote poems I must naturally like to read them, and thus showered me with volumes of every description. A gay young aunt from New Jersey sent me a bright purple edition of Carl Sandburg's poems, a more serious uncle donated a fat, closely printed copy of nineteenth century poetry, while a well-meaning but slightly irrational great-aunt once gave me a worn, discouraged little book entitled *Indian Love Songs!* Needless to say, these gifts were

shoved guiltily on the bottom shelf of my bookcase, along with other unfortunates, and life never seemed to grow quite dull enough to warrant even a peep at them.

Poetry as presented in grade school never affected me because I took it impersonally, something to be memorized and then forgotten. True, I received a certain pleasure from Riley's "When the Frost is on the Pumpkin" and was duly awed by "In Flanders Fields," but the poems never really touched a responsive chord deep down in my heart. Somehow I was just not interested, and it was only when a later incident occurred that the beauty in poetry finally dawned on me.

When I reached the age of thirteen, my parents, misguidedly believing that they were doing me a great favor, packed me off to a summer camp in Maine. The place was beautiful, well-run and full of happy, healthy campers, but I did not appreciate it. Homesickness, poison ivy and a throat infection took their toll, and before long I was bottled up in the infirmary, feeling very bitter and disgusted with life in general.

There was nothing to do in this antiseptic spot but gaze at the walls and ceiling (decorated only with cracks and initials of past patients), and I was soon reduced to considering the limited, slightly battered, sick room library. Spurning an ancient copy of *Field and Stream* and two coverless editions of the *National Geographic*, I turned to a dull, spiritless volume entitled *Poems*.

Flipping listlessly through the pages, I came across an intriguing title, "The Great Lover," and, secretly hoping for something slightly risqué, I plunged into the poem. The first paragraph meant little to me; I did not grasp its meaning very clearly and was ready to turn the page when two lines happened to catch my eye—"These I have loved: white plates and cups, clean-gleaming." It was incredible! These were my own feelings, only some one much more clever had been able to express them as I had not.

I read on, experiencing "wet roofs beneath the lamp light," tasting "the strong crust of friendly bread," feeling autumn in the "blue bitter smoke of wood." In those few moments I was transported back to the place I loved best, home, while petty feelings of self-pity and boredom vanished as I found "brown horse - chestnuts, glossy - new, and peeled sticks, and shining pools on grass." The whole aspect of the world seemed suddenly brighter when I finished; surely I was the very first person in the world to find this beauty in poetry!

Soon afterward my illness disappeared, and I still insist the poem was the tonic that cured me. In a few years more I had read a good deal of poetry, ranging from Shakespeare to the more ethereal Keats and Shelley, and although I did not enjoy all of it, I did learn to find some good in practically every poem. The cause of my awakening was never forgotten, however, and to this very day, "The Great Lover" remains my favorite over all others.



A cipher is a bottle that squirts.

The Australians are very fond of the boomerang which carries its young in a bag outside its stomach.

A symposium is something like a symphony only not as bad.

The difference between a King and a President is that the King is the son of his father while the President isn't.

—*From College Board Exams*

Dream Ending

NANCY-EARLE SMITH, '43

HE sat in the singing darkness and tried to decide what he should do. It seemed to him that he had been running all night. The day had been hot and when evening came, the heat cancelled any coolness that hung over the earth.

"Mum" had only said not to go far and he hadn't, but how could he know that the house would run away from him as soon as his back was turned?

And now he sat in the middle of a vast expanse of darkness that was comfortingly noisy as soon as he was still. He got up and started to walk again with the hope that perhaps he would find the house. The grass whipped against his legs and held back the small five-year-old. Suddenly he seemed to see the house looming in front of him and he started to run toward it. It did not seem to get bigger the way it should have. Before he realized it he ran straight into it and his house turned around and then mooed. The shock was such that he fell back and sat in the grass gazing at the cow, who looked at him offendedly. As she walked away, he stood up to follow her, and when she disappeared into the darkness he sat down, feeling quite tired. Then he began to wonder when "Mum" would come to get him, and waited patiently for about half a minute. At the end of this time he felt a wave of self-sympathy and fear come over him and he cried loud and lustily. This didn't seem to do any good and he tired of it when it failed to bring immediate results.

With a heralding glow the moon rose full and hot and every blade of grass stood out black and gold from the rest. Yet he could not seem to see farther than a few feet away from him; the heat pushed back the moon's illuminating rays. He felt encircled by the heat and thought that perhaps he could get

outside its ring and then see the house. He rose and walked slowly away from his place of "cow-bumping," trying to elude the sticky fingers of heat that pulled at him. It seemed the faster he walked the friendlier they became. Running, he stumbled and fell and the hands of heat caught up with him. But now they held red and yellow balloons and now and then twirled a "whirligig" of the type sold on street corners. Suddenly he was floating in the air with the capacity to see all around him at once. Above and below, whirling noiselessly, ever faster and faster, the bright-colored orbs became a single ball, Roman-striped, which revolved around him. In terror he looked for the moon to wipe away this hurt, but it was spreading its rays out to encompass the ball and press it into the earth. He struggled to turn over, and felt his throat contract in a sob.

Suddenly all fight was gone. He relaxed, and heat, purplish-black heat, poured around him. He heard a sound like the pages of a book being rattled down together in quick succession, and wondered vaguely if he had had anything to do with it.

.

He was buried three days later. The inscription on the tombstone read:

Charles Duncan
1933 - 1938

The records at the hospital said: "Charles Duncan, aged five, pneumonia, died fifth day, of suffocation—August 18, 1938."

Transfiguration

PRIMROSE JOHNSTON, '43

Data: Born—Rye, New York. Lives—Greenwich, Connecticut.

Wrote as a Youngling: Dog stories.

Soft Spot: Her collies.

Known Best by: The Scotsmen on the wall.

WHEN darkness has settled her shroud on everyday life, common objects assume different forms. The ugly realities of day become covered with mystery at night. The repulsive apartment houses change into images of light reaching up to heaven for glory. Far beyond, the lights atop the distant skyscrapers match the nearest stars for brilliance. Streets, hot and dusty, become cool, while darkness softens the glare of daylight and we begin to live. On that same street the twinkling lights of a beckoning movie-house gayly stud the scene with a fortune of jewels.

Reluctantly, perhaps, we leave the city and watch the transfiguration of the country. Trees assume mysterious shapes, and we, still as little children, conjure evils from their odd forms. Aladdin has rubbed his magic lamp once more and we travel past imaginary castles. His servants, the fireflies, glow a warm welcome. The moon, pale and silent, lights our way as we walk hesitatingly on carpets of grass. But stop, we have reached Aladdin's castle. Behind us the trees form pillars and under us the dark grass is our carpet. Below, a lake has caught the rays of the moon and throws them back in waves of jewels. Our music? The gentle wind plucks a tune from the needles of the lonely pine. Around us stand the forest animals, as vassals, to do our wish.

As we stand here breathlessly enthralled, we wonder what more we could ask of darkness. She has made beauty out of

common life and shown us the transfiguration of day into night. But when daylight returns, these brief moments will return to play upon our memory as a note plucked from a violin lingers in the air.



January

NANCY-EARLE SMITH, '43

The gray day, the black night,
The glum brown trees, in fields of white,
The gray birds with white breast,
The clear raindrops, the earth bless'd,
Flowing rivers, muddy streams,
Women's teardrops, poet's dreams,
The growing things, the earth's decay
Make and mold a winter day.



MEDITATION ON OLD AGE

Wrinkles and white hairs
And troubles all conceded it
If fall comes can it be
That spring has not preceded it?

The Mount Holyoke Monthly

Back to the Farm — and Back Again

JEANNE TURNEY, '43

Data: Born—Nashville, Tennessee. Lives—Washington, D. C.

Wrote as a Youngling: Poem, "Tarzan and His First Love."

Soft Spot: Shelley, Liebestraum, Washington.

Known Best by: Her nephews.

THE obvious insanity of the Turney family, of which I am an active member, is a topic of conversation that never palls in the back fence gossip of the fair city of Washington. We bear the title of "those mad Turneys," and, it must be confessed, are secretly rather proud of it. But, although we would never admit it to our bewildered neighbors, there is a method in our madness. The explanation is simple. It is in four words, "Never suppress an inhibition." But, since we have never taken the time to supply them with this Rosetta Stone, we are a constant source of bewilderment to the unfortunate people whose doom it is to be our neighbors.

Our sudden and rather strange actions often cause them to raise their eyebrows, sometimes enquiringly, sometimes otherwise. I believe it was more a case of "otherwise" on that July day two summers ago when we suddenly packed, closed the house, and announced our intentions of spending the next two months on an old farm out in Virginia. However, despite their inability to comprehend fully our hegira, they nevertheless wished us a modern godspeed and, with an audible sigh of relief, watched us as we roared out of the city and into our new life in the country.

We had seen the farm the Sunday before while driving through the country. The many shady trees, the little green and

white house and the great barn and rolling fields held a charm which we could not resist. Luckily the place was for rent.

As our caravan skidded to a stop and we piled out of the cars, we all felt the excitement and lure of "pioneering." The house was old, but its many faults only seemed to lend it more "atmosphere." The first week we did not mind the inconvenience of no modern plumbing and an absence of electricity. It was all such fun. Our grandparents had the right idea of life.

By the second week, however, we were not quite so sure of the "right idea of life." Now that we had caught up on our back sleep, we no longer wanted to retire with the chickens, and the oil lamps were a complete failure. The journey to the pump for water ceased to be such a lark, the pump handle was heavy and hard to manage and the fruit of our labour was appallingly small in comparison with the amount of work required. Splinters in bare feet were painful and constituted a major problem in their removal. The ants and bats had lost their glamour and the barn was found, in a sudden shift of the wind, not to be far enough away on the "rolling hills." A period of three days, during which there was a continual deluge from heaven, served only to acquaint us with the facts that the roof leaked like a sieve and the fireplaces were good only for sending forth great billows of stifling smoke into the cold rooms.

The culmination of our ill fortune came when my brother, attempting the role of chimney sweep, slipped from the ladder and sprained his thumb. His good humor, already dented by his tummy's rebellion against food that had been only half cooked on the coal range, deserted him completely at this crucial moment and with a few well-chosen words, he stalked into the house and dragged his suitcase from under the bed.

A few hours later the eyebrows in our neighbourhood once more were arched. But their owners, having become slightly

inured to our strange behaviour, accepted our return quite calmly, not bothering to question but merely making a mental note to give thanks for their own good fortune in their prayers that night.



A Passing Moment

PRIMROSE JOHNSTON, '43

SHE was tall and slender and her open face was surrounded by a halo of fair hair. She smiled and it was as the dawn breaking. I could see that smile coming from her heart to her lips. Her brown eyes sparkled and over her cheeks spread a rosy blush. The smile broke into a laugh, and I knew she was laughing at my astonishment. The laugh died down; I tried to keep her laughing, but she laughed no more for me. It was the end, and in my hand was left a daffodil, faded and wilted.



Gloria saw a pile of wood shavings—
She climbed on top of it—
Gloria in excelsior.

—*Wells College Chronicle*

From Faculty Row

Cri Du Coeur

EVA M. SANFORD

Data: Born—Nebraska City. Summers in Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Wrote as a Youngling: Prize winning essay, "The Character in the Little Colonel Books I Like Best."

Soft Spot: Ocean bathing, good night's sleep, good conversation.

Known Best by: Good conversation.

I never thought that I should be
 Disgusted with Zoology.
 It seemed to me a pleasant study
 That might appeal to anybody.
 How sweet through microscopic slides
 To view our cellular insides!
 The love-life of the algae green
 Presents a most romantic scene,
 And analyzing lively cray-
 Fish carapaces seemed like play.
 But life within the Old Dominion
 Inspires a different opinion.

I used to think, "How sweetly blends
 The music of our feathered friends!"
 But pigeons flying round the room
 Provoke not joy, but deepest gloom.
 Kitchen and pantry are the haunts
 Of countless devastating ants;
 The books that I so fondly hoard
 By silver-fish are rudely gnawed,
 And from each corner of the house
 Scampers a disconcerting mouse.

My life is spent in efforts menial
 To cope with creatures uncongenial,
 And as I daily vainly try
 To swat the still elusive fly,
 I think how happy one might be
 In peaceful fossil company.



Chaliapin used to be a vulgar boatman, but somebody heard his voice and said it would go a long way, so he came to England, which is a long way from Russia and it did.

A focus is a thing that looks like a mushroom but if you eat it, it tastes different.

A detective is a man who searches out the mystery of things in his private clothes.

An etching is a ticklish feeling.

Correct these: (1) A hen has three legs. (2) Who done it?
 Answer: "The hen never done it. God done it."

—*From College Board Exams*

Then We Heard Of Sweet Briar

When we were going to Richmond at some station we saw a great many very good-looking girls and the same kind of young men, the young men were from the University of Virginia that we knew but we knew that there were no women there and then we heard about Sweet Briar. Later two professors and one of their wives came to Richmond to take us to Sweet Briar, one of their automobiles did not go very well it had been so well prepared that it did not go, he was a Spaniard and that might be even so, but any way we did get there and then later they took us not these but some others as far as Chapel Hill.

Sweet Briar was charming, it had box hedges and it was charming. We stayed there a night and a day. Naturally the Northern girls came South but once there they might as well have come from there, it was charming, and I talked a long time to one of them and I met all of them and we liked everything, spring had almost come.

The one I talked to was neither North nor South, they had always been in the army and in that way any one can marry any one who comes from there or anywhere. She too was Virginian that is to say she believed what they had believed when Virginians were Virginians. They believed that they saw the tree when the tree had been replaced by a building, seeing the tree might be interesting, if it could be made interesting but for this generation seeing it as a tree when it has been replaced by a building and that building not made of wood can be not being interesting. Well it does not make much difference, some creation has to be made in any generation, and since it is not made by a Virginian then it is not made by a Virginian even if a thing is not there it can be pleasant and Virginia was it was very pleasant.

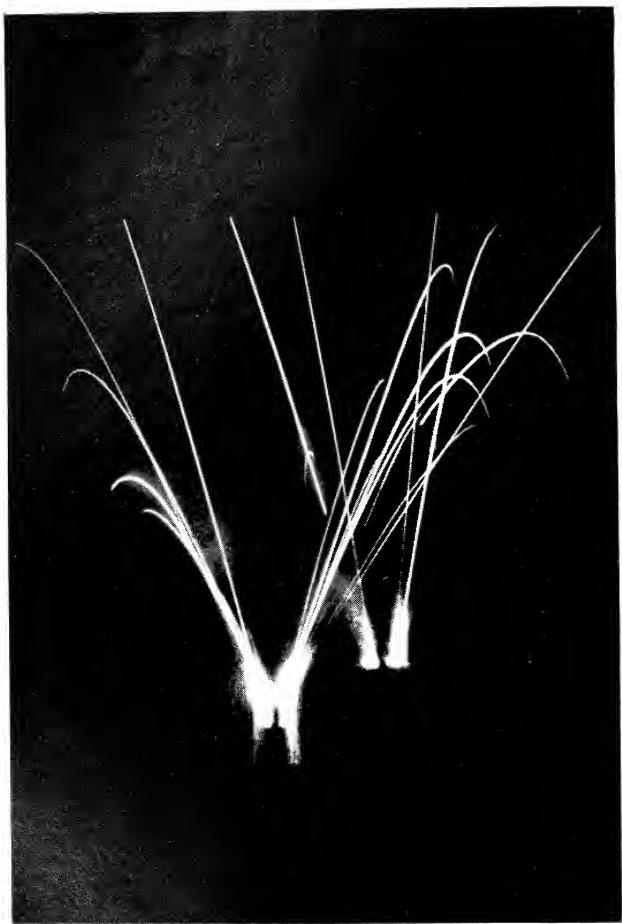
—*Everybody's Autobiography*

BY GERTRUDE STEIN



TAPS

CHESLEY JOHNSON, '43



ROMAN CANDLES

CHESLEY JOHNSON, '43

The Ghosts of Churchill Downs

BARBARA PERKINS, '43

Data: Born—Louisville, Kentucky. Lives—ditto.

Wrote as a Youngling: Poems about the moon.

Soft Spot: Dartmouth.

Known Best by: The Derby.

THE faded rows of plants, spelling "Churchill Downs" in the middle of the track, seem like the engraving of an epitaph, when the racing season has closed. The roar of the crowd seems to linger on, although the only noise is the whistling of the wind through the drafty betting-sheds. The litter of discarded tickets still lies on the ground — symbolical, perhaps, of torn hopes? How strange it seems leisurely to survey the stalls from all angles, where usually it is the height of luck to gain a hasty peek. Strangest of all is the ornate and ultra-modern cocktail bar (certain refuge of visiting movie stars) whose blue and silver chairs and tables appear surprisingly gaudy instead of smartly sophisticated.

The ghosts of the great thoroughbreds of the turf are still there. Aristides, winner of the first Kentucky Derby, Bradley's famous "B's"—Battleship, Bubbling Over, Barn Swallow, and Broker's Tip, immortal Man o' War, and his proud sons, War Admiral and Sea-Biscuit, and lazy old Legality, whom only Don Meade could whip in first. From the center of the open rostrum, it is as though the starter in his red coat and black cap were blowing the familiar bugle notes, calling the horses to the post. He rides out on the track on his ancient, white mare, in contrast to the glossy smooth-flanked steeds, proudly ridden by incongruously small jockeys, each sporting the elaborate silks of his own stable. When the horses finally

assume the correct position in the barrier, the wire is jerked, and "they're off!" The megaphones blast forth an unintelligible jumble; the judges and stewards watch anxiously; the crowd goes wild; and the gallant sons of Churchill Downs are pounding the turf once again.



Night

NANCY-EARLE SMITH, '43

The sky is a black and silver tiger,
 Striped with the bare tree branches,
 Articulate with the calling wind.
 Gray breeze-driven immensities of clouds
 Are her prey—
 And a train whistle in a dark space
 Is her cry of longing.



FOCUS

You were the essence of all lovely things
 For me,—the consummation of desire
 Built of the pale white light of morning skies,
 And the restless, floating scarf of sunset fire.

—*The Pharetra*

In Defense of the "Scourge of Mankind"

NANCY-EARLE SMITH, '43

GENTLEMEN, I give you your dreams! As far as what you have said about woman is concerned, I am thoroughly in accord with you. But you must be tolerant with her. You must realize that with her low mentality, woman cannot be expected to understand why it is that you are so proud of your skill at all the difficult sports which you undertake. She cannot be expected to understand that it is because she is so boring to you that you talk about yourself. She cannot know that you feel that by talking of some worthy object, yourself in particular, you can help out her education. If her perception of your millions of charms seems rather foggy, you must remember that the glory completely blinds her. She cannot be expected to understand that when you come to her parties and break the furniture, burn the mantelpiece, ruin the recording machine, and mess around with your slightly rowdy friends, that you are only trying to liven it up a bit.

As you have indicated, "God . . . gave her a marvelous figure, fine features, and long silk-like hair." It must be for this reason that you flit from one lovely creature to another like a butterfly unable to make up its mind between several flowers. Of course, if you find a "consolation prize in the bottom of the cracker jack box" and you do happen to raise a "rebellious brat," I should like to mention that part of him is yours.

If would seem, in summing up, that all that woman lacks is brains—I quite agree with you—they *do* need brains. (Of course, this does not explain why educators and brain specialists say that girls between the ages of fourteen and eighteen are from two to four years ahead, mentally, of boys the same age). Anyway I give you your dreams.



THE OLD OAK

The Old Oak

MARTHA INGLES, '41

THE old oak stood at the top of the dell for many years. It was almost as much a part of Sweet Briar as the dell itself. When it finally became rotten and had to be cut down, there was great lamentation among all those who had ever known Sweet Briar. We who are now in college do not remember the great, old tree, but it meant and still means much to the alumnae. It is a sort of symbol of the college as it was when they were here. So we have adopted it as the heading for our new column, a column which looks back to the past, to all of the girls who preceded us here.

* * *

There are many lovely poems lying almost forgotten in old BRAMBLERS at the bottom of the stacks. We propose to bring some of these to you with each publication of the BRAMBLER this year. Some of them are too good to be lost. Some are of interest because their authors have since become distinguished poets.

Hildegard Flanner is one of these. She is of the class of '21. While she was here she was active on the BRAMBLER staff, contributing much to the progress of the magazine.

Since she left Sweet Briar, she has made a real name for herself as a poet. She has often had poems printed in magazines, often in *The Nation*, *The Saturday Review*, and *The Overland Monthly*. She has published several volumes of poetry, and some plays. Two of these, "Time's Profile," a volume of poems, and "The White Bridge," a one-act play, are in the Browsing Room. "Young Girl" and "Tree In Bloom," her two loveliest poems, are included in the "Home Book of Modern Verse" and in every complete anthology of modern poetry.

She is now married to an artist, and lives in Altadena, California.

She has always had a warm place in her heart for Sweet Briar. In a recent letter, she wrote:

"I can look back and see Sweet Briar in memory,—how the hills and valleys looked in spring with the red-bud trees and dogwood. There used to be a fence somewhere down near the lake, and over it a persimmon tree. I once sat there in an hour of overwhelming homesickness and ate ice-cold persimmons, and was somewhat comforted. And I remember well the boxwood and the fringe-bush, the sheep drifting over the meadows, a pair of swans with lovely necks and awful tempers, and beds of violets which I preferred to Sunday service."

We are very proud to re-print some of the poems that she wrote for the BRAMBLER while a student at Sweet Briar:

NIGHT

The night is a beautiful woman,
 All silver and grey,
 With a pale diamond at her throat.
 When day drops its gaudy train
 Over the hill,
 She moves out from the forest,
 And the stone at her throat
 Glitters cold and wan.
 As she walks upon the chill grass,
 The sounds in the darkness slip after her,
 Almost silently,
 Like a trailing scarf.
 When the sun, coming warily
 Through the curtains of the mist
 Would gaze upon her,
 She shakes the dew from her heavy skirts
 And slips into the forest.

THE CRICKETS

With a tiny, fairy shrillness, in a tune so faintly sweet
 The crickets chant beneath the flowers, their charms to please
 your sleep,

They sing in silver pipings of the rose in satin red
 Who sits upon a jade-green throne and bows her queenly head,
 And gives unto the fingering breeze,

Low bending from the guardian trees,
 Cobweb laces from her throat, laden with a night-pure sweet
 To waft beyond the boxwood wall and spread above your sleep.

'Neath the copper plum the crickets drag the yucca's yellow
 thread

And weave a shawl, sweet-clover scented, for an elfin bed,
 While they chirp and catch the moonbeams in the dew to store
 the light,

"See how the angels give us crystal lanterns for the night!

 If thus they love us cricket ones

 How must they love God's own dear sons!

They give us for our bits of patterns, finest yucca thread—
 What must they give the lady yonder in the poster-bed!"

BLESSING

You said I must learn sorrow and the white
 Unending hands of sorrow laid on me.
 You found that I was limited by light.
 You thought that only grief could set me free.
 "Tears are far richer than delight," you said.
 "Open your sweet and ignorant eyes and weep.
 It is so beautiful to bow the head
 In heavy tears, and then in heavy sleep."
 I took my candle in my hands. I went
 Through nights and deeper nights behind its flame.
 I said, "O sorrow, give one sacrament,
 Give me the blessing now for which I came."
 I bared my heart, she laid her two hands there.
 Now I can weep . . . I wonder, do you care?



YOUNG EUCALYPTUS

Here in this vertical wan place
 Of girl-like trees,
 There are three sounds.
 One, of water shaking softly
 Underground.
 One, of mystery discreetly stepping
 Through the grass.
 And one,
 A creature with a hidden throat
 No man may ever hear.

SONNET IN QUAKER LANGUAGE

Thee sets a bell to swinging in my soul,
 And though the sound is nebulous and dark,
 Yet musical my thought unto its toll,
 And seldom is my hush! And loud my hark!
 Thee knows that in response continual
 My heart is always resonant to thee,
 Yet with how dim a sound antiphonal,
 Like a lost wind that blows beneath the sea.
 Can thee resolve confusion of my tears
 Into a single silence of desire?
 Can thee, when singing has gone cold with fears,
 Put on more music and put on more fire?
 If so, then I am cloistered to a bell
 That utters advent of a miracle.



SONG

I think that dead men shine and stir
 When you go by their place,
 Your feet upon their slumber,
 Their beauty on your face.

I think the dead remember
 The ancient ways of spring,
 And from the dust put forth a new
 Swift flower . . . and vaguely sing.

“By Their Hair---”

BRAXTON PRESTON, '43

Data: Born—Norfolk, Virginia. Lives—ditto.

Wrote as a Youngling: Six years old—a novel, still an enigma to her family.

Soft Spot: Norfolk and etymology.

Known Best by: Her broad Virginia A.

IT is interesting to note the different characteristics of hair. It may be thick or thin, curly or straight, long or short. Some hair is light, other is dark, other is red, and still other mousy coloured. There are times when these characteristics and the arrangement of a person's hair give a very definite picture of character.

I have found the study gallery in the Mary Helen Cochran Library a fine place to study hair. Suppose we stand by the rail, where we can see many heads of hair below. Over here is cool, smooth head, very sleek and very, very blonde. Is it not right to suppose that this girl is like that cascade of gold: cool and reserved, full of character and full of life? For here, here's another blonde, a blonde entirely different in character. True, her hair, too, is a cascade of gold; but don't you see the difference? Don't you see that her hair is almost laughing at you, as it catches the shafts and darts of the light? Of course, you can see the amiableness, which fairly radiates from that long, slightly curled, golden hair! Did you ever see anything so jolly looking? She looks like she would be fun anywhere; at a picnic in a receiving line, or even after a chemistry test.

Let's move up the line a little. Do you see that glossy, sophisticated, brown hair, coronetted around a small, well-shaped head? What a suave, poised person the girl with that hair must be! Why every strand spells dignity and calm. How different it is from this behind it. This, too, is coronetted, but with

a difference. A quainter, more puckish way of arranging her hair could not have been devised. Look at the curls at the side. They look as if they had crept out when no one was looking. Mischievous and fun-loving is what I would think of this girl, judging by her hair. And so you may go on, if you wish. May I change a biblical quotation: "By their hair ye shall know them."



TOMORROW

Tomorrow—an indefinable, useless word:
 A prop for procrastinators,
 A hope for dreamers,
 A joy for lovers,
 A worry for debtors,
 A terror for those who fear.
 Tomorrow—yes, useless, indefinable.

—*The Prelude*



VARIATION ON AN OLD THEME

A leaf,
 a blade of grass,
 can hide the largest star. . . .
 It all depends, you see, on where
 you are. . . .

—*The Wellesley Review.*

Ex Libris Freshmanis

CATHERINE PARKER, '43

ANY reading the freshmen are doing at this harried time is definitely on the lighter side. After concentrating on our reading lists and reports for history, art, architecture, etc., we rest our minds with the less weighty materials of magazines and newspapers, particularly the sports sections of the latter (football, of course). The jokes in the Georgia Tech magazine, the *Navy Log*, and the *Harvard Lampoon* rate high. The series of three short novels by Noel Coward in the *Cosmopolitan* has First Floor Grammer puzzled and interested. Franny Pettit is an ardent devotee of the *Reader's Digest* and says that there is an excellent article, "Back to Human Nature," which suggests that we look around us in the city to find beauty and peace rather than continually yearning for the country and nature to find happiness, valuable as these may be. It's an interesting thought, and Mr. Williams adds to it by saying the city is the only place of privacy because in the country one is not responsible to one's God or conscience but to one's neighbors. She also liked J. B. Priestley's short essay on New Fallen Snow because she feels that way about it too. Concerning our outside reading list, *Green Mansions* by W. H. Hudson and Mark Twain's *Life on the Mississippi* rank as general favorites. Ginger Monroe likes Louis Bromfield's story in the *Redbook* and Nancy Bean dotes on Thurber in the *New Yorker*. Everyone, as usual, is enthusiastic about *Life*. Pat Robineau has read the novel *In Praise of Life* by Walter Schoenstedt. She says it illustrates vividly the effect of the post-war period on the younger generation in Germany.

Three shots rang out. Two of the servants fell dead. The other went through his hat.

A momentum is what you give a person when they are leaving.

When you cross a street you must have all your fatalities about you.

Belle is the feminine for gong.

In India a man in one cask cannot marry a woman in another cask.

Ali Baba means being somewhere else when the crime was committed.

Socrates died from an overdose of wedlock.

Abraham, the prophet, was chiefly noted for his bosom.

Louis XVI was gelatined.

The soviet is what the middle classes call their napkin.

They gave Wellington a glorious funeral. It took six men to carry the beer.

A comma is what a medium falls into.

Paradise is what happens when your arm goes stiff.

—*From College Board Exams*

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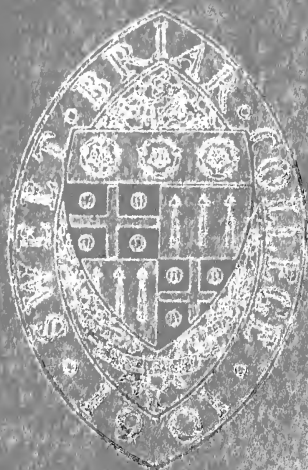
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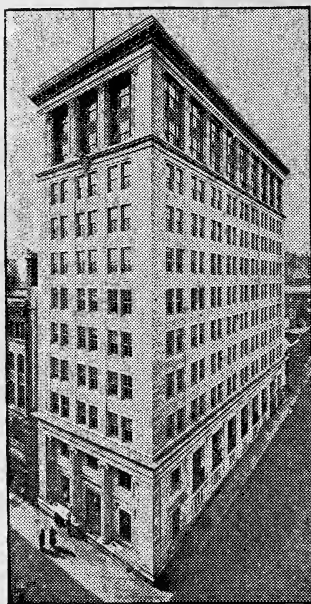
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February
1940

The BRAMBLER

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The Painting

MARGARET VALLANCE, '40

Data: Refer to October issue.

This story was: Inspired by Tahitian women in a Gauguin drawing.

THE insistent buzz of the doorbell broke in on Eleanor's absorption. Just as she was at last getting the final touches on her painting. Let it ring! Then she remembered her newly acquired position of wife and flung down her brush. Callers, of course, and what a fright she must look! Anxiously her glance darted from her improvised studio in the dining alcove to the living-room beyond. She mustn't shame Frank before his friends! She dashed out, forgetting in her hurry to pull the alcove curtains together.

On the door-stoop was Mrs. Thornton. As the wife of the head of the branch office to which Frank had just been sent, she was an important personage. Hoping not to seem too nervous, Eleanor urged her to come in. "Do sit here," she exclaimed, pulling out a gay cretonned rocker. "You'll be so much more comfortable."

But Mrs. Thornton had already seated herself on the edge of the only straight-backed chair and was primly arranging the folds of her old-fashioned black dress. "Thank you, this is quite satisfactory." The rigidity of both tone and backbone managed to convey an aura of winter Victorian drawing-rooms, vast and dark with furniture of orthodox dimensions.

For an instant Eleanor felt quite frozen and thought one of those dreadful pauses, the terror of every hostess' existence, was about to descend. Then she remembered a way to escape. Jumping to her feet, she cried, "Excuse me just a minute, Mrs. Thornton, while I start the water for tea."

"I do not drink tea, Mrs. Dale. My physician has forbidden all stimulants. Surely you know that." The reproof in the autocratic old voice was unmistakable. She added icily: "My call must be very brief." The late afternoon sunlight threw a monstrous shadow on the wall, grotesquely magnifying the jutting chin and thin, pursed lips.

Eleanor murmured sympathetic inquiries to which Mrs. Thornton deigned to give no reply beyond monosyllables. Eleanor found herself wishing that she had devoted a little more time to the social arts as well as to those of design and color. But conversation seemed such a natural, easy thing in the friendly artists' colony where she had always lived. One talked if one wished to and kept still otherwise — there were never any such ghastly silences as this. Bravely she tried again, asking Mrs. Thornton if she were interested in modern art. But Mrs. Thornton was devoting herself to a minute inspection of the house from the gay red flowers outside in the pocket-sized garden to the height of the shades in the window. They even penetrated the little alcove beyond and Eleanor realized that she had forgotten to draw the curtains. There on the easel, clear in the afternoon light was her painting. She felt a momentary pride and turned to her guest with a smile of pleasure. But Mrs. Thornton had risen abruptly. Her face was stiff and grim. Interrupting her hostess, she said harshly, in a voice almost unrecognizable with emotion, "Good-afternoon, Mrs. Dale." Before the startled girl could protest, she was gone.

It was perhaps a day later that Frank Dale came home, strangely silent. He made only a pretense of eating. After a few minutes he went into the living-room, where Eleanor soon followed him.

"Frank, what's the matter?"

"Eleanor, would you mind much if we had to leave here—go back to my old job?" He looked at her anxiously.

"Of course not, if that's what you want. But why?" She stated in astonishment. "I thought you were so pleased to be here."

After a moment's effort he answered. "I'm washed up here. Can't please old Thornton. He as good as told me to quit to-night."

"Oh, Frank, he couldn't mean it! You know how much Mr. James thought of your work! That's why he sent you out here. You must have misunderstood Mr. Thornton. He couldn't help but like you. His wife even called on me yesterday!"

"That so? She's Mrs. Astor in this town. Runs him, too."

"She certainly was grim. I thought I'd die." Eleanor shuddered.

"Strait-laced as they come. Doesn't speak to her own son because he married a professional dancer in the city. Won't even have his name mentioned. Look, you didn't say anything, did you? I mean—"

Eleanor looked at him blankly. "No, Frank. Why, she was just terribly stiff and only stayed a minute. She was gone before I knew it."

"Well, anyway, I've suspected this might happen. Thornton's been acting nasty lately. But it's a shame after you got all settled here, Nell." He looked around again anxiously.

"Frank, you know that doesn't matter. But I can't bear to have this happen to you. It's all wrong!"

"Maybe I'm not so good as I thought I was," he said quietly.

"Don't dare even think that!" she burst out indignantly. "It's not true. You know this is just spite. That old cat, Mrs. Thornton — she's responsible, somehow! But you'll get another chance and a better one! I know you will, Frank!"

He smiled at her confident enthusiasm, uplifted in spite of himself. "You're pretty certain, aren't you? Here's hoping

you're right, though." He raised his hand in a mock toast, then frowned in perplexity. "But what I can't understand is why the old girl picked us for her grudge." The silent room gave him no answer. The corners were pleasantly dim and the lamp-light glowed softly on the painting of the Hawaiian dancing-girl that Eleanor had finished and hung the night before.



JUST FOR TONIGHT

Dear Lord, I have not complained.
I have been content or, if not content,
Resigned to sitting among the
Plain Janes of the world and have bent
My thoughts along constructive lines.
I've not been bitter that you
Who make so many things beautiful
Chose to make me drab and colorless.
I have been dutiful in realizing
That all things happen for the best.
It is because of these things, God,
That I pray Thou might
Make me beautiful.
Oh, won't you, Lord?—Just for tonight.

—*The Prism*

Tea

HELEN TAYLOR, '40

Data: Born—Anking, China. Lives—Ditto.

Wrote as a Youngling: Oration: "Sounds in School."

Soft Spot: Biking in Scotland, Gilbert and Sullivan.

Known Best by: Her infectious grin.

THE British Empire was built on tea by a tea-drinking nation. Pints, quarts, gallons of it per annum per capita, heavy, bitter, brownish gold from the pot, sullied with milk so that it reminds you of the Lake after a rain, a sea of tea with England and the English buoyed on its waves, from the aristocratic gentry with their "old school tie" code to the working-man with his honest, plodding, routine life. What would they do if Russia should step down and cut off their supply from India? What did they do before the eighteenth century brought it in full force to the isles, on the strength of which inroad came the colonies and the Empire? Nobody knows, but the thought is staggering and quite inconceivable to the Englishman.

There is the cup of tea brewed at six a. m. by Auntie on her own little gas range before she gets up or served to sleepy travelers with paper-thin wilting slices of white bread and butter by a pink-cheeked cabin boy. There's the pot on the breakfast table, muffled by the inevitable portly "cosy" with its pink and green rosebuds embroidered by Cousin Sheila. Tea in mid-morning, especially in the tropics, served by padding blacks when the sun is getting too high for comfort; tea after lunch with two lumps or one, sipped in the living room with the latest parish gossip or a heated discussion of the morning's hunt; tea before bed, a substitute for Ovaltine; it's indispensable at any time in any place.

But the one inimitable, indubitable, irrevocably sacred institution is afternoon tea. There are social teas, picnics (always

tea), teas plain, high, heavy or light, served any time from four to eight with equally serious intent. Nothing can stand in its way. Shop girls drift away, workmen stop and pull out their thermoses and great chunks of bread, golfers retire to swap tales in the gloomy precincts of a club. Any country lane that opens onto a field will show some motorists at their ritual, pinioning a steamer rug under a tree with a red-faced male furiously pumping at a primus stove while three others, plus blanket, form a wall against the wind and rain, ruefully watching one or two officiating females while the drops trickle off their eyebrows.

High tea in the nursery is a lovely meal. There's a flickering fire to toast scones, bread and butter and jam galore and bed time stories in the offing. High tea for the hungry traveller, as H. V. Morton puts it, is fit for a king, with eggs done to a turn and a bright fire for company and warmth. And there's "fish and chips," high tea before the 7:00 flicks (movies to you), consumed on the wing in hot greasy paper bags or sitting in the back of the wee fish and chips shops surrounded by Coronation mugs and Prince Albert and Vic bric-a-brac.

Then of course there's just plain tea. Each part of the British Isles, each shire, each town gives to its teas its own special stamp. London's teas at Lyons are sophisticated, served from shiny silver pots with music, fancy cakes and crumpets. Devonshire teas are country teas with luscious red strawberries and cream; Selkirk in Peebleshire serves bannocks; oatcakes big and little, thick and thin in Scotland; scones, plain and penny ones, griddle or brown ones in England, and always there's apple jelly, pancakes, pastries, tarts, pies, buns, and cakes. What you can't order for tea doesn't exist. You could demand the ingredients of a four course dinner with impunity and get it with a smile and the all important fat, complacent tea pot full of that beverage with its satisfying warmth.

But one word of warning about tea and teas. Don't ever think English tea is strong before you visit Ireland. No wonder their brew nurtures quick-tempered fighting folk, for it is as black as coffee, having simmered on the stove since early morning with frequent replenishings, and is by afternoon potent enough to stimulate several I. R. A. bombings.

Well, all in all, plain tea is just plain tea, relaxing, humanizing, civilizing if you like. It's what keeps the Englishman from stepping up to our tempo of life, his serious conservative love for this ritual. No wonder a "coke" is a rarity only found up a back alley in the foreign quarter or in tourist sections of London.

Put an Englishman in Timbuctoo or the Sahara. You can make him miserable but never completely a savage as long as he has his tea. What would he do without it, and what would we do without him to amuse us?



MIRRORS

Looking into the mirror I see
 only a human form etched
 pitilessly in glass,
 But when I look into your
 eyes I become an ivory
 cameo set in jade.

—*The Distaff*

February

CLEMMIE CARTER, '40

Data: Refer to October issue.

This poem was: Written on the first warm day in February on the flyleaf of a book.

As I walked along, I thought of what the poets say,
 The young poets:
 "God's gift and transient power in me,
 Is this green shoot of spring as light as my eager step;
 And my young heart late released from winter,
 Wings through gently clouded vistas."
 It was a clear voice across the sound of all things growing.
 Yet searching for the first sign of a year's rebirth,
 I saw a tree against the sky,
 Whose every branch spread intricate design across the air,
 No leaf blurred this pattern,
 As complex as the work of an old woman, tatting in the twilight,
 Or the weaving thoughts of some aged philosopher sitting
 cross-legged in the sun of noonday.

This Lonely Heart

DEBORAH WOOD, '42

Data: Born—Minneapolis. Lives—Greenwich.

Wrote as a Youngling: Illustrated letters to grandmother.

Soft Spot: Hyman Kaplan and anything fattening.

Known Best by: Tall stories.

IT is true of many impressions that the first and most lasting ones are made during childhood. Lord Byron or Juliet, for instance, have never seemed so poignant to me as the central figure of the first tragedy I ever encountered.

Annie Swenson came to work for us the winter John was born and I was seven. Mother decided she could not care properly for six of us and a baby too, so Annie was sent around from an employment agency one night at supper-time. Her entrance into our family circle was certainly unspectacular; it can hardly even be called an entrance, for she merely walked in and stayed. Nevertheless I shall never forget how she looked, standing in the hall waiting to be interviewed, her eyes on the stairs watching for mother's trained nurse to say she might go up. The lamp on the side table had a pink shade so that the light which shone on her face gave its patient expression a rosy warmth. She wore cumbersome overshoes, lisle stockings, and a maroon coat which was tight across the hips. She was not a fat woman, just large—big boned and tall. A felt hat of no particular shape was pulled well down over the sandy hair to complete the picture. Her face always comes to mind last, for it was of little interest, while her comfortable lap and aroma of tar soap are unforgettable memories. She had small eyes, pale blue and short-lashed, and a button hole mouth separated from the fleshy-tipped nose by a long upper lip. These features were set in the center of a round, clear-complexioned countenance, the only distinguishing marks of which were two large moles on

her left cheek. Knowing mother's tastes, I did not, even at that age, think that Annie would meet with her approval, but strangely enough, within fifteen minutes, I could hear mother giving directions in her high, clear voice to "fetch your bags immediately."

Thus Annie came to live with us in the brown shingled house on Oak Avenue, gradually becoming a part of our tumultuous existence. She scolded and kept us fairly presentable, listened to our woes and acted as chief entertainer on rainy afternoons so as not to disturb Daddy's work. Every Thursday and every other Sunday she put on her maroon coat to go downtown for an early movie, only to return by nine to her "nest under the eaves," as mother called it. This so-called "nest" was on the third floor, overlooking the garage, several clotheslines and Sister's zinnia bed. The rest of our backyard was hidden from view by the exceptionally tall oak trees — excellent for tree houses. The sun, however, poured in there on late winter afternoons, accentuating the harsh bareness of the room which was pathetically devoid of any personal touches. Always spotlessly neat — not until a few pictures of us and Christmas presents laboriously made at school decorated the bureau and plaster walls could it be told the room even had an occupant.

Rose, the cook, lived at home nights in the Polish section. She was young, pretty, and vitally interested in men. Her entire life was centered about them. Annie used to sit and listen to Rose's chatter by the hour as though hearing of a different world. Never in her life had any man showed the slightest interest in her. The more Rose talked, the more Annie became aware of this blank spot in her life. She knew from careful examination before a mirror that glamor or that thing Rose called S.A. were not hers, but she must have some loveable quality or we children would not be as affectionate as we were. A terrible yearning, a desire which could not be pushed aside, began to figure in her thoughts ceaselessly. Her interest

in the movies, especially romantic ones, increased, and she began to write fan letters. Then one day Rose introduced to her the mainstay of all backstairs literature—"Love Story Magazine."

Annie became so enthralled that she would rush down to Randell's every time a new copy came out. She subscribed to several. Her mind was continually filled with this hunger for love and companionship. Before this time she had been conscious of a certain lonely emptiness but had never known exactly what was lacking. One rainy afternoon, her Sunday "In," when all of us were at Grandma's for lunch, she was re-reading a back issue of "Sweetheart Tales" when a line in italics caught her eye.

"Are you lonely? Would you like a sympathetic correspondent?"

Quickly she spread the rough pulp pages flat and read further. There were, it seemed, any number of people in a similar unhappy state. She studied each excerpt from the letters, searching for a suitable "Ink Intimate." She received no mail from anyone, and it would be exciting to have some to look forward to, she thought, and searched more diligently for a future correspondent. Her choice was finally narrowed to two men. One was young, twenty-eight, and sounded very much like Rose's friends. He liked to "dance, go to baseball games, and the movies." His friends thought him "clean-cut-looking and well-built." Annie had never seen the first two "activities" except for our exhibitions after dancing class in the parlor and the Sunday morning team rivalry we had in the backyard. She debated for a while whether to profess a similar interest, but decided against it as she might forget sometime and make a slip that would ruin everything. There remained, then, the only other alternative, "an almost middle-aged gentleman who is fond of dogs, good books, and long discussions before an open fire." Annie told Mother that the reason she picked him was

that he sounded so much like Daddy—"educated and genteel." Mother did not tell Daddy until much later because he was in the middle of writing "Facing the Sun" then, and it was hard to tell when his sense of humor would come to the fore and when it would not.

So Annie wrote Mathew, Mathew L. Worthington, on 226 South Jay Street, Scranton, Pennsylvania, that very night a brief note, rather pessimistic in tone—"I doubt if you will bother to answer this as I am not a very interesting person" etc. Much to her amazement and overwhelming joy, she received an answer the next Thursday. Not to seem over-curious, she waited till Sunday before writing and was again rewarded by the same promptness. For over two months this Sunday-Thursday correspondence continued, but each week she found it more difficult to keep from answering the day his long gray envelope arrived. Finally, her reserve was broken and she sent off a missile every day. The answers came as rapidly. What she wrote in those bulging envelopes we could not imagine, for her life was a dull routine, unchanged over the years except for the recent substitutions of a book from the public library, recommended by *Him*, no doubt, for the love stories and, too, her movie excursions were somewhat curtailed. Evidently it was hard for her to make those letters all that she wanted, for her trash basket was always filled with stationery torn to tiny bits.

One morning Annie rushed into the dining room where we all sat at the table, her face more animated than I had ever seen it.

"He's coming," she cried, "he's coming!" At our blank expressions she hurried on to explain, "Mathew—ah, Mr. Worthington, he's coming next month—the third!" She paused for breath before running to tell Rose, her round face moist with excitement that marked the beginning of our month of waiting. The entire family waited, counting the days. Mother and

Daddy seemed rather uncomfortable and tried to calm our ceaseless talk with no success. The story of Mathew L. came out then, bit by bit.

It seemed that Mr. Worthington, or Mathew as we all came to call him, and our Annie found they had much in common, meaning loneliness. Annie had discovered someone as unhappy as herself, someone to confide all the confidences of a lifetime stored behind a wall of friendlessness. After several months of corresponding, Mathew mentioned to Annie that he thought himself ill and described his "symptoms." They all pointed to tuberculosis. Poor Annie was frantic and insisted that he see a doctor immediately.

We have a sanatorium out near the club, one with a world-wide reputation, so consequently we all knew too well the horrors of that disease. Mathew gave in to her pleas by seeing a doctor who told him that he must go to a home of some sort. If he would go immediately, the doctor said, it would be simple to clear up that spot, but if he waited it would be "fatal." All of this Mathew told to his only "true friend." As actual work had always been difficult for him, he had been living on a small income, supplemented by some small recompense for library cataloguing at intervals. His capital would be sufficient to give him the care necessary in some such sanatorium, but the train fare to a really good one he did not have. The wards in the state home were filled and he would have to wait for a vacancy, a perhaps "fatal delay," he re-stated. His closing, rather shy remark was one which really caused Annie the deepest hurt. He had wanted to come west to see the glories of which he had heard so much and had intended to see eventually with that money. He had wanted to come west, maybe, to see her!!!

It took Annie three days to write an answer to her taste to that pathetic letter. She had a struggle with herself but at last decided that she must, must send him her money to come out to our sanatorium—it was an excellent one and the mere idea of

such a fine person in a crowded dark ward of a stifling public hospital was abhorrent. But how to offer him such financial aid? It was a very costly affair—her entire savings—and being familiar with his elegance and ideals she would offend him by even suggesting it. Helped by a woman, a total stranger who had never even seen him! Oh yes, her letter must be a veritable masterpiece of tact and diplomacy. After many trials, she sent one off which seemed appropriate, begging to be of assistance. Immediately his reply came, highly independent. But while she was still shivering from the coldness of one, another came the following noon, apologizing for his harshness. He wanted to thank her for what he now saw as kindness and would she please forgive him for forgetting that he was a gentleman? Annie saw a note of weakening in this last communication so pressed her point further. After much coaxing, pleading, and many special deliveries from both sides, Mathew consented with such dignity and terrible male pride that Annie wept for days thinking of the mental torture he had endured. Mathew thanked her brokenly for her generosity and understanding, swearing to repay her every cent as soon as he was back on his feet. She sent the check immediately and waited to hear his plans. When the letter came, telling of his arrival next month, she burst in upon us, tears of excitement adding lustre to her usually dry eyes.

Mother advised her on the best "habit" for meeting morning trains, the best place for permanent waves, what shade of lipstick best became blondes, and also advanced her two months' salary. We counted the days with enthusiasm, even John, now in kindergarten. By the night of the second, Mother had to send us all to bed early due to the near hysteria in the air. The next morning, several of us stood on the front porch to wave goodbye to Annie as she set out for the depot in a taxi, her eyes and white gloves shining in the sun which seemed to sense our excitement and danced with us as we jumped about, yelling and

screaming. Despite the early hour, any small breeze had forgotten to come by so a hushed heat was already spreading across the lawns. Mother remarked that she hoped Annie could find some shade to sit in.

She had been given the day off so it was not until the following morning we heard that he had not come. She had waited until noon, standing by the rails, simmering in the desert heat, the starched frills at her neck limp and sooty. Mother and Daddy exchanged almost imperceptible nods across the table but said nothing. He had, we believed, missed the train or there had been some unexpected delay. Annie wired him at his address but the telegram came back, undelivered. He had left Jay Street without any word. Therefore, he had gone, she concluded, and went down each morning to meet the Santa Fe. Yes, Mathew was to travel well. She would rise as early as five o'clock to bathe and dress in her new finery, only to wait at the station platform in vain.

Being too young to consider feeling or emotion, we prodded her continually for news, at first met with hopeful responses, but later, long blank stares. We could not understand these odd looks, and they rather frightened us. Mother called us into her bedroom one afternoon and told us not to ask Annie any more questions about Mathew. "He had," she explained, "not been able to come. It was hard for Annie as she had counted on his coming very much. It really was," Mother's voice softened, "very tragic."

Dusty Plains

NAN TAYLOR, '42

Data: Refer to October issue.

This poem was written: While in class one day,
Whose class we won't say.

The plains are wide and dusty—
Dust kicked up by the hoofs of cattle,
Dust whirled up by the gusts of wind.
There is dust and sagebrush and tumbleweed on the plains.
There is wheat too,
Miles and miles rippling amber-gold in the sun,
With the little crimson poppies like drops of blood
On the golden wheat-skin of the fields.
Beyond is the desert with the dry deep dust,
And the cacti,
And the mountains lying like purple storm-clouds
Along the rim of the sky.
They have tried to tame the desert.
They have built houses and fenced off farms.
Men herd their cattle and ride their horses over the dust.
But the fences break,
And the cattle die of thirst,
And the dust covers the farms,
Dry and deep.

In Rehearsal Form

HELEN GWINN, '41

Data: Born—Alexandria. Lives—Chevy Chase.

Wrote as a Youngling: Poem on Easter eggs.

Soft Spot: Hunting in Virginia.

Known Best by: Horses and her flower business.

WE limped and staggered from the stage, blisters burning and muscles aching, and threw ourselves, panting, on the floor. After rehearsing each dance five times, the ten minutes for relaxation had not come too soon. "We certainly are in fine shape for the recital," someone remarked. "We'll all be in bed with sore feet and nervous breakdowns when Thursday comes." I nodded. I was too breathless and weak to answer. Leaning my head against the wall, I tried hard to keep my tired eyes from closing.

As if three hours of rehearsal every night wasn't enough, I had to ride that silly horse tomorrow. . . . How could I ever drag myself out of my comfortable bed. . . . Suddenly I heard the firebell clang and a voice called out, "Hurry, hurry! Get ready for a Program of Dances, in Rehearsal Form!" I opened my eyes on darkness, only slightly illuminated by the occasional red gleam of burning cigarettes. A Puritan with a musket over his shoulder, astride a big black horse, was reading the program in a loud voice while he pulled on the fire bell. "Hear ye! Hear ye!" he cried. "The Survival of Liberty portrayed in modern dance by the former first lord of the Admiralty. Everyone is required to attend. All examinations and quizzes will be postponed. Come early and get the best seats." I looked around for my fellow dancers. There was my History teacher, with a bowl of soup in one hand and a golf club in the other, dressed in a Roman tunic, and wearing a powdered wig. She said she couldn't stay to dance because she had promised to help ex-

terminate the red ants from Westminster Abbey. "They have eaten all the fruit decorations on the tables," she cried, "so we have to have soup again for Thanksgiving dinner." And she tripped away, leaving a trail of spilled soup on the floor behind her.

"Hurry, hurry!" There was the Puritan again. "Here is your costume," he said, throwing me a saddle and bridle. Somewhat bewildered I put them on, finding to my surprise that the bridle had a long rope attached to it, by which the Puritan's horse was leading me onto the stage. He had a long whip in his teeth which he kept cracking, and crying "Stretch!" I tried frantically to dance, but every time I moved I slipped in the soup which the history teacher had spilled on the floor. I finally fell face downward in a rapidly rising sea of soup, and as the curtains were hastily closed, someone in the audience sang out, "Oh, say can you see," and everyone stood up and joined in the chorus.

A very strange looking creature now swam onto the stage. She had blotters on each of her six feet. She was trying to blot up the spilled soup. "Oh, oh," she cried. "How my feet hurt! There's an advertisement for flowers on the blotters and the thorns in the roses prick my feet. Oh, oh!" I was just about to wade in to help her when I heard a loud beating behind me. That terrible horse was coming back to get me! I could hear him now crying, "Move—kick—stretch!" while the pounding of his hoofs grew steadily louder. I heard his long whip whistling through the air—felt the sting of the lash on my hand—and awoke with a start.

I had burnt myself with my cigarette, and oh dear! there was the drum beating the rhythm of our dance. I dragged myself back onto my aching feet and limped, still half asleep, to my place on the stage. The show must go on! "The dance groups will present a Program of Dances, in Rehearsal Form—"

I Can Remember

RUTH JACQUOT, '42

Data: Refer to October issue.

This story came to her: On a 9:30 p. m. Lynchburg bus.

Dearest Mina,

The city is as wonderful as ever! I haven't found a job yet, but have had lots of encouragement. I'm sure it won't take long to get some sort of position. I search every day.

Tonight I stopped at the dime store and got a blue jar and some narcissus bulbs. They took most of my supper money, but I thought the vase might brighten the room a little. It is so dreary, and the vase is such a lovely sky-blue. I think the grayness of the city depresses me sometimes—the sky is gray and the buildings are gray, and somehow the people are gray, too. But my jar is the color blue that the sky at home should be now. I sit and look at it and try to remember the blue, blue sky above those rolling prairies; it always seemed more blue in the spring.

It's mariposa lily time, isn't it? I suppose you will go out and pick some; get some for me, too, won't you? I can remember making almost a ceremonial rite out of picking the first mariposa lilies. They bloomed in the same place every year, on the sloping hill leading into that old dry gulch, near the big pine tree. I always wondered about that tree when I was little; it was so alone and majestic standing there silhouetted against the clear blue sky.

The lilies would be at their best now. I loved to go find them and kneel and look at them. They were like the pine tree in a way—it seemed strange to find them there, growing from the dry red earth that should have been useful only to cactus and mesquite and buffalo grass. The lilies are so delicately fragile, like angels' wings, bruising when you touch them. And their

name doesn't sound appropriate for a desert flower, does it? Especially those with their slender stems and translucent white petals, with the lavender tinge in the heart of the cup.

I always hated to pick the mariposa lilies. One day I went to get some, and a cool northern breeze just stirred them enough to make the petals dance a little. It was like a fairy dance. A few of the petals fluttered down slowly to the ground, and I touched them with my finger, but I didn't pick any lilies that day.

I have planted the narcissus bulbs in my jar and put them in the window. I hope they can get a little sun. It is always so dark and cold here; I feel as if my feet will never be warm. But soon it will be summer. They say it gets awfully hot here in the summer.

Do write soon and tell me how you are getting on. I am terribly happy and not the least bit homesick.

With all my love,

ELIZABETH.



REWARD

For the love of love they said, "We will fight!"

For the love of service they marched away,

For the love of loyalty they said, "It is right!"

For the love of honor they thronged to obey,

For the love of freedom they fought on their side,

For the love of hate they aspired to kill,

For the love of glory they fought and they died,

For the love of a memory—a cross on a hill.

—*The Concept*

Any Cleaning

GEORGIA HERBERT, '40

Data: Born—Columbia. Lives—ditto.

Wrote as a Youngling: Just rhymes.

Soft Spot: Two old Virginia homes.

Known Best by: "Any cleaning?" and curfew.

Tonight's the night for cleaning
 And a voice calls down the rows,
 Asking pictures, blankets, powdercans,
 Curtains, shoes, and bows;
 Asking blotters, books and inkwells
 And mittens for the snows.

"Cleaning, cleaning, cleaning?
 Any cleaning?" is the cry.
 "No, no cleaning." "Yes, some cleaning."
 It is answered by and by.
 Cleaning, always cleaning.
 That's the way it goes.

"Any cleaning?" To the doorknob
 As it raised its bright blue head.
 "No cleaning." From the blotter
 As it put itself to bed.
 "But come again another day
 When we're not so fully fed.

"Since Monday we have feasted
On pigs and peas and rings,
On lollypops in casseroles,
And all sorts of things.
No, we haven't any cleaning.
That's the way it must be said."

"Any cleaning?" to the blanket
As it rolled upon the floor.
"No cleaning." From the saddle shoes,
"But won't you shut that door?
I have pleaded with intruders
Until my throat is sore.

"It's cold and there's a wind that blows
Right through here in a blast.
We're trying to keep it shut, you see,
Until the wind is past.
We're sorry we can't oblige you,
But our cleaning went before."

"But surely you are dirty."
To the pictures on the wall.
"Can't you give me any cleaning?"
Said the voice from the hall.
"Yes, we can," said the pictures,
"We're so glad to have you call.

"We have views of fields and mountains,
And schooners on the sea,
And ladies dressed in velvet
As pretty as can be.
But we think they do need cleaning,
Do you want to take them all?"

"Yes, I do," said the voice,
In a much more cheerful tone.
"It's nice to have some cleaning
From such a lovely home.
Now shall I close your door again
And leave you all alone?"

"Cleaning, cleaning, cleaning?
Any cleaning?" is the cry.
"No, no cleaning." "Yes, some cleaning."
It is answered by and by.
Cleaning, always cleaning.
It's an endless drone.

On Joining Clubs

MARY ELEANOR MOSS, '43

Data: Born—Richmond. Lives—ditto.

Wrote as a Youngling: Poems on her cat.

Soft Spot: Drawing, Max Beerbohm, and Virginia.

Known Best by: Embarrassing moments.

MY father is about the most club-joining man I know. This you probably think is fine, and I did, too—once—before I learned.

Being fairly well-informed upon current history, I had supposed that man's intellect today was quite as high as it should be and that one had no particular reason to worry about it. Mind you, this was before I learned.

One night last winter a man from my father's company came to see Daddy, and I started to leave the room, but they insisted that I remain, or rather I convinced myself they did; so I stayed. This man, it seems, was making out a report on the various members of the company and wanted a brief sketch of Dad. He started by asking Dad where he was born, mother, father, married, to whom, children, how many, etc., etc., etc.

I went on reading my magazine, not paying particular attention to them. "What club do you belong to?" I heard him ask.

"Moose, Elks, Bears, Lions, Grottoes are a few," said Pop.

Well, I almost died, passed out, or something right there. I was crushed. I had supposed that Daddy really cared about what people thought. And here he was telling a perfect stranger his most personal secrets. Naturally I thought it was all right for him to do those things on the sly, but why did he have to confess right out that he belonged to some Mooses', Elks', Lions', Bears', and that other horrible name? If Daddy wanted to play with animals at least he ought not to have it aired about by men in the company. I expected a strike the next day. Any-

thing was now liable to happen. The men in the factory would now be convinced that Pop was crazy. I imagined their disgust when they heard this. All of this ran through my mind as I sat there.

"What was that again?" asked the man. I could see the wicked gleam in his eye.

"I'm a Moose, an Elk, a Lion, and a Bear," said my father calmly.

That was too much. I rushed out of the room, galloped up the stairs, and went sobbing wildly into Mother's room. Here Daddy was downstairs quietly going mad and she calmly knitting in her room.

Of course later I found out all about these clubs. But I still think that men today should not try to be animals. They do all right without half trying.



FLIGHT

My imaginings take me
Wherever I want,
Whenever I want,
And the men I see
Or the voices I hear
On these excursions
Live on a plane
Five miles (mentally speaking)
Above the stratosphere of experience
So that when I come back
To the ground of rationality
I sometimes crash.

—*The Messenger*



CONTRAST

BARBARA GODFREY, '40



To Armageddon

MARGARET BAKER, '43

Data: Born—Brooklyn. Lives—Litchfield, Conn.

Wrote as a Youngling: Poems about the bathtub.

Soft Spot: Politics and philosophy.

Known Best by: Illogical arguments.

At the present moment we are always talking of war and peace, those vague terms that no one really understands. Many of us are quite tired of the subject and close our ears to the hourly pounding of the announcer on the radio, or the cheap talk of a discussion group. I cannot blame those of us who feel this way, but neither can I agree with them. If we ever want "peace" we shall have to work for it, not turn our backs and let the other fellow win.

However, if one writes on as vast a subject as this, it is impossible to cover the entire field. Even a minute portion is difficult. The only way that I can see is to simplify the problems and in each case carefully consider the motives and reasons behind each action.

The account that I am about to give is, perhaps, not typical, but it is, I think, illustrative of the layman's point of view as to the causes of war. Tony and Peter, the two main characters, are ordinary people that one can find in a country community.

* * * *

A fantastic horseman had been pursuing Tony. An onlooker would have been unable to see him but to Tony he was very real. He was mounted on a red horse and in his hand he carried a sword—"and power was given to him that sat thereon to take peace from the earth, and that they (the people of the earth) should kill one another."

He did not follow steadily but kept appearing and disappearing at inappropriate intervals. Tony, however, always had the feeling that he was forever drawing closer and closer. Then, in desperation, one day Tony took definite steps. Long ago he had bought a weapon for defense. Since then it remained in seclusion, carefully guarded by lock and key. Now in fear Tony bethought himself of it. Rushing to the little white house that he called home, he made for his stronghold and withdrew the pistol inclosed therein. With this weapon in hand he advanced to meet the foe at his front door, only to discover that his foe had disappeared.

After this incident Tony could always be found with a pistol in his pocket, whether he was working or finding recreation. And when, after a long period of waiting, the horseman failed to return, Tony was inspired by his newly found power. For two or three days he brooded over the question of his own worth and then decided, due to studious deliberation, that he was in truth a very superior being. His house and his land were better than other people's because they were his. He, Tony, was great because he possessed the power to frighten and to kill if he so wished. He no longer saw himself as one small unit of a vast community, but as one individual standing alone in greatness.

One day while he was leaning on his fence rail admiring his land, he saw that his neighbor Tom possessed a gorgeous crop of yellow daffodils. His soul was filled with longing and jealousy. He wanted those daffodils! They were so beautiful they should belong to him. He would be better able to appreciate them than Tom, who was such a common man. Retiring to his house, he drew up a plan of action. Then, taking his pistol in hand, he set out to accomplish his purpose.

Surely the odd thing was that while all this was happening to Tony, it was happening also to Peter. Peter, however, had only reached the stage of the realization of his own ability. But when he heard what Tony had done he was furious. What

right had Tony to those daffodils? Peter, himself, wanted them, though he had never thought of it before. In a fine state of emotion he called together a committee of his neighbors. To them he raved against Tony's aggression, pointing out that there was a law forbidding such a thing. Calling it an immoral deed, he demanded their help in suppressing this trouble-maker. They, needless to say, agreed. And when this committee, under the leadership of Peter, marched on Tony, they carried a banner inscribed "Down with aggression. Freedom forever!"

For many weeks the community was in a turmoil. Neither the people nor their possessions were safe. The followers of Peter were as bloodthirsty as those of Tony; in fact, more so. They robbed the defenseless to find food and money and destroyed everything and everyone that stood in their path. They forgot their previous ideals in their false hate and their lust for power.

And the companion of Peter was a phantom on a black horse with balances in his hand, balances that betokened greed and commercial achievement through insidious methods. And the companion of Tony was a phantom on a white horse who held in his hand a bow—"and he went forth conquering and to conquer."

When Tony was finally subdued the fight was said to be over. But when Peter looked around and saw the damage that had been done he ordered Tony and his followers to repair it, justifying this by saying that they were to blame for the entire wreckage. And they did the best they could, but they were weak from hunger and wounds and the disease that had sprung up in the community, spreading through both factions. Because of this disease many people perished and others were granted to live only in a state of partial paralysis. Poverty came to all, and Peter found that though he now possessed the daffodils for which he had fought (Tom's share long since forgotten), they were a mangy lot due to lack of proper care. Nor could they

be revived, as no one remained alive who understood their care. One by one they vanished, until only a bare patch of ground was left to show where once beauty had stood defiant.

The fourth horseman of the apocalypse had reaped his reward. The pale horse had become paler.

* * * *

Perhaps, you say, after reading my little example, that reality is not like this, that reality is a very complex thing. Yes, that I will grant, but taking the simplest of simple cases I think one can judge, in a groping way, "why people go to war." In broad terms, their reasons can be defined as nationalism, militarism, and imperialism, but these are vague and all inclusive and exclusive generalizations. To be more factual, *one* of the basic causes is "defense." As Sir Norman Angell says: "Most of us want peace so long as we are not attacked." Therefore we begin our armament for purely defensive motives, and soon with the realization of our potential power we become a state imbued with ideas of military grandeur. If our leaders have ambitious ideas for us to follow, we are easily led to combat through love of state and false testimony that the enemy is the aggressor. And the knowledge of these theories, says the layman, can help us to understand a portion of the psychology of warfare, and this portion does not show us the solution, only the backsliding.



Disillusion

RUTH JACQUOT, '42

Little idols, one by one,
Parallel the path I take;
As I go along the way,
One by one, they fall and break.

Footprints On The Sands Of Time

JANE NORTON, '43

Data: Born—Mount Hope, West Va. Lives—ditto.

Wrote as a Youngling: Illustrated book on coal mines.

Soft Spot: V. P. I.

Known Best by: Talking in her sleep.

DID you ever realize that shoes are actually the lowest thing on the earth? They are always “looked down on” by all with whom they come in contact. They have no initiative whatsoever, and only move when they are forced to do so by their owner. Never let it be said that their life is a bed of roses; for they are compelled to face and endure all kinds of weather. They should never be called a fair weather friend, for they accompany their wearer “through thick or thin.” No consideration is given to them; they are made to experience all the knocks of life, and rough treatment is their only reward. Too, their appearance lends to their inferiority, because, as a result of their master’s or mistress’ (as the case may be) neglect, they are often shabby and dirty.

Although we do not think of shoes as human beings, they possess many human characteristics. First of all, there are shoes of all sizes and shapes—wide, narrow, long, and short; and, likewise, there are shoes of all colors—red, brown, black, yellow, and white. Could not man’s build and race be described by the above? Some shoes have a rough skin while others proudly display a soft, smooth one. The anatomy of shoes is slightly similar to that of a person; but it differs in the facts that some shoes have more than two eyes; some have only one toe while others have none; their heels, if they have any, vary in height; and their tongues never talk or create disturbances.

Their "soles" can be saved only for a short time, no matter how pure, good, or staunch they are or how often they attend church. In reality, the more they attend church, the more good they do, and the more services they perform, the less likely it is that their "soles" can be saved at all.

It is interesting to observe the life cycle of a pair of shoes. Unlike human beings, they make their social debut when their life first begins, and they have another "coming out" party when they permit their wearer's foot to come in direct contact with terra firma. When shoes get a worn out look and no longer have a winning smile, a tonic will do wonders for them. One of the best of these patent aids is Bostonian Shoe Cream, whose slogan should be "for the smile of health." For those who are in a more critical condition there are hospitals, commonly called shoe repair shops, where they can go for a few days and regain their health. When they become "of age," they are placed "on the shelf" and are allowed to travel less frequently. Their death generally occurs during the spring house cleaning when they are thoughtlessly tossed into the furnace. No sign of bereavement is exhibited by the ones to whom they were so faithful.

There are many various types of shoes. Those which are athletically inclined are tennis shoes, sneakers, golf shoes, snow shoes, basketball shoes, skis, ice skates, football shoes, hockey shoes, beach shoes, and riding boots. During a rain or snow storm, over-shoes and galoshes appear. For comfort there are bed-room slippers and "scuffs." These are the timid, stay-at-home species. For dancing and "tripping the light fantastic" there are dress shoes, pumps, ballet shoes, evening slippers, and toe shoes. Among those which are more sports-minded, we find saddles, oxfords, moccasins, sandals, spectators, kilties, and ghillies. Hard toed mine shoes and high top boots are adapted for manual labor. Last, but not least, are the novelty shoes—wedgies, huaraches, peasant shoes, and the wooden Dutch

shoes. Strange as it may seem, mules and horse shoes have nothing in common; in fact, these mules never balk, but they have been known to throw their "rider."

Shoes are really quite essential. They are very dependable because man may "take a stand" on them any time. They serve many purposes other than the one for which they were originated. After all, what could have been better than a shoe for "the old woman who had so many children that she didn't know what to do?"



WHY ASK YOU THEN FOR HAPPINESS?

Why ask you then for happiness?
You'd not be happy in Elysian fields—
 Why ask you then for happiness?
 'Tis not for you.
 Happiness is for the irresolute;
 You are resolute.
 Happiness is finite in its end,
 And you are infinite.
 Why ask *you* then for happiness?

—*The Messenger*



The Old Oak

MARTHA INGLES, '41

SWEET BRIAR is closer to the world this year than it has been in a long time. We are in a beautiful, safe place, leading beautiful, safe lives, but war is in our thoughts and we cannot help it. All of our eyes are turned toward Europe, and we are watching and waiting with a shadow of fear in our hearts.

Once before, in the years 1917 and 1918, Sweet Briar watched Europe and waited with a much greater fear. It is interesting to look at the BRAMBLERS of those years. They are full of the war. Nearly all of the stories and articles have war as their background. There is a current events column in every issue. There is a Red Cross column in every issue. The exchange sections are full of it—jokes about the war, snatches of poems about the war. Even the book reviews echo what was uppermost in every mind. The books reviewed bear such titles as: *Science and the War*, *A Student at Arms*, *My Four Years in Germany*, *Over the Top*.

There are many poems. They may not be very good, but they reflect real feeling, and go to our hearts as we read them.

* * * *

In the opening issue of the magazine in the year 1917, Miss Emilie McVea, the president of the college, wrote a "Greeting for 1917," which perfectly expresses the spirit of the time:

"In common with schools and colleges all over our land, Sweet Briar feels the thrill of a great purpose and a higher life. Today as never before the colleges for women are proving the value of the education they offer. Alert, vivid, physically fit, college graduates are responding by thousands to the call for national service in agriculture, in hospital and medical service, in ambulance work, in food conservation, in camp sanitation, in actual government employ. In the colleges themselves, any lingering joy in isolation is gone forever. No matter how remote from large centers the college may be located, the faculty and students feel the passionate need of close connection with the throbbing life of the nation and her allies in this time of the world's desperate need.

Today to the old joy of learning is added the greater joy of realizing that the knowledge sometimes painfully and laboriously acquired may be of direct and immediate service to the world. The colleges have mobilized for service. Canning, stenography, book-keeping, ambulance driving have become extra-curricular subjects. Domestic and college economies are carried out with professional skill. The thoughtless extravagance of an earlier day has given place to a thoughtful, ardent saving and giving.

That these generous impulses, these sacrificial offerings may endure, a steadfast loyalty is demanded. Enthusiasm must not die. The women of this year of our Lord 1917, stand before the greatest opportunity ever offered to women. Theirs will be a part in the reorganization of society that must come after the

war, theirs will be a part in a larger, truer democracy. Preparation in the present will enable them to play their part nobly in the future."

* * * *

A Christmas prayer written by the editor of the magazine in the December issue of that year reflects what all of the girls must have felt very deeply at that particular time.

A CHRISTMAS PRAYER

O thou little Christ Jesus, who didst come into the world to bring peace and goodwill to men, give us peace.

Our hearts are broken by the wars and hatred of men. Give us peace.

Let the blood of the many, shed in willing sacrifice for the truth as men see it, bring the world to a knowledge of God's truth.

Let thy glorious Star of Christmas shine again upon our darkened earth, bringing the vision of a love that shall so fill the heart of mankind that peace on earth shall be a reality forever more.

So may we hear again the song of the angels. So may we know again the joy of Christmas time.

Grant us thy peace O Jesus.

Many other poems show how uppermost in the minds of everyone was the war.

CONTRAST

Hildegarde Flanner, '21

Within a wood in France,
The Spring has stepped with flowered feet,
And spread the grass with garlands sweet,
And veiled with green the rough, brown trees,
And draped soft vines about their knees.
Her careless scarf slipped from her wrist,
And turned to violets, shadow-kiss'd.
She trailed her hand across the moss,
And there the lilies wave and toss.

Across a field in France
The war has burst with eyes of steel,
And crushed the flowers beneath his heel,
And flung the clouds of dust on high,
A carnage pennant in the sky.
He seared the young grass with his breath,
And flung abroad his cloak of death.
He filled the air with fire and gas
And left the field a desolate mass.

So much of hell, so much of hate—
Strange that the flowers should bloom of late
Within the wood in France.

IN THE YEARS FROM NOW

Elizabeth Eggleston, '19

Sitting in the silent twilight
Of the slower dawning Spring,
I strive to see beyond the curtain
What long years from now will bring.

Will war's cruel devastation
Still be sweeping o'er the lands?
Will the widows and the orphans
Stretch in vain their empty hands?

Will the cannon still be roaring
O'er a weary, bloodless world?
Will the bugles still be calling
And the battle flags unfurled?

Or will a peace have joined the nations
With an everlasting band,
And with hates and wrongs forgotten
They stand together hand in hand?

Will happy homes, united firesides
And the fruitful earth's increase
Thank the God of all the nations
Who has answered prayer—with peace?



THE WATER GATE

PENELOPE LEWIS, '42



Ex Libris

CECILIA MACKINNON, '40

ONE of the most interesting aspects of modern literature is the influence of economic, social, and political conditions on the current fiction. One of the effects of the War (it seems to require capitalization!) has been a distinct lessening of the output of novels. Since the annual burst of publication last fall there have been surprisingly few important new books. The best sellers of this month are those that entered the lists early in the fall. Among these, *Escape*, by Ethel Vance, interested Helen Gwinn:

During the holidays I found much pleasure and relaxation in reading the best-selling novel, *Escape*, by Ethel Vance. I can hardly say "relaxation," because, as the story progressed, I became so fascinated I was, as though glued to my chair, unable to put the book down. Certainly the greatest element in the author's style is her ability to build suspense. After the first few chapters the events pile up to make for a unified and fast moving action. At the same time, the tone of the book is unhurried and calm, with a prevailing note of despair rather than anticipation. Each move that is made in the dramatic rescue seems hopeless and the outcome is in doubt up to the very last word.

The escape from which the book takes its name is obviously the plotted stealing of a German-born American woman from a concentration camp where she has been condemned to death for assisting a "traitor" to spread anti-Nazi propaganda in America. But there is also what may be called a psychological subplot, centering around the character of an American woman, German by marriage and in her heart, who is tied to a country she loves but a regime she hates through her love for a high government official. Endangering her life to give assistance to the American boy and his mother, she finds how truly she yearns for freedom from a life ruled by the unscrupulous policies of her lover and his political party.

The names of cities and rivers are never given, nor is there a word of the language of the country in the book, but it is very obviously set in Germany. I wonder if Miss Vance had any reason purposely to avoid giving specific names other than that of producing an atmosphere of mystery and secrecy in keeping with the plot. The author also shows a

surprising knowledge of the party principles, which may only have been drawn from *Mein Kampf*, but which cause me to wonder how authentically she portrays the attitude of the "higher-ups" in the national government.

Another quality in Miss Vance's work which impressed me particularly was her power to put thoughts into words. More of the book is devoted to thought than to conversation, and the style is so real that I found myself thinking in the words of the characters between readings. Descriptions of dreams and of the trance-like condition of the mind before sleep are brilliantly done. She uses extremely felicitous and original metaphors and exact descriptions.

I enjoyed *Escape*, more through fascination than excitement. If it can be called an adventure story it is an utterly different one, a compelling narrative with deep undercurrents of thought that leave you with something when you turn the last page. It is, in a way, anti-Nazi propaganda, because the impression of the fascist government in Germany is certainly unfavorable, but it is at the same time a sympathetic and compassionate work.

This is one of the few currently popular novels which actually reflects the contemporary political situation. Another which includes social satire so apt and so biting that it leaves one holding his breath is James Thurber's *The Last Flower*. Thurber devotees, familiar with his work in *The New Yorker*, will find his usual incomparable drawings combined with a deliciously simple text to make a minor masterpiece. Every one should see this little book. One might note in passing that *The Male Animal*, a play also by James Thurber, has recently opened on Broadway.

However, most of the much talked-about books are not concerned with European affairs. Many are historical, a part of the wave of Americana which is sweeping the country. The publication of Carl Sandburg's four volume *Abraham Lincoln: The War Years* was the great literary event of 1939. John Steinbeck's still talked of novels, *Of Mice and Men* and *Grapes of Wrath*, have both been made into unusually fine movies. However, there is a large section of this year's fiction

which entirely ignores public problems, turning to personal feelings, instead. Martha Ingles describes one of these:

April was When It Began is a book that has a great deal of appeal. Barry Benefield knows how to write. He has given us *Valiant Is the Word for Carrie*, and several others very worthy of note. *April Was When It Began* is his newest one, and it is not disappointing in any sense of the word. There is, rather, something very satisfying about it.

It is the story of a young man of twenty-three, who works in a big New York publishing company, and of a girl of fourteen who loves him. It begins with his taking a room as boarder in the big old house where the young girl lives with her recluse father and an old servant. Her life has been unbearably lonely, and his coming gives her something to be interested in.

The story is told in a leisurely fashion, but not so slowly that the interest wavers. There is just enough action to keep the reader eager throughout, and just enough slowness of pace to keep it like life. It is extremely well written and well rounded—a charming, sweet story about interesting, real people. It is the kind of story that leaves a pleasant taste in your mouth.

Still another love story, but one with an entirely different appeal is Robert Nathan's *Portrait of Jennie*. This is a ghost story in which Time is the villain of the piece. It is difficult to describe, but fascinatingly weird, according to Hazel Sterrett.

In our last "Ex Libris" we mentioned A. A. Milne's *Autobiography*. It should be added now that the author of *Pooh* writes just as delightfully about his own childhood. Another favorite writer, J. B. Priestly, has written a new novel, *Let the People Sing*, which critics say is a fit successor to *The Good Companions*. We should like to see a review of it. The best-seller at the moment, inexplicable as it may seem in a *Gone With the Wind*-mad world, is a novel based on the life of Christ. Whether the popularity of *The Nazarene* by Sholem Asch is a reflection of the mental attitude of the country or not is problematical; but at any rate your book review editor can vouch for the compelling interest of the first one hundred and fifty pages!

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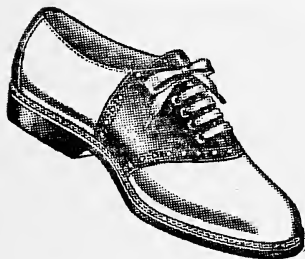
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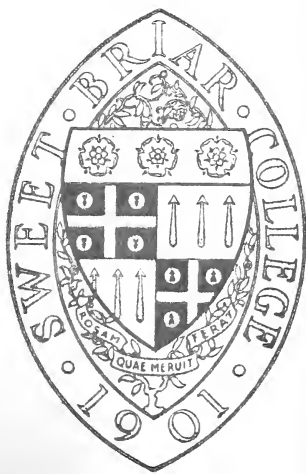
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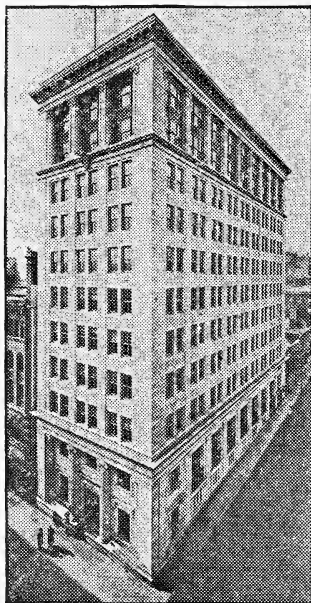
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April

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The BRAMBLER

APRIL

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Bill Blub Reports from the Pole

CLEMMIE CARTER, '40

Data: Refer to October issue.

Inspired by: Peter Penguin—dedicated to same.

"MY dear," said the penguin, "you simply must go to the opera! Edith Walrusi is singing *Madame Butterfly*."

"Butterfly," said the lady, "I detest butterflies," and she flicked a bit of snow from her tail.

"Hrumph," replied the gentleman, elevating his beak to a precarious height. "Your conception of the opera is purely elemental."

"Opera lost its charm for me when Jim Polari, the only bear-itone, was forced to leave."

I heard these remarks as I stepped inside Iggy's Igloo for some ham and eggs. Iggy blew upon the counter; as his breath froze, he wrote out his menu.

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"What's good, Ig?" I said.

"Mastodon steak," he said, beaming with pride. "Fresh shipped in on the last glacier."

"Make mine well done," I said, slipping a coin into the nickelodeon. Red and blue neon lights flashed on, and in a wave of color Bonnie Bear sang, "Meet Me on the Aurora Borealis."

"Got a new machine, Iggy?"

"Yeah."

I sat at the counter and bit into a roll.

"Iggy, the Pole's going to pot."

"Oh, you're just an intellectual. They're all pessimists."

"People will pay a nickel just to hear Bonnie Bear, but they wouldn't give that much to bring back Polari, our only bear-itone."

"One's popular, the other ain't," said Iggy laconically.

"Iggy, my friend of mind invulnerable, how do you know? Maybe Bonnie can sing 'Moonlight, an Iceberg, and You,' but you've never seen, or more important, heard, Edith Walrusi."

"No. Blonde?"

"Oh, Iggy," I said desperately. Then with a thought, "Look, Iggy, do you know a blonde?"

"Yeah!" and his face brightened. Even mastodon steak had not wrought such a glow upon it.

"Gee!" he continued.

"Well?"

"Oh what's the use?" he said. "A guy like me."

"What's the matter with a guy like you?" I queried. "Now look, here are a couple of tickets to hear Madame Walrusi sing Brunhilde tonight. It's magic, my boy, pure magic."

Iggy leaned on the counter, chin in hand. He shook his shaggy head.

"Gee," he said.

I paid my check, and left Iggy still staring into the air. "Poor guy," I thought, "he's got it bad."

Outside traffic had begun, as life at the Pole woke with the day. Dodging a new sports model, I noticed a penguin's familiar face behind the wheel.

"Pete!" I hollered. Pete stopped short.

"New sled," I commented.

"*De luxe* model—white walled runners, and a radio."

"No fooling?" and I climbed in beside him.

"How's Penelope?"

"Fine. We have a boy now, you know."

"So I heard, Pete. What's his name?"

"Repete."

"Haven't seen you. Been on vacation?"

"Yeah, we took a little trip to the Galapagos—have a lot of old friends that go down for the golf. Penelope likes it, and Repete can get out in the sun. Left last night. Gone a couple of months. Got back in time for the Arctic dawn."

"Nice. Couldn't leave myself. I've been reporting for the *Hibernation Tribune*. It came out this morning, so I'm departing in a few hours. Let me off here, will you?"

"Nice to have seen you, Bill."

"Nice to have seen you, Pete. Remember me to the family."

"I'll do that."

After making my reservations to leave, I walked over to the Iceberg Terrace for a bit of lunch. The smart set was all astir with the news of Walrusi's recent debut in *Butterfly*. The opera house was darkened when I stepped into my box. Not until intermission was I able to place Iggy. His dreaminess in the morning became understandable, for at his side sat the most charming blonde penguin I have ever seen. She was unconscious of Iggy however and remained pensive even as the final curtain came down amidst gales of applause.

"Oh, oh," I said fearfully, "maybe I was wrong."

I met them a few minutes later in the lobby. Iggy was fumbling with his hat, and the blonde was smiling at several Siegfrieds simultaneously.

"Iggy," I said, "how did you like it?"

"Hazel, this is the gent what gave us the seats."

"Oh, Mr. Blub, Iggy said you gave us the seats when he told you how much opera meant to him. You must know what it is to have a soul frustrated for culture."

Hazel smiled wanly and clung with an air of awe to Iggy's arm. Iggy's sad face brightened. Hazel understood his soul.

They left in a reverie of delight, but not before Iggy threw over his shoulder, "Gee, Mr. Blub, I'm putting that 'Ride of the Valkyries' on the nickelodeon tomorrow. Will that ever be a come-on with the mastodon steak. Gee!"

They were lost in a sea of happy faces. I took a taxi, picked up my bags at the station, and caught the Gulf Stream southward. As I fell asleep under the North Star, I thought of Iggy, his blonde, and his soul.

"It's magic, my boy, pure magic."



Poem

PENELOPE LEWIS, '42

Data: Born—University of Virginia. Lives—ditto.

Wrote as a Youngling: Poem to a morning glory.

Soft Spot: Deutero-Isaiah.

Noted For: Photography.

'Twas the robin that called her forth from sleep,
That called her out of the blanket of snow
Which held her hidden so faultlessly.
Icicles, snows, and sleet are gone,
The wind is fallen, the earth is free,
For Spring has risen from off her bed,
She is risen from slumber, she is risen once more.

On Mis-hung Pictures

ANN DAWSON, '40

Data: Born—Kinston, North Carolina. Lives—ditto.

Wrote as a Youngling: Poem to the Old North State.

Soft Spot: Dogs and sunrises.

Noted For: North Carolinian drawl.

I AM not an art critic; I am not even an interior decorator. But certain pictures hung in certain ways almost drive me mad. A plain, unadorned wall is hardly beautiful, but why some people insist on spoiling the slight charm its simplicity offers, by thoughtless picture-hanging, is beyond me.

Merely a lop-sided picture is enough to make any guest fidget and clench fingers that are itching to straighten the picture or at least give it a more attractive tilt. But crookedly hanging pictures are by no means the major willies-causers. It's some people's taste.

Or perhaps it's my taste. Perhaps I'm too concerned with only what appeals to me. It may be that it's perfectly proper to hang a square tintype of grandfather next to a round tintype of grandmother, but it certainly looks ridiculous—or to be tactful, unusual.

Then there are the ungodly photographs that travelers bring home with them. The worst is the usual one of the Tower of Pisa. The guest glimpses it, and he stares. His first thought is, "Just another carelessly hung picture." Then, on closer observation, "Oh, no, the photograph has slipped in the frame." And at last he realizes that it is the famous leaning tower, leaning at about a forty-five degree angle to every other line on the wall. The Washington Monument, though a more common sight here in America, would certainly be a better wall-decoration.

People have a right to be proud of their children; but they have no right to ruin their guest's eyesight by hanging in front of him the glaring picture Sally Lou painted when she was twelve. Perhaps it is Sal's masterpiece (for she probably painted nothing before or after it), but the proud displayers should furnish subduing dark glasses to the unhappy person they force to admire said masterpieces.

Other eyesores are flower prints, usually hung in unattractive groups of two or three. Some flower prints are really pretty, but those framed from magazine covers are not so pretty and are, moreover, easily recognized by readers of the *Ladies' Home Journal* and the *Woman's Home Companion*.

Possibly people have been shot for criticizing family portraits. They, like warts on women's noses, should never be mentioned, unless they are praised. But not every family portrait is beautiful. To begin with, the subject is usually ugly. Moreover, the picture is often cracked and, like the Liberty Bell, no longer fulfills its function but is used only for display. The bullet-hole that Sherman's army made in great-grandfather James' portrait may be interesting to great-grandfather James' descendants, but it doesn't help the looks of the picture. And why *do* people insist on hanging dark, sullen portraits in the darkest, most northern rooms in the house?

Fortunate ones! Those who can do their calling in trailers that don't even have a "God bless our happy home" sign over the electric range!

Male Interest in the South, Or Why I Like Princeton

DEBORAH WOOD, '42

Data: Refer to February issue.

Inspired by: Pre-May Day dilemma.

OPERATOR three, please, in Lexington. This is Lucinda Clark and I have a note on my door to call at ten o'clock. Yes . . . yes . . . thank you—hello? Hello, who is it? . . . Oh! . . . Fine thanks, Gordon, and you? . . . That's good. Sandy is standing here and says to say "hello" . . . (aside) He cleverly says "hello," too . . . Oh, so there is a point . . . Why I'd like to come if I can make it; when is it? . . . the fourth? That's too bad 'cause I am afraid I can't come. Thank you just the same, though. Perhaps some other time . . . okay . . . okay . . . all right. No, not then either . . . Yes, isn't it too bad . . . Okay, Gordon. No, couldn't do it then either, and Sunday we have rehearsal . . . Well, if you'd like to come over after I finish but a half hour hardly seems . . . All right, Gordon, see you Sunday night at nine-thirty. Goodbye.

Operator five, please, in Charlottesville. This is Lucinda Clark and I have a note on my door saying to call at ten-fifteen—yes . . . yes . . . thank you. Hello? . . . why, hello. How are Tommy? Golly I'm glad to hear your voice. How is my favorite smoothie bearing up under it all? . . . you usually do . . . Sandy is right here and says "hello" . . . (aside) He sends his love, you snake! . . . Oh, so there is a point. Your powers of conversation seem to be picking up these days . . . why, you old bum. I'd love to. Midwinters? Every girl's dream. When are they? . . . The Fourth? . . . sounds perfectly wonderful—golly—I won't be able to spend both nights over there—don't

have enough left . . . Yeah, always bragging . . . but if you want me to come under those conditions . . . Really, what a flatterer! There wasn't much else you could say—darn clever these Damn Yankees, what? . . . let me know the grim details later and we can arrange the works . . . Yes, it would be better to— . . . Tommy, you're positively inspired tonight. Sounds divine! I'll come over for the boxing matches and we can really hash out some able plans . . . You are an angel and I'll love you forever and ever . . . So then I'll see you the twenty-eighth . . . Thanks loads for everything. I really do appreciate it no end . . . thank *you* . . . 'bye 'bye.

This is Lucinda Clark and I'd like to put in a person-to-person call for Mr. John S. Durham, 133 Brown Hall at Princeton . . . yes, that's right—New Jersey . . . No, I'll hold the wire . . . (aside) Oh, Sandy, pray for me . . . he's just gotta . . . Yes . . . hello? . . . Hello, my love, this is the voice from the Deep South, and I do mean deep . . . Oh, I beg your pardon, Your Honor, *one* of the voices from the Deep South . . . Yes, you clever creature—Cindy Clark, remember her? . . . You'd better. Is Greg there with you? I can hear great blasts of Artie Shaw so I drew a few conclusions. Say the proper things to him for me, or better still, give him my love—well, a generous portion. Saw old McDonnell last weekend . . . He seems to have more than gotten back into the groove at the University . . . Yeah. party, party. How's the big city looking these days? . . . You lucky son-of-a-gun, I'd give my eye teeth to have been there . . . Sounds like an able group. How was Tony? . . . No . . . how could I have heard? . . . thought it was all ov— . . . My Lord and Taylor! . . . Say no more! . . . Well, who'da thunk it? H'm? . . . Oh, yes, there was a faint flicker of an idea in all of this, but I just wanted to be sophisticated about the whole thing—you know, the reserved approach for Harvard, straight from the shoulder for Yale, but subtly casual for Princeton . . . Idiot! Well, Miss Lucinda

Jerkins Clark requests the pleasure of your company at the Sweet Briar College Midwinter Dances, February 17th and 18th. R.S.V.P. I'll give you thirty seconds to think up an answer. Timer ready. Starter ready. (aside) My God, he's taking 'em . . . Time! Have you got a good one thought up? . . . Why? . . . You don't bother with this deep sea stuff, you go in for fishing in the open. Well, let me see. No one else can come; I feel sorry for you and you are the only person I can think of who, when he sees all of my glamor gal friends will make a grand dash in their direction and I won't mind . . . Yes, I thought that last attraction would cause some slight stir at that end . . . no, the real reason is that I could not take an entire evening of southern kangaroo-jumps which passes for dancing . . . that was a neat compliment, wasn't it? Seriously, Johnny, I would like to see you, and I think it may be fun . . . You'll condescend? Johnneeee, wonderful . . . I'll send the grimmer points later. Well, I am so glad you can come and shall see you soon. Okay . . . all right . . . 'bye.



Observation

RUTH JACQUOT, '42

The rain was very gentle
 When we met,
 It kissed me, passing by;
 The rain was very
 Gray and wet
 The day we said goodbye;
 The rain had never changed at all—
 Just you and I.

Reflections

MARGARET BAKER, '43

Data: Refer to February issue.

Inspired by: A radical dinner-table discussion.

I, AS do many of my contemporaries, have a great temptation to tackle a subject far beyond my strength. But yet one cannot help thinking and wondering and trying to seize on the impossible. And I, for my part, always have the foolish wish to tell the "other fellow" my story, though it may only be vain prattle.

Last night, as I lay thinking in my bed, a whole imaginary panorama spread itself before my eyes. I had asked myself the question, "What would a man do if told he would die in a few hours?" I was not interested because of morbid curiosity, but because I felt that, in such a situation, a man would do the thing he held most important in his life, would make an effort to justify his existence.

My imaginary panorama began with voices in unison. "We were three men before Him. We stood with startled eyes as He told us by sunset we would be dead. Let each one of us tell our own story."

Then came a single voice that I understood to be that of the first of the three men. "I left the room with my heart heavy, and as I walked out into the open there seemed to be no sunlight. The great gray buildings were crowding in on me, and the smoke and stink of the factories were stifling me. The roaring of the traffic hurt my head, and Fear gripped and shook me with her cold hands. Yet around my neck I still felt the cross, and I remembered I was not alone, for I knew God. The door of the cathedral opened to me of its own accord. I did not marvel, for it appeared the natural thing. The rich red rug in

the aisle, the candles lighted before the shrines, the soft singing of the angels through the tones of the choir boys, spelled peace.

"As I knelt with my people and held them together before God, Fear left me. I saw Gabriel take her gently by the hand and lead her away. And out of the sky His voice spoke silently in my ear, bidding me have that courage I had always striven to give others, bidding me find peace, comfort, and hope in Him who had died on the cross. He told me of the world to come with just a touch of his voice. I marveled at the kindness of God.

"The congregation filed out, leaving me alone before the altar. I know not how long I stayed there, but in that brief space I relived my whole life. I sorrowed at the wrongs I had committed, and I rejoiced in the chances I had been given to better my people, to show them Love through religion. I thanked God for letting me live and prayed that I had justified my being."

Then came a second voice. "Yes, I know I'm drunk, my step unsteady. Why not? You ask what I did? I shall tell you, but don't stare at me that way.

"I went to J——'s. They were having a party, all my friends. Yet I couldn't tell them, for my heart was stuck in my throat. So we joked and laughed together, but I . . . Can't you see how it was? I couldn't stand it, knowing that this was the last time I'd see them. I had to forget. I turned to wine and her. She was so beautiful that day, her hair so like the sun that I was soon to lose. And she was kind to me and held me close. The room swam before my eyes, but she was there and songs were there and joy and mirth. I scarce recall the end. It was so gentle."

Then came a third voice. "As I left the room, I felt as if I were in a soft haze, but I was not afraid. To me death was a predetermined thing over which I had no control. Now that death was near I scarcely knew what to do with myself.

"I went to the park and sat down under a shrivelled tree. The sky was so blue and soft. Mirrored in the sky I saw my country, to which I seemed but a tiny pebble. But nevertheless, a vital part, for together we pebbles make up the basis of a nation.

"As a pebble I had tried to be just and kind. I had tried to seek that elusive element, Truth. Though I could not find her entirely I had found her in my friends. I had found truth in ever striving to be better and in helping my countrymen. I had found in that my greatest happiness, for it was not a selfish pleasure. I did not believe in God, or in the kingdom to come, but I knew that in the hearts and minds of some I would live on. I had not lived in vain, because I had given happiness to others and lessened my burden by helping to carry theirs.

"Thus I justified my life, and when the sun sank to the horizon, I let my body slip easily into the grand oblivion of death, knowing that though life is momentary, the way you spend it endureth forever."

The panorama faded and I was left alone to sleep. But the third voice still echoes in my ear. To me he had found the best solution, for I understood his "nation" to be my "universe" and his accomplishments my hopes.



ILLUSION

I gazed upon a vast ballroom one day
 With amber floor and dome of purest gold,
 And massive pillars standing all around.
 I showed it to a passer-by, who laughed
 And said: "You're blind! I see a grove of trees."

—*The Concept*

Some Good Neighbours At Sweet Briar

IRENE VONGEHR, '40

Data: Refer to October issue.

Inspired by: Frustrated attempt to learn the rhumba.

THE BRAMBLER now swings southward in its spasmodic investigation of Sweet Briar's minorities. There are six *senoritas* here from South America. All are United States citizens, but they firmly maintain that their hearts are still in Latin America.

Your investigator managed to lure to her room three of them—Cora Smith and Betsy Parks of Venezuela and Alice Williams of Cuba, and urged them to talk. This produced a blank silence, so we began with something more specific.

"What sort of houses do you live in?"

"The houses are big," came the chorus, "often of bricks with white wash, tile floors, marble staircases." Alice added that the furnishings might be gilded cupids from the colonial period or the most modernistic things.

"Have you many servants?"

"Yes," said Betsy. "We have upstairs maids and downstairs maids. Yes, there are many servants."

"Food?"

"Modified Spanish. That is, rice and chicken and beans, but not highly spiced as the natives have it."

This started off a new line—the Spanish influence. All three speak Spanish, though Alice claims her Spanish conversation is on the child's level. At mixed American and Cuban gatherings, she finds that conversation proceeds more smoothly when she speaks English and her Cuban friends Spanish. Cora

said that Americans in South America live partly like South Americans, partly like Americans. Many Latin Americans of the upper classes speak English, which brought the conversation around to education. In Cuba there is an American School to which the American children and some Cubans go, but in Venezuela Betsy and Cora had tutors, and then came to the "States" for part of their high school training. Betsy had been to a convent school in Argentina, but was rather disdainful of its scholastic standing, for she had gotten A's almost before she could speak Spanish.

The Latin American girls they knew, all three agreed, were very charming. They live a life quite different from American girls. They go to girl's schools, usually convents, until they are fifteen. They study especially languages. After they leave school, they will have a coming-out party, and, at eighteen, usually marry. They are not given a great deal of freedom, nor are American girls in most places, except, put in Alice, Cuba.

For amusement there are teas, dances, golf, movies. Always there must be a chaperon. There is little cutting-in at dances, and one never dances cheek to cheek. Rhumbas, congas, maringas are played, but rarely American music, except in Cuba. All three wished there were more rhumba music in America.

Cora said she loved South America for its amazing contrasts. In Caracas, one could see mules with water kegs beside the newest Zephyr. Betsy said she loved the politeness of the people, their way of not taking themselves too seriously and the leisurely and gracious manner in which everything is done. Alice said she loved everything about Cuba.

Then all three said adios; they had to do assignments, but they hoped that everyone would visit South America sometime.

Circus Man

NAN TAYLOR, '42

Data: Refer to October issue.

Inspired by: Gargantua, the gorilla.

THE first time Pony saw Jake he was playing in a pile of sawdust, making a miniature circus ring out of it. His animals were lying in various positions beside the ring. They were brightly painted lead animals from the five-and-ten. Suddenly a shadow came between the sunshine and the sawdust, and Pony looked up, shading his eyes.

"Hello, kid," said the man.

He was tall and loose-jointed, walking with a sort of shuffle. His head was covered with a battered felt hat, pushed as far back as it would go, and the hair that showed was a dull sandy color. His eyes were a sharp steel blue, standing out startlingly in his sallow skin, but they were expressionless. His nose was long and thin and so was his mouth. The rest of his thin body was clothed in an amazing assortment of clothing, which looked as though it had been gathered from several different ash barrels.

Pony was conscious of the strangeness which seemed to hang like a visible cloud around the man. It fascinated his childish mind, but at the same time it repelled him. He wriggled uncomfortably.

"H'lo," he said, and turned back to his animals. The man knelt down by him, immediately interested in the circus ring.

"What you going to do, have a parade?" he asked.

Pony nodded, absorbed in putting the elephants in orderly procession so that the trunk of each seemed wrapped about the tail of the preceeding. The man sat back on his heels and watched the child's head bowed so intently over the sawdust

pile. He took a squashed paper packet from his pocket and drew out a cigarette, straightening it carefully. Lighting it, he placed it in one corner of his mouth, where it hung dejectedly, as though conscious of its crumpled paper.

"What's your name, kid?"

"Pony."

"You belong to the circus?"

"Yep. Mom and Dad ride. Bareback."

"That why they call you Pony?"

The boy looked up, astonished. How could this strange lanky man know that that was the very reason for his strange nickname? The beginnings of respect dawned in his mind.

"Uh huh. What's your name?"

"Jake. Say, kid, is there any chance of a job around here?"

There was an indefinable hunger in the man's eyes as he asked that. Pony thought hard. He had heard Mom and Dad say that the Old Man needed another hand with the animals. They had mentioned it casually last night.

"Maybe," he said, scrambling to his feet. "Come on." he held out his grubby hand to Jake, who took it gingerly. Pony led him around the animal barn, around the quarters of the permanent acts, to the Old Man's office. The circus was in winter quarters in Florida, but already the stirrings of spring had caused them to formulate new acts, and the rehearsal rings were always in use.

The Old Man received them by ruffling Pony's hair and giving Jake a piercing look. He was expert in sizing up both men and animals.

Pony said proudly, "This is Jake, and he needs a job." The Old Man was like a second father to him. Perhaps this was because Pony was the only little boy in the circus, and the Old Man's little boy had died a long time ago. Pony never stopped to figure out why the Old Man was so nice to him;

he just accepted the peppermints and other things that were given him.

"You go in the other room and look in my top drawer and find yourself a peppermint," the Old Man said, giving him a gentle push. Pony went happily to rummage among the Old Man's socks and handkerchiefs till he found the box of candy. He could hear the two men's voices through the half open door.

"What can you do, Jake?"

"I'm good with animals. They sorta take to me. Honest." That was Jake, pleading. His feet kept up a little shuffle on the clean wood floor of the Old Man's office.

"I need another man to help with the animals," said the Old Man thoughtfully. "Know anything about circus animals?"

"Yeah. I was with a circus a few years ago, till they broke up. I know monkeys best. They're most like men."

"Well, I'll give you a try, Jake," said the Old Man. Pony stood in the doorway listening. "I'm damned short of hands right now. Will fifteen a week be all right?"

"Mister, it'll be better than a million."

That was how Jake came to the circus. Pony adopted him immediately, to be his own special bodyguard. At first his Mom and Dad hadn't liked the idea so well. Then they met Jake, scrutinized him closely, saw his long thin fingers so gentle around the wild creatures, and decided that he was all right. Pony heard them talking one night after he had been put to bed. The partition between the two rooms of their quarters was very thin.

"I guess it's all right to let Pony be with him," said Mom.

"Sure it is, Thelma. He has the childish mind that gets along well with children and animals. Poor guy's probably a little cracked, but harmless. Don't worry about it. If the Old Man says he's all right, he's all right."

So Jake stayed, and Pony's world was complete. Now he had someone who was as near to him as Mom and Dad, and

who had far more time to spend with him. Jake taught him everything he knew about animals, and Pony followed him about, being quiet and learning how to take care of the various creatures. Never before had he been allowed to play with them, though he had the run of the circus. Now that Jake was here to look after him, Pony found new and fascinating play-mates.

For twelve years the circus was his world, divided in two. There was the part in the Big Tent, with Mom and Dad flying around the center ring, all shining and sparkly. Manes and tails fluttering, the rolling of drums, and the sure-footed acrobatics on the backs of silky beautifully trained horses. Then there was the other part, Jake, lanky and shuffling, carrying water and feed to the animals, with the eternal cigarette clinging to the corner of his lower lip. The world Pony saw outside the circus didn't exist for him. He pitied the children who came all dressed up to the shows, and then went home decorously to a humdrum routine of days all alike. There was nothing for them to look forward to, no shining spangles, no next town, no zebras or elephants or monkeys. Pony was sorry for them.

He and Jake were inseparable. And in the twelve years there were things that Pony couldn't help learning, things that Jake couldn't hide from him. At first Pony didn't understand, but when he grew older, he realized that Jake's mind was twisted, ever so slightly, to one side. He was worried, so he went to the Old Man, instead of to his parents. Maybe if Mom and Dad found out, they wouldn't let him trail around after Jake any more.

The Old Man was adding up accounts, but he put away all the bits of paper with the fascinating rows of figures on them, to listen to Pony.

"What's wrong, little'un?" he asked.

Pony sat on a chest and wriggled. He was too big now to climb into the Old Man's lap, but somehow he wished that he were still small enough.

"It's about Jake," he said finally. "He's funny . . . sometimes."

The Old Man leaned over and tousled Pony's hair. "I know," he said. "It's something that Jake can't help. It isn't his fault. He just hasn't grown up all the way. Something inside his mind stayed little."

Pony thought about that for a while, his pink tongue showing between his teeth, in the gap where a front tooth had fallen out. "You mean little, like me?"

The Old Man nodded. "He'll always be like that. It's a shame, but there's nothing anyone can do about it. When you're grown up, you'll understand about it better."

"I understand now," said Pony with finality. He felt better, knowing that the Old Man knew all about it. "Do Mom and Dad know?"

"Sure, we all know. But don't let Jake know that we know. It might hurt his feelings. Say, are you too big to go get a peppermint, huh?"

Pony slid down from the chest and hurried to rummage in the drawer. The Old Man could always lay all his doubts to rest.

But there were things that even the Old Man and Mom and Dad didn't know. Only Pony and Jake knew them. Sometimes at night Jake would slip downtown and come back with an amber-colored bottle. Then he would smell rather funny the next day, and say things he didn't even remember in a couple of days.

"I know I'm queer," said Jake once, his blue eyes gleaming in a strange cunning way. "The drink helps. When I drink I'm not as queer as when I don't."

It all sounded very mixed-up to Pony, and he said so. "You ought not to drink anyway, Jake. It's bad for you."

"I know. It's when I drink that I do things. Pony," he whispered, grasping the boy's wrist, "keep me from drinking, will you?"

"I'll try," promised Pony. "What sort of things, Jake?" Like all things that made you want to turn away, this made you want to turn back too.

"I do things. Something sorta snaps, up here." Jake put his hand to his forehead, with a puzzled tired look. "I get mean. I want to do mean things." His head drooped forward. "I'm tired. Wanta sleep."

So Pony got up and walked away. When he looked back, Jake had sprawled out in the sunshine, and was asleep, snoring gently, his battered old hat fallen on the ground beside him.

For a while nothing happened. Everything went smoothly . . . winter quarters, spring rehearsals, summer tours, back again to winter quarters. Pony made Jake his own special care, and watched over him every minute that he could. He had his own horse now, and was learning to ride. Dad taught him. Jake was proud of the way Pony learned, and would stand watching him, the cigarette waggling up and down with emotion in the corner of his mouth. It made Pony feel grown-up and responsible to have Jake look up to him so obviously.

One day the Old Man called both Pony and Jake to his office.

"Got a new monk yesterday," he said casually. "Like to look him over?" Without waiting for their answer, he got up and led the way to the monkey house. There was a little room in the back for new arrivals. It was good to keep them alone for a few days to be sure they were healthy before turning them out with the others.

There was a solid lump of fur in one corner. As the three approached, it moved, and a sad little face looked up at them.

"This is Buddy," said the Old Man. "You wouldn't know it yet, but he's a gorilla. By the time he's full grown, he'll be bigger'n me." The Old Man seemed to find that a joke. He rocked with laughter, and Buddy sprang up, chattering with alarm.

He took to Jake from the very first, though. Pretty soon Jake was the only one he'd let feed him or take care of him, Jake and Pony too. Pony and Buddy grew together, but Buddy grew the faster. By the time Pony was ready for high-school, Buddy was enormous, with a flat hand which could, and did, knock men sprawling, and a great barrel-like chest.

There was something the matter with his face. The skin had drawn up into a ferocious leer. Something had been spilled on it. The Old Man said it was acid. He was puzzled about it for some time, but came to the conclusion that a disgruntled ex-employee had poured it on the ape's face for revenge, for he was a valuable animal. Pony knew better. Somehow he had failed to keep Jake from drinking, and Buddy had paid for it.

Then Pony was sent to boarding-school. There was a conference with Mom and Dad and the Old Man. The end of it all was that Pony was put into a train and sent to a boarding-school. At first he hated to leave the circus, but Mom and Dad talked seriously to him for a while and told him what an opportunity it was, so Pony decided to go for their sakes. Finally he waved goodbye to all of them from the train. Somewhere in the back of his mind there was a realization that this was dividing his life in two. The circus would never again be quite the same.

But there were always vacations, and during the summer he trouped with the circus just as he always had. Time went by even faster than before. It was not long until he graduated from school.

The minute he came back, Pony realized that there had been no one else to watch over Jake. It didn't show outwardly, except that his eyes were a shade more vacant, his smile a little more meaningless. They couldn't quite get back on the old footing now. Pony was no longer a little boy, and Jake was not an adult. But Buddy was the same, welcoming Pony in his own way, jumping up and down and chattering as though he were still a young monkey and not the powerful squat animal he had become. Pony scratched his head through the bars of his cage.

"Guess he remembers you," said Jake. "He's got mean though. You'n me are the only ones he'll let near the cage." Pony glanced quickly at the man's face, but Jake's eyes remained clear and innocent.

"You haven't been drinking lately, have you?" Pony asked as they walked away.

"Me?" Jake's surprise was unfeigned. He always forgot about his drinking bouts as soon as he fully recovered. "Aw now, Pony, you know me." His voice was reproachful.

"O. K." But Pony was still unsatisfied. He had a vague feeling of something not quite right in the air.

That evening he walked by Jake's little tent. The big show was still going on, and the circus grounds were almost deserted. Pony could hear the stentorian voice of the ring-master as he introduced the acts, and the blare of the band. As he passed Jake's tent an unmistakable smell floated out to him. He hastened inside. Jake was crouched on his cot bed, a whiskey bottle cuddled in his arms. He looked up with dull blank eyes.

"What? Go 'way." his voice was thick and blurred.

"Jake, you promised." Pony bent and took the bottle away from him by main force. Jake followed it with his eyes but made no move to recover it. Pony made him lie back on the cot, loosened his coat and shoes, and turned out the light. He took the whiskey with him when he left.

He walked for a long time. In a convenient place he threw away the bottle. There under the cold bright stars, his head was cleared for thinking. He realized that he should have told the Old Man everything a long time ago. It was nothing for a kid to cope with. The only thing that had kept him from it was the pathetic dependence of Jake on him. Obviously, the only thing that had been hurt by Jake's failing was Buddy. Pony had observed new scars on Buddy's back and chest. Well, tomorrow he would tell the Old Man all about it and let him decide. This decision made him feel better and he turned homeward.

The next morning before anyone was up, Pony went to Jake's tent. The sun had only just risen, and there was a heavy dew beading the grass. Pony knocked on the tent pole but there was no answer. He looked in and quickly drew a breath of fear. Jake's body was hanging from the ridge pole. It was motionless. As Pony entered, he saw that it must have been dead many hours. The face was black and contorted, as though the man had put up a battle before being strangled. His clothes were rumpled and torn.

Suddenly a shadow in the corner moved, and Pony saw that it was Buddy, just awakened. He looked again at Jake's body and suddenly he saw how it had happened. There was dried blood on the gorilla's skin, fresh wounds. Pony could see Jake, in one of his spells, slipping from his tent to the gorilla's cage, taking a huge stick, beating Buddy. It must have been happening for a long time now. And Jake must have left the cage unlocked, so Buddy got out and followed him. There was something horribly human in the ape's storing up all the beatings, the acid, everything Jake had done to him for years, and then suddenly seizing his opportunity and beating the man as he had been beaten. And it was horrible to think of Buddy's watching the struggles of the man as he was slowly

strangled, and then sleeping peacefully beside the body all night.

Buddy ambled up and held out a huge paw. Pony took it and led the animal back to his cage, securely locking him in. He seemed completely happy, chattering to himself.

There was a great deal of excitement and speculation over the discovery of Jake's body. Pony went to the Old Man and explained. The Old Man merely watched him till he had finished.

"Yes, you should have told me at the very first. Still, I can understand why you didn't. We all like the thought of someone being dependent on us."

"I don't think Buddy should be punished. He'll probably be all right now, having killed his tormentor."

"Guess you're right. Valuable ape, too."

Nothing more was said about it, but the next day Buddy was taken out and shot, after mangling an assistant keeper, who was feeding him.

"Of course I lose by it," the Old Man explained. "But he was made mean, and he stayed mean. Couldn't afford to have a mean monk around, and no one'd buy him after what happened. Shooting was the only thing we could do."



Answer

RUTH JACQUOT, '42

No,
Hearts don't break;
They ache
And ache
And
Ache.



The Old Oak

MARTHA INGLES, '41

AT Sweet Briar we are especially sensitive to spring. It comes to us so beautifully here, out of the deep hazy blueness of the mountains, over the woods and orchard, the green fields and the hills. With blossoms everywhere and the sunlight gleaming on friendly red-brick buildings and white columns, there is perfect inspiration for poetry. Old BRAMBLERS are full of poems that Sweet Briar girls have written about the spring. We give you some of them because they are too good to be forgotten.

SONG TO APRIL

SHIRLEY FOX, '38

Out of the west a young wind wanders,
 A vagrant peddler whose April pack
 Holds strong new green for the pine's old mantle,
 And a perfumed cloak for the pear tree's back.
 Shy sweet colors he has for the bluebell,
 And red and gold for the blackbird's wing,
 And filmy veils of cloud for the maiden
 Sky, and a kiss for the mouth of Spring.



TRILLIUMS

NANCY HORTON, '35

The white nuns of the morning
 Have heard their tulip bell;
 One by one they softly go
 Their matin prayers to tell.
 Across the convent gallery,
 Within their court of green,
 One by one they slowly go
 In very pious mien.
 The white nuns of the morning
 Have heard their tulip bell,
 And filled their clover chapel
 Their beads of dew to tell.

Spring

JEAN MEYERS, '34

You can always tell when it is spring in the Vieux Carré, not because the young man's fancy turns to love, but because the negroes on the wharves begin to sing, begin to get shiny and hot as they work, and last of all, they begin to laugh. The heavy white ferries head further upstream each day, in order to counteract the effect of the quickening current. Nearby in the French market, the vegetables and fruits no longer have a dead, uninteresting look, and now there is everything from rich, red strawberries to nice, thin onions. Alligator pears and green peppers are found side by side. Just below them sit large artichokes. The fat, dirty Italian proprietor, with shiny black hair and a very dirty apron, discourses at length on how much better his things are than his neighbors'. "Si! Si!" he repeats in excited tones. Although as far as you can see, his stall differs not a whit from the others.

Small boys, holding enormous bouquets of cape jasmine, accost you on every side and you buy, even though there are probably just as lovely ones in your own courtyard. That is spring. Everywhere wisteria is out—small bits of color seen on a patio wall. The fragile lavender bunches, nearly hiding the few pale leaves, move gently in the breeze. On the ground, mixed with the pale wisteria blossoms, are the bright pink ones of the crepe myrtle.

Two strangers, each with a red japonica in his lapel, smile brightly at each other. The children's voices have a gay, lilting ring, as they pass in the street. The sky is an unforgettable blue, the sun a clear yellow, and a slight, warm wind blows fitfully. By all these signs you know it is spring in the Vieux Carré.

Nostalgia

SHELLEY ROUSE, '21

These are the hours a Sweet Briar girl remembers:

These magical May gloamings when we take
Our milk and bread and strawberries and honey
And cook our supper out across the lake.

Incense of toasting coffee, twigs, and bacon,

Lilting of laughter, wail of whippoorwill,
And long, last rosy rays on wood and water
For light upon our gypsying, until

The sun lets slip the grey dove of the evening

To fetch the low-swung lantern of the moon.
A banjo's thrumming throbs across the ripples;
A plaintive voice feels for a twilight tune.

We lie about the fire while sparks fly upward

And, imp-like, seem to mock the impassive skies,
Flinging wee challenge to the constellations
That twinkle at us with their thousand eyes.

The blaze dies down, we file along the pathway,

Where stunted pines reach out to brush the cheek
And grope for us with scraggy, lichened fingers
While shadows play at phantom hide and seek.

The creaking of a slow oar in its oar-lock,
 The swish of little waves against a boat,
 The apple-blossom fragrance of an orchard
 Will always cause a tightening in my throat.

These are the hours a Sweet Briar girl remembers
 However far—and feels a homesick ache
 For friendships wrought in magic of May moonlight
 When we cooked supper out across the lake.



Love

ELIZABETH LANKFORD, '29

Love is such a transient thing,
 It goes and comes and goes again,
 A swallow's flight, an April rain,
 A breathless laugh, a darting pain,
 A yellow jonquil in the Spring.

Ex Libris

CECILIA MACKINNON, '40

SPRING has come to Sweet Briar again. It is all very familiar. The flowers are blooming. Term papers are due. The campus looks co-educational on week-ends. And no one has time to write book reviews. Nothing daunted, your Book Review Editor donned the role of Inquiring Reporter, and, notebook in hand, set out to discover whether books are still being read at Sweet Briar. After knocking at many doors, asking innumerable questions, and sifting and sorting with diligence, she proudly presents Sweet Briar's own list of Best Sellers:

Christopher Morley's *Kitty Foyle* heads the list with no near competitor. It must feel at home in this position, having led the nation's best-sellers for many weeks. Sweet Briar has not given it unqualified approval, however, and the reasons for liking it are various. The general reaction seems to be that it is amazing that a man could understand so well the inner workings of a woman's mind. Jane Baker felt that the effect was so realistic as to seem autobiographical. Lois Fernley added that of course she liked it because it was "all about Philadelphia." The adverse criticism was mostly that the plot was weak and details were unnecessarily sordid. Charlotte Davenport added the withering comment that she had read "about one word on every page and didn't like those words!" However, everyone wanted to read the book who had not found time as yet, so *Kitty Foyle* is firmly established as Sweet Briar's most popular new book.

Portrait of Jennie by Robert Nathan barely makes second place. The reaction was not so enthusiastic for this book. Ann Sims, who enjoyed the strange handling of time in the plot, thought it "very nice," but Connie Currie and Martha Rector

were not so favourably impressed, thinking that it is very much the same as Nathan's other books. It is not the sort of story to excite violent reactions.

On the contrary the very new best seller *Native Son* by Richard Wright, a young negro author, invariably causes strong opinions. Because it is so new, not many girls have found time to read it, but the reaction is uniformly favourable. It seems fascinating both as a sociological study of the negro problem and as a psychological study of one mind. Ann Dawson thinks it is the best book she has read this year. It has often been compared with Steinbeck's *Grapes of Wrath* but Ann thinks it is even more gripping because the interest is centered on one character, a young Chicago negro, whose relations with white people lead him to murder and death. The whole action covers only about three days. Winifred Vass adds the comment that while the prose is not highly polished, and the subject is of course gruesome, the final impression is of convincing truth.

Following on our list are two older, but still much talked of novels, John Steinbeck's *Grapes of Wrath* and *Christ in Concrete* by Pietro di Donato. Naturally enough either one liked these books very much, or thought it would have been better not to have read them. Our comment is that they must have something to excite people so.

Of the other books mentioned such as *The Nazarene* by Sholem Asch, *How Green Was My Valley* by Richard Llewellyn, and *Days of Our Years* by Pierre van Passen, none were suggested often enough to deserve a place on our list. We need only hint, also, how often comments were offered on the book-length novels in the *Cosmopolitan*!

A Sonnet in Dialogue

FRANCES MEEK, '42

Data: Born—Columbus, Ohio. Lives—ditto.

Wrote as a Youngling: Didn't, drew pictures.

Soft Spot: Horses and Van Gogh.

Noted For: Dieting, and sticking on a horse.

Chris (in the garden)

Come, Anne, it's April in the garden.

Anne (in the house)

I'd rather not. You know the grass is wet.

Chris

Don't be silly. Love, your work is done.

Anne

I haven't finished the morning paper yet.

Chris

Your purple hyacinths are coming out.

Anne

So is the heel in the back of your sock.

Chris

There's a newly born lamb looking about.

Anne

It's time to leave, by your grandfather's clock.

Chris

Come, Anne, the dogs are yet to be fed.

Anne

That was done before you were up.

Chris

The forsythia covers your flower bed.

Anne

Chris! You're stepping on new buttercups.

Chris

Don't be cross, Anne! I just want to say

Your eyes are more lovely than an April day.

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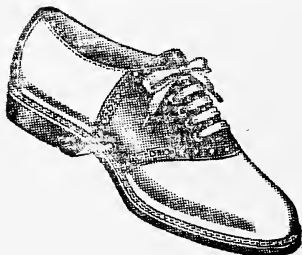
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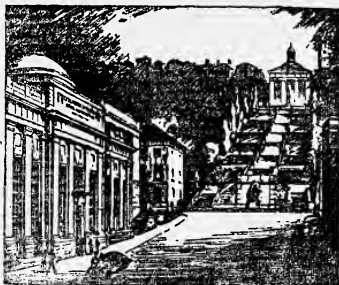
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It Was Sad When That Great Ship Went Down

(à la WILLIAM SAROYAN)

RUTH JACQUOT, '42

WRITE a funny story, you said, there is too much tragedy and death in the issue. Write something frothy. All right, I said. I'll write something hilarious. I'll write it if I can think of an idea for it. So I went around and tried to get something but everyone said, No, no, don't bother me now—tomorrow I'll have something for you, but today they are bombing Holland. Tomorrow, I said, they will be bombing here, but there was no laughter, nothing funny, you see, no hilarity. And there was no funny story, so I had to go around asking people, and I said, Don't you see, the deadline is Monday, but they said, Not now, not now. They are invading Belgium now.

I should like to write a funny story but the radio is screaming and there are people screaming in Paris and Norway and Switzerland, and I can't think, I cannot think. I could write about a boy I knew once—he was from Norway and blond with blue eyes and six feet tall with charming manners. Very charming, he had a nice smile, but I guess I can't write a funny story about him. He talked Norwegian and I laughed at him, his English wasn't so good, but not really funny. He was charming I guess you'd say, but I don't know where he is now, perhaps in Norway fighting, and that wouldn't be funny. I cannot think of anything, I cannot laugh, and I ask and ask and people say Don't bother us now, what they say is Don't bother us now, what is Italy doing, oh God don't bother us, they are fighting in Russia, bombs guns bombs bombers submarines bombs BOOM BOOM BOOM . . .

Tomorrow I'll write—today I cannot. Tomorrow I shall write a funny story, it will be very, very funny . . . tomorrow . . .

Disillusion

JESSIE MARR, '42

THE little boy lay sunning in the meadow below the farmhouse. He lay on his stomach, face buried in the smooth, sweet smelling grass, while the warmth soaked into him. It was good just to be quiet, to lie still and soon to feel like part of the earth itself, like a fallen leaf dew-wet and close to the ground.

He opened his eyes and saw sunlight glancing from the polished stems of grass. Above his head a brown ant climbed cautiously down a furry milkweed leaf. She was going home to her children, he derived. Baby ants had mothers and daddies just as he did and the mothers and daddies went out and got food to bring home for their babies' dinner. Pretty soon his own daddy would come home and then the boy could show him all the things he had found in the woods today: a big snail shell, pearly white underneath and brown on top, with circling lines that went round and round and ended in an eye in the middle; and a rusted knife blade which the Indians had probably used to scalp people with. He felt in his pocket to be sure they were still there. Daddy could tell him stories about the knife and the Indians. Indians were red men with braids, and feathers in their hair, very fierce, but he would not be afraid of them. Daddy wasn't afraid of anything. The Indians would run away and the boy would stand beside the father and watch them go. The thought was so exciting that he sat up in the grass, tall green-gold shafts bobbing about his shoulders. He gazed over the hills to where the road wound among the dark trees, searching for his father.

* * *

The sun was sinking slowly but it still clung to the earth with long gold bands, reluctant to let go. Trees were begin-

ning to flatten and blacken against the sky. The boy with his mother and father started down the trail into the sugar-maple grove behind the house. Mother said they must take a walk before dinner; her voice trembled when she said it. Half-heartedly the boy skipped along behind, he felt strangely oppressed. Daddy was acting queerly; he sang a song in a loud, thick voice, and his feet went from one side of the trail to the other.

The big maple trees lined either side of the path and stretched in endless dim rows into the dusky forest. Their shadows across the path were long and gray. The boy looked at them and followed more closely behind his mother. The heavy limbs of the trees made a roof over the road, and through the leaves the red light of the dying sun formed patterns on the path. Early in the spring men drove in sleighs along this trail. The boy could remember the jingling bells as the teams trotted through the Maple Grove. Men in red shirts and thick mittens collected the pale sweet sap that welled up inside the trees each spring and made it into maple syrup. He ate that Sunday mornings on pancakes.

The voice of his mother attracted the boy, its low-pitched intensity chilling him. He swallowed a funny choky feeling in his throat and followed doggedly. There were roots across the path which tripped him, they lurked like twisted legs beneath the hovering trees. The edges of the trail were vaguer now, petering away in leaves and grass under the trunks. Mingling with the low voice of his mother came the cricket's whirr and the whistle of the tree frog. "I want to go home," he thought. "I want to go home to Mary out in the kitchen and stay with her." He didn't dare to leave Mother and Daddy and he was afraid to go near them, Daddy was acting so queerly. The sickness in his stomach rose and rose. Now the forest was a black blur and a dark sky showed through the darker leaves. A little breeze sprang up and wandered restlessly about,

lifting the grasses and sighing like a small tired ghost. It ruffled the boy's hair and then went away again.

The trail had disappeared and they were walking on the springy moss that floored the forest. The damp murky smell of layer upon layer of dead leaves filled the air. It made the boy feel worse. Daddy was yelling at Mother as they went through the woods. Nobody seemed to know where they were going. Quite suddenly they were in a bed of maiden-hair fern, and the soft curly fronds tickled the boy's legs. His feet made a sucking noise in the marshy ground. Daddy had said never to walk on maiden-hair ferns but now the path of broken fronds was wide where his father had stepped, rows of bent, black stems and torn gray-green lace. The ghost wind returned out of nowhere. It struck chill against the boy's cheek and the cold sick feeling swept over him again, his hands were wet and icy. "Please stop it, Daddy, please stop it," he repeated those words softly to himself, over and over.

Then suddenly he was crying as he stumbled along. A log loomed up beside him and he slipped down on it, his breath coming in deep sobs. Hard shivers ran over him and he felt weak. Mother stopped up there ahead when she heard him. She came running back and gathered him up and held him against her. Daddy came nearer too. The boy buried his face in his mother's breast and cried as though he were hurt. His father went away again and suddenly he began to mock the boy with a kind of crazy yelling and singing that echoed through the woods.

The boy pulled away from his mother, stumbled to his feet, and started running down across the thick soft moss, dodging between the trees, back towards the trail. Faintly came his mother's voice calling him but he did not listen. Misty shapes turned into logs which bumped his legs as he ran past but he barely noticed it. On and on over gnarled roots and down again into marshy gullies, and always there were the endless

trees and the fear of his father's pursuing him. The thud of his heart beat in his ears and he gasped for breath. Far ahead a pale light showed among the trees, he ran towards it blindly and came at last into a little clearing. He fell face down on the sod and lay listening to his own breath rushing in and out. Somehow that dreadful fear was fading away; he was too tired to care. The boy lay still and watched the patterns drifting over his hands as the new moon sped across the sky. Slowly, very slowly he could think again. He would sleep in the woods all night like the Indians did, out in the dim and quiet forest under the skyfull of stars. He would not be afraid and his father would never find him.



Eighteen

RUTH JACQUOT, '42

I have not really lived,
 Though I have cried
 For little things—
 A broken dream, a faded flower . . .
 Or for a useless, wasted hour . . .
 But I've not lived.

Another One of Those Week - ends

CLEMMIE CARTER, '40

HE was a nice lad. I had happened to dance with him twice in one Paul Jones, and he asked me out to lunch. I told him about our house in Connecticut, about my father's vegetable garden which he insists on keeping in the front yard, and mother's old-fashioned flower garden with its picket fence. He had seen nothing like that in India so I invited him for the week-end. But I didn't expect him to bring his elephant. I had hardly gotten out of the tub when I heard the gravel drive crunch as it's never crunched before. Looking out the window I saw a large grey elephant swinging down the path. She snatched some egg-plants off the vine as she passed the garden, and just missed an overhanging apple branch, heavy with fruit, which nearly dislodged my friend from the howdah (elephant saddle). The elephant came to a weary stop, when he shouted Ho! and my friend slithered from her back.

"Someone at the door, Mother. Would you mind talking to him? I'll be right down."

"Oh my goodness," said Mother, and pushing up her glasses, she answered the door.

Ten minutes later I arrived in the living room. He had just been given a whiskey and soda and sat cross-legged on the couch. Mother whispered nervously to me.

"The elephant, dear. Where shall we put her?"

"Where did you tether your beast?" I asked with some apprehension.

"Oh, the gardener took her."

Outside I found Norman, a stolid French-Canadian, with the elephant. He looked at me in honest chagrin, for he had done nothing to deserve this.

And that was the beginning of the week-end. We took our cars out of the garage and made room for Squamash, which we affectionately learned to call her. She was a dear, and consumed over the week-end four bushels of apples, ten bushels of corn, and seven raspberry bushes—which I hope gave her appendicitis.

Yet we didn't object; it was all in the realm of valuable experience. Nor did we object to Mildred, our well-loved maid, having to wear a Turkish towel wrapped a-la-turban to make the food pure. However, I did resent his attitude about the howdah. Monday morning he said,

"Where is my howdah?"

Perhaps I was snappy and shouldn't have let the strain tell as it did, but I replied,

"Howdah hell am I supposed to know?"

After a short search we found that the English setters had been using it for a dog house. They cowered, and ran with their tails between their legs as the light of India fell upon them in one gleam.

"Hrumph!" he said, clearing his throat. I smiled, thinking of the raspberry bushes.

"May cobras and mongooses breed in your rumble seat!"

"Really! After all!" I retorted. I *had* expected more Oriental calm.

He lifted a feverish eyebrow, and slithered back on his elephant. The great mass of Squamash lurched up the drive and he raised his turban as the elephant heaved forth on the little country road.

Strange Countries

MARGARET VALLANCE, '40

Viola: What country, friends, is this?

Captain: This is Illyria, lady.

Viola: And what should I do in Illyria?

—*Twelfth Night*.

YOU want to know how many people there are here? Twenty-five hundred. One-third of them are paretics and a quarter of the rest have dementia praecox. The staff? Oh, there's Doctor Landon—you heard him at the clinic—and his assistant, the short, black man in the white coat who slept through most of it. He stays here all the time. We report to him when anything goes on. The chief's busy most of the time trying to get new legislation through and figuring up cures. We're hoping to hire a few new attendants soon. Expensive? Listen, lady, this place needs money like Rockefeller or J. P. don't. Sure, we have appropriations but they're never big enough. Why, we have a turnover of 1,000 patients a year. Think of how much that means in care and food alone. Half of them can't or won't even feed themselves. There're two nurses to each ward and eighty patients. See how the beds are fixed? Just lined up as close as can be. Some even out in the wing ends where the recreation tables are supposed to be. . . . What we need is more space and more staff and more money. Why, the number coming in each year is increasing at the rate of 8% a year. Even though we're curing more all the time over half are either too far gone or absolutely hopeless. They can't even classify 'em, half the time. The beginning of one disease and the middle of another look just alike. Unless you've been observing for years you can't tell what they've got. Lots of the diseases weren't even known under separate heads twenty years ago. Encephalitis Lethargica, for example. That's what

I've got. . . . Oh, don't be scared, lady. I'm perfectly all right. My mind, that is. The only reason I'm in here is because my muscles won't obey my will. See, I can't make my hand lie still just by willing. The harder I try the worse it shakes. If I just forget about it, though, it'll stop. I can't do anything that I want to do, not even eating. Somebody has to start my hand going and I can keep on as long as I don't try. They have to nudge me every now and then to keep it going. . . . It's not so bad. I just have to take it easy and never do anything with my mind except think. A whole lot of activity goes on without ever consciously willing it. You know, like dropping something and then picking it up. Lots of times you don't ever remember it at all. I just have to depend on doing everything that way. . . . Oh, no, it doesn't always work. That's why I'm in here. . . . I like it, though. I've learned a whole lot about Psychology and what's wrong with all the rest of them. I really like to study them. And I can tell you any facts about the institution you want to know. I just spend my whole time learning facts and figures and trying not to will anything. . . . You're right, Aboulia, that's what they call it. It comes from having sleeping sickness. Some of the bugs eat away part of the tissue in your brain. They just seem to go to one place—where the mind starts the muscles going. That's why my will doesn't work. It's cut off from the muscles. They say the insides of our brains are pink. Sometimes I wish I could see if it really was. It's interesting, you know. I was just a bank messenger before I got in here. Now I wish I could be a doctor or a psychologist. I've learned a lot of stuff. More than lots of M.D.'s. Because I can't do anything but think. If I could just connect up my will with my muscles again. . . . Gee, look at my hand shake. Guess I'll just have to keep on learning and thinking. . . . Anyway I'm better off than a lot of them. Look at that one over there. Never grew any bigger than a doll—just sitting there hunched up like a little shriveled-up

pygmy. He never moves — day or night. They feed him through a tube—just enough to keep him going. He doesn't know what's going on anywhere. The place would burn up and he'd never realize it. Just sits. I wonder if he has a mind any more and what goes on in it. Doesn't seem like anything could. Maybe he's nothing but a vegetable. I keep wondering where his mind went to, though. . . . Yeah, most of 'em have minds, all right—it's just that they got off the track. They still think and plan, though, even if they do look bats. What gets me are the ones like him and the giggler over there, that boy who laughs all the time. What happened to them? The doctors can't find any germs eating away their brain like the paretics or me. But something sure happened to it! . . . You have to go on? Well, don't miss the poet out on the porch there. He's a swell guy, he really is. Just has amnesia all the time—you know, forgets who he is and where he lives. And the depressive out there, too. He's funny because he's so sad and really hasn't got a thing wrong with him. He thinks he hasn't got any stomach or any heart and so he sits and weeps about it all day long.

* * *

Sunlight on a stone floor . . . sudden irregular bits of laughter, then stifling silence . . . a half-played game of Chinese checkers . . . slanting patterns on iron-barred windows . . . a woman reading a newspaper upside down . . . a small man with burning eyes haranguing an ever-shifting group by the door . . .

* * *

Of course my father was God. His name was Abe and he ruled the world. The whole world . . . Then the plank killed him. Only two things in the world could kill him—the plank and the hammer. The plank fell on him while he was standing on the scaffold, waiting to nail it down. He didn't know that it would kill him but it did. It crushed his skull like an egg. I was there and saw it all—just as clearly as I see you, sitting

there thinking I'm crazy. Yes, you say I'm crazy, all you doctors . . . But the time will come—soon, very soon. I have only to raise my right hand and press the little finger of it against your skull and you will be dead—killed just like he was with his head smashed out on the ground. You want to lock me up. Because you're really afraid of me. Way down inside you know I'm right. I'm God and I rule the world. I have ordered all just as it is—every moment of my life I can look back on and tell just why I did what I did. I can remember everything, being born, and when I was a day old, and a month old and two years old—every day and month of my life I can remember and I can explain it as being God all the time . . . The reason there's trouble in the world is because you won't let me rule and be God. But I'll kill you—all of you doctors and policemen. Yes, with the plank and the hammer. . . . The time when I was seven and I swung on the apple tree, back and forth just like this. The branch broke and I fell. But I wasn't hurt. Not a bit. Because I was God. Nothing can hurt God. That's why I'm God. Nothing hurts me. And the time the train came down and it didn't kill me but it stopped instead and people got out and looked at me. It didn't kill me because it knew I was God. But it would have killed my brother. It would have run over him. But he wasn't God and the train knew it. If I'd stood there and the train hadn't stopped I would have dropped the plank on it. It was afraid of me because nothing can hurt God. Everything is afraid of God. Yes, all of you doctors and policemen . . . You will be sorry when I strike you with the hammer—all of you, all! God's anger is terrible and not to be stopped. Don't make me angrier or I will destroy the whole world and not just you doctors. I will throw the hammer and it will splinter your heads and your houses just like kindling . . . I see you smiling . . . But just wait a little, just a day or a month. When it is time you will not be able to keep me locked up . . . *You* will be splintered like matchsticks . . .

* * *

Long, gray corridors . . . endless flights of stairs with locked doors at either end . . . a thin, stringy, little woman in a gingham smock darting into the line in front . . . a nurse's white-clad arm pulling her back . . . lack-luster, empty faces with hungry, hunted eyes . . . inert bodies . . . hot, clutching voices . . .

* * *

Do you really want to hear about my children? I have four—just as pretty and young as you girls. Only one has brown hair and brown eyes and one blue eyes with black hair, while the others are blonds. They're twins and I always dressed them alike. When they were little they had blue jumpers and blue hair ribbons and for parties white organdie dresses with rows of little ruffles. I used to make all their clothes. Lots of times I'd sew late at night after everybody, even Pa, had gone to bed. They were such good girls and Bessie, that's the oldest, used to help with the dishwashing and look after the others whenever I went to market. One day, Sally, she's a twin, broke her ankle and had to stay in bed for a week. Lottie, her twin, felt so bad because she couldn't have a sore leg, too, that we finally had to put a bandage on her just like Sally's. Wasn't that funny? But now they live in a beautiful big house. They have lots and lots of money. A car and a shofer and two personal maids for each. Think of that! Two maids each! That's because they have so many, many clothes. They change them four times a day. You think that's a lot and you wonder where they got all that money? Well, it's easy. Pa was a farmer. Just like anybody else. Then one day he struck oil. Oh, it was wonderful. A whole tremendous well. And they paid him thousands of dollars for it. More money than you can dream of. Pa was so excited that he stayed drunk for a week. Then just as he was getting ready to come home he fell down twenty steps and broke his neck! . . . Yes, it was terrible. I cried for weeks. But then my daughters went to New York and got a house—one just like the movie stars have with funny floors and eleva-

tors and dozens of windows. We only had three teensy windows in our house. And chimneys. Oh, my! Four whole big chimneys. One for each daughter. Whenever any of them want to they can fly up there and sit on top of the chimney. They can see everything up there and fly anywhere they want to—all over the city. They just have to start on their chimney. That's where they really live. Although they have solid gold beds with feather puffs to sleep on whenever they want to. Just like fairy princesses, aren't they? Oh, don't go! Please come back! I want to tell you about their yachts and sailboats and what they do in the summer to keep cool. Please! . . . They're going to come and get me soon. They'll take me home. Just as soon as it gets hot . . . That's not long . . .

* * *

Cold March winds blowing bits of paper and dust about a bare clay yard . . . Wooden plank walks leading from building to building . . . In one corner a green hillside with rows of small white stones upright in the earth . . . waiting . . . endlessly . . . patiently . . . row on row steadily spreading down the hillside . . .

* * *

I'm the happiest person in the world. Why shouldn't I be? I've got everything. They treat me fine here. Look at the doctor. Isn't he nice? Sure, I'm glad to stay—as long as he wants me to. I feel wonderful—just wonderful. All the time. There isn't anything I couldn't do. I don't even sleep much. I just feel so good. Sure, I scrub floors and help take care of the dumb ones. Why shouldn't I? I've got everything. They treat me fine. The doctor says I'm more help to him than even the nurses . . . Why shouldn't I be glad to come and talk to you? You want to know how it is here? Well, I can tell you. It's wonderful. I wouldn't want to leave. I'm just staying to help the doctor. I'm not crazy. I'm happy. All the time. Why shouldn't I be? I've got everything. Why, this is fun. The

doctor even told me I could flirt if I wanted to. See, I'm all right . . . That's what he says, but I can't really remember it. . . . Yes, I guess so. But I don't know why. I haven't got anything to be sad about. The whole world is wonderful. Just perfect. Did I try to kill myself? I don't know why. That was all so long ago.—last year. I can't remember much about it. I was just sad all the time, I guess. But I don't know why . . . Yes, I cried a lot, too. . . . Maybe it was because I didn't have anything to do and didn't know how to be happy. Isn't that silly? When it's so easy to be happy. You just are. Why, I want to live forever. Just like this—feeling wonderful. I want to sing all the time . . . Yes, sure, I'll sit down if you want somebody else to talk to them. I don't mind. Everything's just wonderful . . . Oh, you didn't tell them about when I first came here and how sad I was over the marriage. You know, about Tom, thinking he was going to marry me. I can't see now why I felt so bad. Why, he was just a dumb mechanic. And I felt so bad because he married Hilda instead after promising me. That was why they brought me here. And why I wanted to die. Imagine! Why I've got everything. What'd I want to die for? Just a dumb mechanic. It's much better here. Why, I've got everything. I'm happy. Why shouldn't I be?

* * *

Strange countries of the mind reached only by shipwreck . . . A man playing solitary poker with intent eyes and four aces stuck in his hatband . . . A lawn with swings and benches . . . A tall iron fence and a gate clicking shut behind . . . red and green traffic signals . . . a transient filling station . . . A choice of routes home. "Which way shall we go?"

Thoroughfare

JEANNE SAWYER, '42

The muddy Mississippi
Swirls and froths and churns,
Flowing smoothly onward,
And winding at the turns.
The willows hang in splendor,
Inclining graceful head,
And silt of dirty yellow
Lines the river bed.

Northward in the narrows
The farmers load their crafts,
Accumulated yearly,
Upon their wooden rafts.
Laborious, ungainly,
They toil their way downstream,
Bound with thongs of rawhide,
Strong, and broad of beam.

Poling through the eddies,
Drifting with the tide,
Buffeted by passing squalls,
And tossed from side to side,
Caught up on a mud-flat,
Midway 'tween the banks,
Waiting for highwater
To float the shrinking planks.

Passing by the cornfields,
Slipping past the towns,
Waving at the river folk,

And girls in summer gowns,
 Skinning by a steamboat,
 Rocking in its wake,
 Foaming suds a turmoil . . .
 Then smooth as any lake,

Gliding towards New Orleans,
 City of the French,
 To buy and sell and haggle,
 Laugh with a pretty wench,
 Lying on the levees
 Drunk from too much booze,
 Then off to board some wagon
 Bound for Baton Rouge . . .

Cargo sold for new supplies,
 And trinkets for the wife,
 Raft split up for lumber . . .
 Glory! what a life!
 Northward to their farmlands;
 Home to work and then. . .
 "Load the rafts! Ply the pole!"
 They're Southward bound again!

Still the Mississippi
 Swirls and froths and churns,
 Flowing smoothly onward,
 And winding at the turns.
 The willows hang in splendor,
 Inclining graceful head,
 And silt of dirty yellow
 Lines the river bed.

Tea With Tassifan

ANN DAWSON, '40

HOW the slip of paper came into my possession is beyond me, and those of you who think that that small mystery will be explained at the end of this tale are going to be disappointed. I just opened my purse and there it was—a small yellow sheet bearing the address “210 Vineville Avenue.” It puzzled me, of course, for I thought that someone had given it to me so that I would be sure to write. I pondered over it for a while; then it left my mind completely—or so I thought.

Some months later when I happened to be in a small middle-western town for an important business conference, a sign post reading Vineville Avenue came before my gaze. Instantly the whole incident of the slip of paper flashed across my memory, and, eager to see what old friend I would run across, I followed the street to the two hundred block. 210 was not hard to locate; it was definitely the ugliest house on the block, a large old Victorian building with a lacy border under the eaves and with two round towers set firmly against the corners of the second floor. Evidently it had been yellow.

I walked boldly up the steps and rang the bell. It was the sort of bell that one screws, and I could tell that it wasn't working properly. However, the door opened, and I waited for my old friend to show himself. No one was there.

I stepped into the narrow hall and looked about. Then a voice said cordially, “Won't you come in and have a seat?”

Now, I'm too much of a fool to be frightened by anything mysterious, so I stepped into the small parlor on my left and prepared to sit in the most promising of the stiff chairs scattered about.

“But don't sit on me,” the voice added.

I jumped then, for it was apparent that there was no one in the chair. The house is haunted, I thought, but I'm not afraid because I don't believe in haunted houses and therefore the whole thing can't be happening. So I relaxed on top of a dusty red plush love seat and expected anything to happen. If a tea table had come rolling in and a cup of tea had poured itself and handed itself to me, I should have accepted it as casually as I eat my cornflakes and cream every morning.

"No," said the voice suddenly, "the house isn't haunted at all. Many people think it is, but I live here and I know."

"Who are you?" I asked, speaking for the first time since I had entered the unhaunted house that this ghost lived in.

"I'm Tassifan."

"A ghost?"

"Oh no, I'm not a ghost," said Tassifan, and added proudly, "I'm an old meanie."

"A meanie?"

"Yes, a meanie!" Tassifan assured me. "I'm invisible, so I go about the world doing nasty things to people."

"You could go about the world doing good things," I suggested.

"Yes," said Tassifan, "but one gets much more joy from doing mean things. I've been at it a long time, and no one knows the glee my meanness has brought me." To prove his glee, he giggled gleefully.

"What sort of things do you do?"

"All sorts of things," explained Tassifan from his empty chair. "I make cooks break dishes, I make college girls run out of ink in the middle of exams, and I try to see to it that all good people die young. Oh, I'm interested in any little pranks I can find to do."

"Don't you have any specialty?" I asked.

"Sure" said Tassifan. "I specialize in watches and clocks."

"Watches and clocks?"

"Yes, I make them run fast and slow. Nobody knows what fun there is in doing that. I love to make people late to work and then be on hand to watch them get bawled out. It's fun, too, to get them to parties early—that embarrasses the hostesses so much. But I think my best job was done yesterday. Mr. Brown was to meet Mrs. Brown at three o'clock. I saw to it that she got there a half-hour early and he a half-hour late. The scene that followed was surely worth witnessing."

"You certainly are an old meanie," I commented, "pulling a double prank like that."

"Double pranks are swell," said Tassifan. "Lots of people rise every morning to the tune of alarm clocks. One of my favorite tricks is to make the alarms ring an hour early. Then they wake up, curse a little, and set the alarms for the right hour. Then, because of me and my love of mischief, the alarms go off an hour late, and the people are just plain sunk."

Then it did happen—the tea table rolled in and I had a cup of tea while Tassifan continued his monologue about his meanness.

"Tea's early today," he said; "that's because I played a small joke on the tea table. It really thinks it's late."

Just then I glanced at my watch and saw that I had only fifteen minutes before my appointment. So I put down my cup and rose rather hurriedly. Tassifan must have accompanied me to the door, for he said "Goodbye" from nearby. I hurried down the street.

Needless to say, I was some two hours late for the conference.



SKYSCAPE

EVELYN CANTEY, '41

And the Owls Laughed

GEORGIA HERBERT, '40

WHEN her father had actually shut the door and started down the steps with his gun and box of cartridges, Pug could hardly keep back the tears. She stood perfectly still in the middle of the tiny little room and listened to him go, hearing him reach the ground and set out across the cleared space which surrounded the shack. He hadn't gone very far when he stopped suddenly and began retracing his steps. Pug turned and hurried to the window, her pulse quick with anticipation. He was coming back for her. In a moment he would call for her to get her coat and come along.

She reached the window laughing a little. He had probably planned to take her from the beginning and had only been teasing her for fun.

"Hello, who's there?"

The sound of his voice startled her because it wasn't quite what she had expected. She tried to think of some way to answer him, then she realized that he wasn't addressing her but someone toward the back of the shack. She glanced in that direction and saw a man standing there beside the pump, with a gun in one hand and a much battered bucket in the other. He looked as rugged and uncivilized as the swamp from which he had evidently emerged.

"Arthur Redman," he said, "I come fa some drinkin' water."

The statement was simple and direct, and there was no indication of embarrassment or apology in his tone. Pug looked quickly at her father, wondering what his reaction would be. His calm acceptance of the stranger surprised her.

"Oh, yes, I've heard about you from some friends who come down here. You know the swamp pretty well, don't you?"

"Been here all m' life."

"Have you been hunting today?"

"No suh."

"I wondered if you had come from below the lake. I baited a place down there last week and my two boys left here a little while ago to try to get a shot at some turkeys. What do you think?"

"Mebbe they kin. I seen two this mornin'."

"Well, I'd like to see them bring one in. I've never killed but one in my life and it gave me quite a thrill."

The man didn't have anything to add to that, but instead put his bucket under the pump and began to fill it with water. Pug saw her father walk past him, take a look at the creek which ran close by, and return. By this time, the bucket was full, and the man picked it up. He was ready to go.

"Is that all the water you want?" her father asked him.

"Yes suh." Then after a pause, "Ya won't find much game up this far, if ya lookin' f' game."

Pug saw that her father was puzzled at first, but following the man's glance to his gun and shells, he understood and laughed.

"Oh, I'm not going to do much hunting this afternoon, mostly walking around with a shot at whatever I happen to come across."

That seemed sufficient explanation, and on the strength of it, they nodded a good afternoon and each went his way, Redman disappearing immediately into the swamp behind him, and her father heading once more across the clearing to the swamp on the other side.

Pug stood at the window until both were well out of sight. Then she turned back to the room, kicking a piece of kindling which had fallen on the floor beside the stove. It was horrid being a girl when you so wanted to go hunting and do things that only boys could do. A tear slipped out of the corner of her

eye and rolled down her nose. She brushed it away with the back of her hand and put up a dirty finger to catch a second one, at the same time gritting her teeth and shaking her head to keep back others which were on the verge of falling.

After gaining a little better control of herself, she dragged a chair to the window and then reached for a book which was lying with her coat on a table near the door. Instinctively she shivered. The room was cold. Looking at the stove, she saw that the fire was almost out, and without thinking she went over and lifted the top. With a cry of pain she jerked her hand back and thrust her fingers into her mouth; the hot plate dropped onto the stove, then fell to the floor in a series of crashes.

The noise was terrifying as it echoed through the empty shack and went even beyond to disturb the stillness of the surrounding swamp. Pug almost forgot her burned fingers becoming conscious, for the first time, of the loneliness which was all about her. She glanced quickly over the room and in the direction of the door, as though she fully expected to find someone or something standing there, having been aroused by the commotion she had made. All was just as before, however, except for a thin wave of smoke which had found an escape into the room through the uncovered top of the stove.

It was several minutes before Pug could bring herself to move again, and then her steps were cautious as she went to retrieve the fallen plate. The throbbing pain in her fingers reminded her that it was probably still hot, and she began looking for some way to pick it up. There was obviously nothing in the little room where she stood that would be of the slightest help, so she tip-toed, glancing anxiously over her shoulder every few steps, into the other room of the shack, the sleeping quarters, which contained four beds and an unpainted chest of drawers. The beds were all made in sheets and army blankets, and on the foot of the nearest one, there was a slightly mussed

bath-towel. Pug lifted a corner of it and was met with a burst of life. Two brown lizards, hardly distinguishable from the blankets in color, scuddled across the bed in the direction of the pillow.

Her first reaction was to jerk the towel up and shake it violently at arm's length. Her brothers used to have pet lizards which didn't bother her, but seeing them in beds where people slept was more than she could stand. Shuddering, she examined the towel several times from a safe distance to convince herself that nothing more was hidden on either side of it, then she returned to the stove, where she finally succeeded, between frequent uneasy glances at the door, the window, and the bedroom, in getting the fire started again.

When this was done, she sat down in her chair by the window and waited, wondering what time it was. Her father had told her brothers to be back by six o'clock, and the sun was already below the trees. Thinking of the time, Pug noticed how dark the shack was when there was no sunlight coming through the window. It was gloomy now which added to its loneliness. She moved in her chair and the creaking of its straw bottom made her hold her breath and listen to be sure that that was the only thing making a noise. The extreme silence that followed frightened her.

Unconsciously she brought her hand to her throat and her nervous fingers began buttoning and unbuttoning the top of her sweater. The stillness prompted her to cry out, to scream, but she was afraid of the sound of her voice and remained silent in her chair, listening.

The shack was as still as before, and now grey shadows lined the walls. Some were motionless while others changed shape in the flickering glow of the little stove. With a sudden impulse, Pug got to her feet and started toward the door, steeling herself against the creaking sounds which she made as she

walked. Hastily she picked up her coat, and throwing it around her shoulders, turned the knob and stepped outside.

A fair amount of light still remained in the waning afternoon and Pug became reassured. She shut the door quietly behind her and ran down the steps, at the same time slipping her arms in her sleeves and pulling her coat close around her. She hoped that her father and brothers would be back soon, because now that the sun was down, the cold was damp and penetrating.

As she thought of this, Pug noticed that the swamp wasn't as quiet as it had been earlier in the afternoon. There were a good many birds moving about overhead, twittering and calling back and forth, and then there were other sounds, ones which she did not recognize. Perhaps they too were birds, or squirrels, but she couldn't be sure. She had never been in the swamp before and didn't have any idea what lived there. She had heard people talk about alligators, but they would hardly be overhead. She laughed at the foolishness of that, and finding herself on the bank of the creek, reached down to pick up a pebble from the sand and drop it in the water. To her surprise, she was able to follow it all the way to the bottom. Everywhere the water was beautifully clear in spite of its blackness.

Peering with interest up and down the creek, Pug began making out various shapes below the surface, when suddenly her attention was drawn to a sound, quite unlike those of the birds above her, which came from the swamp on the other side of the clearing.

She stood up quickly, all of her uneasiness returning and becoming augmented by a sense of immediate fear. For a moment nothing happened, and then there it was again, easily distinguishable because of its tone, a peculiarly human tone. It sounded like someone laughing. With a cry of joy, Pug tore across the clearing and entered the canebrake.

"Jack! Jack! Graham!" she called, jumping to one side here

and there to avoid particularly marshy places. "Did you get any turkeys? Can I help you carry anything?"

Without waiting for an answer, she continued to make her way between the bent and broken stalks, being so occupied with dodging sharp edges that she went several yards further before she realized that there had been no answer.

"Jack! Graham!" she called again, her voice not quite as certain as it had been. "Where are you? Please don't tease me now, because it's getting dark and we have to go home."

With quick searching glances all about her, Pug looked for her brothers, and not seeing them, she was puzzled and afraid. The swamp was much darker now and very still. Even the birds had quieted down. Immediately she started to turn back, but catching sight of an enormous log not very far from her, she went toward it hopefully.

"Are you there, Jack? Please answer me, I'm scared."

Her last words were hardly more than a whisper, because as she spoke, she heard for the third time that sound which before had seemed so near and so human, but which now seemed to come from miles across the swamp, and was not human at all, but rather weird and mocking, laughing at her.

Realization came upon her in a wave of resentment and fear and with a little gasp, she spun around and headed back in the direction from which she had come. She found it much harder to make her way now, and twice in the first few yards she just missed falling as she stumbled against some roots which she had not seen.

Before very long, however, the way became easier, and with a feeling of relief, Pug decided that she must be almost to the clearing. Unconsciously she began to run faster. In a moment she would be with her father and everything would be all right, for surely he would be there. He had said that he wasn't going far and would be back well before dark.

She tried to think of some excuse to give him for having left the shack, not wanting to tell him what had really happened, because he would only make fun of her. Maybe it would be best to say that she had just been tired of staying indoors and had gone for a little walk, not realizing that it got dark so quickly. Then she could tell him about the sound she had heard and find out what it was. She shuddered, the thought of it still haunting her. She hoped that she would not hear it again until she knew.

Considering even the possibility of that, Pug would have been glad to increase her speed still more, but she found herself quite out of breath, and was forced to slow down. It was farther than she had thought to the shack. She came to little better than a walk, and began to take notice of her surroundings, having paid almost no attention to them for several yards. What she saw seemed strange to her. There were only a few scattered stalks of short cane here and there and a great many trees. Her next steps were slow and uncertain. She looked questioningly all about her for some sign of the clearing, but found no break in the dark outline of tree-trunks and thickets which loomed before her, fantastic in their adornment of gray trailing moss.

"Daddy," Pug whispered, almost as though she were just trying her voice to be sure it was still there, and finding that it was, being encouraged to call again, this time much louder, "Daddy!"

Immediately the growing fear in her heart swept into panic, and clamping her fists hard against her cheeks, she screamed for her father and brothers with all of the strength that she had. In a moment her screams became intermittent with sobs and when there was still no reply, gave way to them altogether.

Crying bitterly, Pug turned once more knowing nothing else to do than to try to find her way back into the canebrake. Drying her tears as well as she could on an old handkerchief

which she drew from the pocket of her coat, she stumbled forward, setting a path for herself according to the direction from which she thought she had come.

It was very dark in the swamp now and Pug's progress was slow. She could only see a few feet ahead of her and had to feel her way along in places to keep low branches from striking her face. Once in an attempt to shove several of them aside, she encountered a mean tangle of briars, which dug into her hands and wrists as she struggled to wrench her coat free from them. The stinging pain brought new tears to her eyes, but she bit her lip and ignored them. Breathlessly she pressed on, not realizing how far she must have walked until her legs became weak under her, and she sank to the ground completely exhausted. The swamp was now impenetrable in its blackness, and for some time she had been wandering with absolutely no means of guiding herself. At first she thought that she would try to call again, but somehow she knew that she was no nearer to the shack than she had been before. Too tired even to cry, she lay there with her eyes closed, her head leaning against her arm.

In a kind of daze she thought about her father, wondering whether he knew yet that she was lost and what he was doing to try to find her. If her brothers had come in, he must know, because there wasn't anywhere else she could be except with them, and in that case, they all must be looking for her. If they would only find her and take her home! Pug drew her knees up under her in an effort to cover her legs with her coat. It was bitterly cold and damp in the swamp, and the thought of home with its open fires made her feel it even more.

As she lay there, she imagined herself in the library in front of one of those fires, her father reading in the big chair by the radio and her mother sitting across the room with her sewing . . . presently her mother would look up and say, "Elizabeth, it's just about your bed-time," and she would have to leave

and go upstairs . . . she always minded that, having to go to bed before anybody else . . . but once there it didn't seem to matter so much . . . it was sort of nice to be able to think things over and to dream and never to know when you really dropped off to sleep . . . if it weren't so cold and the ground weren't so hard, maybe she could go to sleep now . . . then she could forget about being lost and scared . . . and perhaps when she woke up, she wouldn't be in the swamp at all, but would find herself in her own bed, and all of this a bad dream . . .

With a pathetic little smile, Pug tucked her coat more closely around her and buried her face in the crook of her arm.



Bougainvillea

NAN TAYLOR, '42

The bougainvillea spills its blossoms over
Roofs and walls and trees—
Anywhere the vines can find a foothold
To fling their glory forth in regal splendor—
Banners on the breeze.

With Intent to Murder . . .

JEANNE SAWYER, '42

IT happened after she cleaned her shoes. I remember watching the sure even strokes and the soft neat pattings she gave the buckskin. There was something savage about that calm touch. The set expression on her face revealed nothing, but her hand on the bottle of cleaning fluid shook as she moistened the cloth. The empty brightness of her eyes frightened me, and I opened my mouth to speak; then closed it again.

The transformation was twofold . . . only the change in the condition of the shoes came immediately and was obvious, while one could barely notice any difference in her. Yet somehow the two transitions were alike.

Before, the comfortable Spauldings streaked with smudges of grey and clean spots alternately, had trudged happily from one place to another. A little run-down at the heels, their soles thin from wear, they were tossed in corners at night, only to be retrieved eagerly in the morning. Cheerfully nonchalant on the sunny days and rather dull on rainy ones, they squeaked across brick walks and polished floors. The feet in them walked lightly, swiftly as though filled with air like an over-stuffed cushion. Those shoes had character . . . a gay exuberance that made the worn toes shine, that playfully tugged the socks down inside the heels. They were understandable, those dirty Spauldings. Now, they were stiff and white, their gray creases hidden beneath a new, strange exterior. I saw her place them on the window sill to dry. They had lost the old comfortable look, and made the window pane seem dirty. No longer did little busy noises come as she walked. The shoes marched in straight-laced dignity ahead, and the feet in them did not pause to kick a leaf or break the ice in a frozen mud puddle. They were unreal in their silence. They made a good appearance now, but

their old quality of seeming to be alive had gone. Their personality had been rubbed off and gone down the drain in grey water. At night they stood side by side. Once I stumbled over them in the dark, and feeling strangely guilty of some unknown sin, I hastily bent and replaced them. Cold, haughty, sad shoes that were so crisply clean.

She had been like that dirty pair. Refreshingly ageless with a breathless eagerness, she had ambled along her own sweet way. Seeming to let her old shoes take her where they would. Reflecting the shine on the grimy toes in her bright eyes, and carelessly throwing her laughter to some remote corner of a room. Her charm was etched in streaks on the Spauldings, and the pair, with her, made one. As I saw her pass by from day to day in her clean shoes . . . her face expressionless . . . the carefree air gone . . . the meticulous way in which she put her feet down, firmly, a little heavily made me rivet my eyes on the Spauldings. There was something dangerous in their progress and I watched the corner she cut and kept my eye on the white heels as they disappeared from view. Like strangers they were, she and her shoes.

It happened after she cleaned her shoes. I remember.



Philosophy

RUTH JACQUOT, '42

These things so vast, important now,
 Forget we, by and by;
 Forget injustice, hurts, and gloom . . .
 Recall the starlit sky.

The Garden

FRANCES CHICHESTER, '41

WE were to have tea in the Garden. Even before we reached the porch that faced out on the back, I knew exactly how the Garden would be. It is true, Miss Betty had talked of nothing else all afternoon, but that may have been because Mother was especially fond of flowers herself. Miss Betty had, as well as the Garden, three cupboards of the most exquisite and delicate china upon which to lavish her attention. Yes, I think we talked especially of the garden because of Mother. But in spite of all the talk I would have known it anywhere.

The tea things were already set on the back porch, and we decided that it would be just as pleasant to sit there. It was one of those porches that is built back into the house, rather, it seemed, scooped out of it, so that one side was the wall of the dining room and the other of Miss Betty's own room. And across the opening into outdoors that remained a fitful lacing of a grapevine served to break up and moderate the full invasion of the western sun.

It was not until I had arranged Miss Betty before the table set with tea, and sat down at my place that I saw the garden. At the first glance, there seemed to be little unity about the whole. There was certainly no planned exactness. Evidently the garden had had its beginnings in the rock pile that ranged along the far end. It seemed to me that all the green and bunching herbs that settled about those rocks had retired into a life of ancient piety; thick little tufts of green rooted forever in an intricate and unplanned pattern in the soil that squeezed between the rocks; knots of green security that neither frosts nor hottest rays of sunshine could disturb or alter. There was nothing about the plot that suggested withering or decay. But

rather, something of a timeless perfection emanated from the very turgid translucence of the separate herb leaves.

For me, that spot was all of the garden. I remember that the remainder was all blue, set in varying shades of green. There must have been some trees, and shrubs around the sides, but I cannot say for sure. I found so clearly in the contour of those shapes of close cropped vegetation what I knew would be there—the quietness, the sanity, the distinct aliveness of simplicity—that I venture to guess that the neighbors' trees leaned closer to that garden than to their own respective yards, sheltering it from any unwelcome sunlight. Certain I am that there was in the deep shady places about the corners of the garden a quality of moisture in the foliage that intensified the freshness of the shadows. Nearer the porch, the sun brushed across the grass, picked up and vitalized the spots of blue that in the shady portions settled so exactly in the beds of green. The sun shone through the grape leaves and described a mottled pattern on the porch, the table and the tea. But back against the herbs that grew about the rocks there was no sun to break into and glaze the clear deep green serenity.

At tea Miss Betty said a very little bit about the Garden. True, she offered to take us into it, but I would not have dared to go with her beyond that arbor foil. For I had no desire to see Miss Betty turn into a green herb before my very eyes.

The Fairy of Light

HELEN WATSON, '41

THERE was once a beautiful fairy who lived in the globe of a street lamp on Gay Street. She was the fairy of Light, and it was her duty to keep the lamp shining clearly from twilight until daybreak. From her little glass house, she could watch all the movements of the other fairies on her street, and she could see for miles around her.

Now during the night-time, while the light was burning, the good fairy had only to guard the light, so her work was very slight. One night she thought that she would busy herself with embroidering a new dress to wear to the Fairyland Ball. So she summoned her helpers, the moths, who always stayed nearby to keep her company. When four of them had gathered around her, she explained to them what she wanted to do and asked for their advice about the kind of gown to make. The moths were all eager to help her, and they hastened away to find the best material for the making of the costume.

After some time, the first moth returned and fluttered about the lamp.

"I have searched the fields and gardens all over this region," he said, "and here is what I found. This feathery blossom of Queen Anne's Lace was growing in a field, and it will make the daintiest of gowns for my lady."

The fairy clapped her tiny hands. "Oh, it is lovely!" she cried. "But wait . . . here come the other moths. Let me see what they have found."

The three other moths fluttered around the good fairy, all hopeful that they might be of assistance to her.

"What have you found, little moth, that makes you so happy?" asked the fairy of the second moth.

"I borrowed some silk from Mr. Spider. He tells me that his

web is very fine, and a gown made of its fabric would be soft and beautiful."

The third moth interrupted, "Out in the forest I found this Maiden Hair fern which, with some velvety moss trimming, would make a very precious and rare gown."

The last and youngest little moth drew nearer and said very meekly, "I flew way up on a mountain peak, and where it was coldest I found a perfect starry snow flake with which you can make a pure white dress."

The good fairy beamed with joy for all the lovely gifts. "Surely one of these will do," she said. "Each night I shall try one of your suggestions until I find the most beautiful dress that can be made."

On the following evening, shortly after twilight, the good fairy began her task. But all did not fare well. For the petal of Queen Anne's Lace was too delicate for embroidery, and the lacy blossom scattered into bits. The fallen petals covered the light until the flame was smothered and went out. Hurriedly, she relit it and turned to the second material. She took up the silken spider web, but it soon became so tangled in the lamp that she could no longer control the web. Her fairy wings fluttered angrily and the breeze blew out the light once more. She lit the lamp again, and in desperation turned to the Maiden Hair fern which she thought could cause no difficulty. But the leaves began to tickle her fairy nose and made her sneeze, and she sneezed so hard that the light went out again. Quickly she lit it, for it would never do for her to fail in her duty. She turned to her last hope, the little white snowflake that the youngest moth had brought to her, but as she picked it up, it melted, and the liquid once again put out the light. When this happened the poor little fairy put her face in her hands and cried as if her heart would break.

Meanwhile the fairy of the moon had been surveying his workers, and he was greatly disturbed to see the flickering light of this fairy's lamp. He was the king over the realm of Night,

and he resided in the vast palace of the moon. Seeing this lovely fairy in distress, he felt a desire to help her, and he called forth his messengers, the fireflies.

"What is your wish, O kind and generous king?" asked the fireflies, as they fluttered about His Majesty.

"Down in the lamp on Gay Street, the most beautiful fairy of light is weeping. She is unhappy because she cannot find a gown of delicate enough beauty to wear to the Fairyland Ball. We must help her." Creasing his brows, the king of the moon searched his fairy brain for some new idea. Finally he said, "Go and fetch me the finest strip of moonbeam that can be found among my treasures."

The messengers hurried to the vaults of the palace and returned joyously with this fragile and delicate treasure.

"This is the most beautiful piece to be found," the first messenger said eagerly. "See how it sparkles with heavenly light!"

"Yes," said the others. "And it is the most suitable material in the world for such a fairy as the fairy of light."

"It is my most valuable treasure," agreed the king. "Go quickly to her, so that her fairy tears will not extinguish the light on Gay Street."

The fireflies flew down quickly to the lamp on Gay Street, carrying the shining moonbeam. When the fairy of light saw the gift, she was overjoyed, and from it she was able to make the most beautiful pale yellow garment that had ever been seen in fairyland.

And, oh yes, there was enough left over to keep her lamp shining for years to come. Therefore she had no cause for concern when, a little later, she traveled to the moon to thank the king for his kindness. He was so taken by her beauty and charm, that he asked her to remain and be his queen, and reign with him over the realm of Night. And from that time on, the lamp on Gay Street shone without flickering, for the path of moonbeams leading to the lamp forever reflected the radiant happiness of the king and queen of the moon.

As We Pass By

"The Charioteer of Delphi—he's a statue—you'll see him some day. He's the victor in a terrific struggle . . . And it's all over now . . . He's simply standing there, very upright, very tranquil, and with the ease that's the reverse of indolence. And the dignity of his simplicity is amazing. He's come through something that has left him stripped of everything that doesn't matter . . . and now he's waiting for his laurel wreath."

—From "Island Magic"
by Elizabeth Goudge.

"A red maple leaf descended the air, tilted on one point on Vince Carver's rough hat, brushed his humped shoulder, and fell to the rut, where a wooden wheel flattened it into the sand."

—From "Lamb in His Bosom"
by Caroline Miller.

"I am not one
Who must have everything; yet I must have
My dreams if I must live, for they are mine.
Wisdom is not one word and then another,
Till words are like dry leaves under a tree;
Wisdom is like a dawn that comes up slowly
Out of an unknown ocean."

—From "Tristram"
by Edward Arlington Robinson.

“There are some moments that hang in the memory like a lamp; they shine and swing gently, and one can look back on them when all else has faded into distance and darkness.”

—From “We Are Not Alone”
by James Hilton.

“What does one ask of a flower
Except to be beautiful and fragrant for a moment, and then—
the end.

The flower’s life is short, but the joy it has given for a minute
Is not of those things which have a beginning and an end.”

—From “The Tidings Brought to Mary”
By Claudel.

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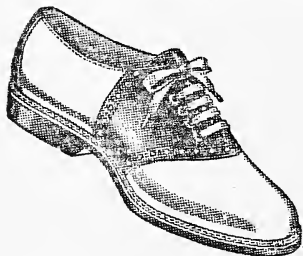
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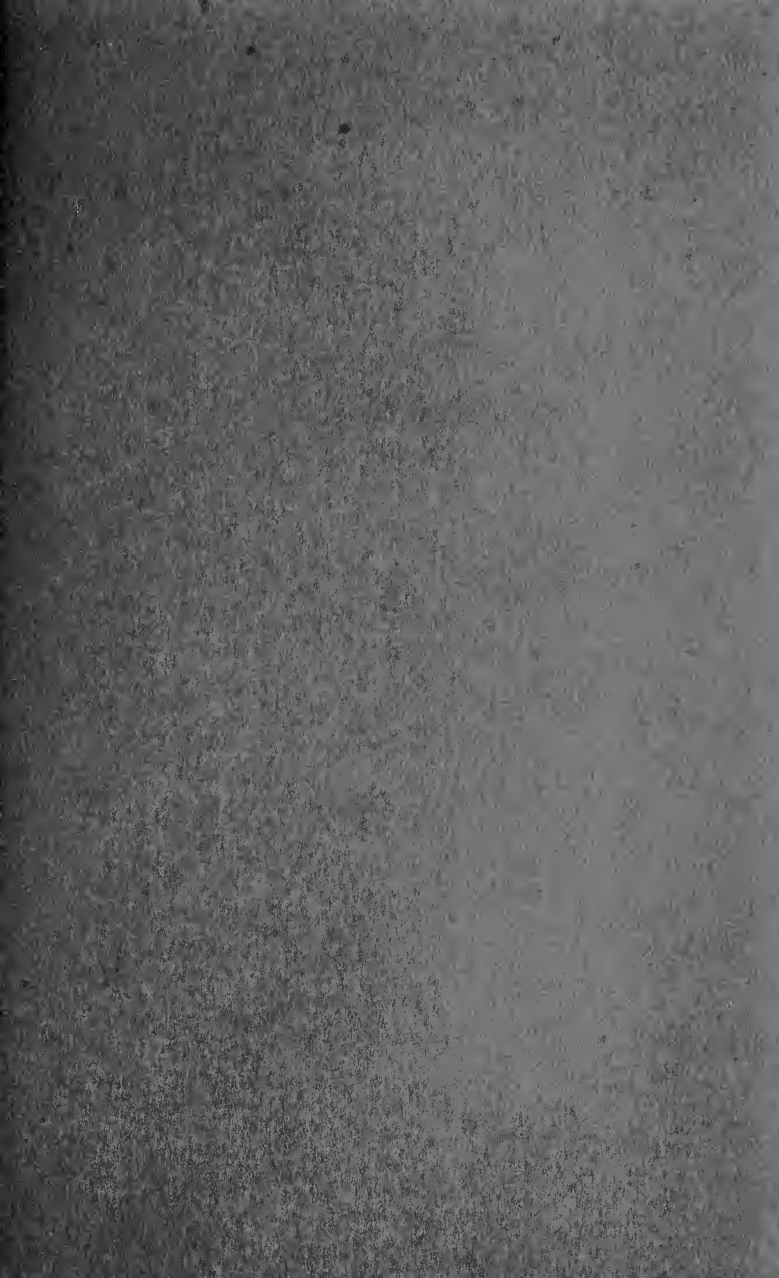
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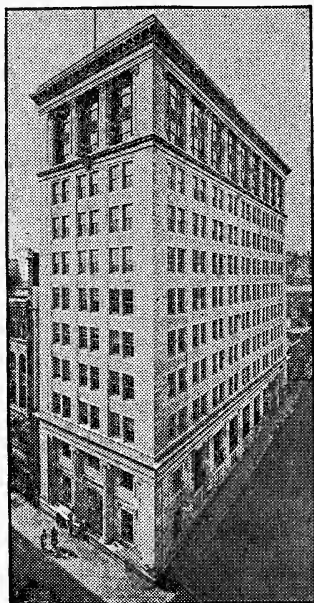
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Mill Pond

JEANNE SAWYER, '42

Murky depths
Unruffled calm
Adjacent to a wooded farm.

Lazy breezes
Sweet and cool
Pass lightly o'er the shaded pool.

Lilies white
With pads of green
Reflect an alabaster sheen.

Willows bend
To and fro
And brush the mossy banks below.

Twilight falls
The end of day
And moonbeams on the waters play.

Larks on high
Invoke the dawn
The woods awake with sleepy yawn.

In its depths
The still mill pond
Mirrors images beyond.

The Letter

FRANCES CHICHESTER, '41

MISS Darlington arrived for tea promptly at four o'clock. Miss Darlington was an Old Maid—if at thirty, one may be called an Old Maid. But concerning Miss Darlington the matter was quite simple. As far as anyone knew she had never had a suitor, and, furthermore, was not likely to have one. It seemed such a pity, too. She was a harmless little creature, brown and small, and not at all unpleasant looking. You might even have thought she had character in her face. But the sad fact remained: Miss Darlington was hopelessly an Old Maid.

.

When, as usual, at four o'clock, she opened the door of the Merton's house and walked to meet the indulgent faces in the parlor, Miss Darlington knew what they were thinking. But today it was hard to laugh—joyously but inwardly—at their ill-concealed pity. Today it would be even harder to chuckle aloud when once she was away from this tea gathering—in which she was included, God knows why—and for which she made it a point to arrive, on every occasion, promptly at four. For no matter how tumultuous it was underneath, she saw no reason for allowing her life to be ruffled on the surface. She was glad she had decided to come.

Of course the long walk back along the avenue with the tall trees (which she had noticed today for the first time) would not this time be so full of the exultation of freedom after what was usually a deadly half-hour. But today, although it was hard to be amused . . . Yes, she was glad she was here. Here at tea there were so many little things to think about. She noticed carefully that the tea table was covered with a blue

cloth. And there was a silver bowl with some sort of yellow flowers. She didn't know the names of many flowers, but these were yellow. And yellow was particularly nice. Particularly nice. Now the door was opening and a gust of cold air swept over the room. Like a sudden light. Two lumps of sugar, and she was stirring them, carefully, carefully, and watching the cream invade the clearness of the tea like the white of an agate: like an agate, like smoke, like rising fog, like dreams. The tea was warm, and the clinking sound of spoons in saucers was warm, and the swift buzz of talk was warm. Inside the room everything was warm. Outside—but she would not think of outside! The sleek curve of the silver bowl . . . outside, the long avenue of trees . . . yellow flowers were particularly nice . . . outside, her cold stone steps . . . two lumps of sugar, stirring carefully, carefully . . . her apartment even colder . . . stirring carefully . . . and on the apartment floor, the note, lying where she had left it . . . cream, like an agate . . . crumpled . . . like smoke . . . “My dear, knowing you I am sure you will understand” . . . like fog . . . “I will not soon forget what we have been to each other” . . . like dreams . . .

“More tea, Miss Darlington?”

“Thank you, no. It was lovely, but I must be going . . . ”

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“I thought Miss Darlington looked unusually well today. You know, she could be quite attractive, if—”

“More tea, Miss Brune?”

“Thank you, yes, I do believe I will have half a cup.”

The Guiding Light

RUTH JACQUOT, '42

THE Divine One was known to all members of third-floor Brush Hall as their Guiding Light, and as such was an idol without flaw. The Divine One was tall and fair and radiant. What her real name was — she *did* have one — remained lost in the records of the school. To the freshmen she was the Divine One, and to the rest of the school she was known affectionately as Stinky.

The Corpulent Pig took a long swallow from a Coke and waved her cigarette as she discussed with considerable boredom current topics around campus. "She said hello to me today," murmured the Corpulent Pig, an awed light upon her face, and Beetle-Wit did not need to ask who "she" could be.

"She was late to Ec.," Beetle-Wit contributed. "Hag-Puss yelled at her, but she didn't care."

"Ol' Hag-Puss!" said the Pig, morosely inspecting an apple. "She'll send me to the Dean soon, I betcha, about over-cutting gym again." She added a few choice expletives, with obvious relish, words she had only recently learned, as she had only recently learned to inhale. She inhaled now, and tried to blow a smoke ring.

"Ooey-Gooey is going to Yale, and Guppy broke her date with Jughead."

"I know."

"Yeah. Not much going on, I guess."

"No. 'Ja go to French today?"

"Uh."

"En-thing happen?"

"N'uh-uh."

"There's going to be a Bull Session in Mimi's room at 11:30 tonight, she says. Let's go."

"Anything to eat?"

"Olives, crackers, cheese spread, and jam. Going to talk about Sex."

"I'm tired of talking about Sex," said Beetle-Wit sourly. "I know all about Sex. Let's talk about Life instead. Or Religion."

"We did Religion once, and Life gets you all confused, and anyway, you always end up talking about Sex."

"Well, O. K.; let's not talk about people, though; you know, whether they do or don't or are or are not."

"I don't really care about that. It's really awfully childish, don't you think?"

"The Divine One said so yesterday."

"Uh-huh. I was there, too."

They became silent and self-conscious just then, as a tall and lovely blond strolled into the game room and glanced around with a supercilious expression. She walked by with her three friends.

"Oh, hello there," said the Divine One kindly.

They watched speechlessly as she and her bridge partners went on.

"Let's have a Bull Sess. tonight, Stinky," suggested one.

"Really, all Bull Sessions," declared the Divine One, "are silly, trivial, and irrelevant. Come on, let's go play some bridge." They went into the other room.

The freshmen sighed in adoration. "Gee," said the Corpulent Pig, and tried to light a cigarette with shaking fingers. "Gee," she said again.

"Here comes Mimi."

"Hey," said Mimi (who was from the South).

"Oh, hello there," said Beetle-Wit and the Corpulent Pig, in unison, condescendingly. It was lost on Mimi.

"Coming to the B. S. tonight?"

Their Guiding Light had spoken. "No, *really*," said the two. They got up and strolled out, first glancing around with pseudo-supercilious expressions. . . . "Really," murmured the Corpulent Pig, "we *really* must learn to play bridge."



Child's Prayer

DOROTHEA HUTCHINGS, '43

Dear Jesus,
Close my eyes in sleep;
Bid angels
Tender care to keep
Of me.
O Father,
Wash my sins away,
And take me
In Thy fold, I pray.
Amen.

The Lane

RUTH JACQUOT, '42

Are there roses in the lane?
Roses silvered now
With rain.

There, two children
With a sigh
Kissed
Goodbye.

Do they meet there anymore?
No, no more.
There are roses in the lane,
Only roses now,
And rain.

The Freshman Handbook

JESSAMINE BOYCE, 42

IT was four below zero and four o'clock in the morning. I looked at my date—or, rather, I looked *for* my date—from my position on that cold stone bench and thought, “So this is a college week-end!” Gradually, as the cold, thin grey of dawn penetrated the cold, grey thin of my mind, I dimly remembered glimmerings of all the stories I had read. Where was the promised football hero, the quiet room with the open fire, the fraternity pin, and the kiss in the dark? “Sister,” I thought, “you’ve fooled them all.” Thus begins our story. . . .

There are three ways of looking forward to a week-end, and all three can be equally devastating to the morale. You can (1) picture the version glorified by literature and the movies; (2) picture the week-end your best friend told you about; (3) face the facts. Of the three, (3) is decidedly preferable; for then you can prepare for the worst and hope for the best. There are likewise three ways of arriving for a week-end. (1) You can drive up yourself, accompanied by four other females. (2) You can be driven up. (3) You can arrive by train. With (1) you are more than likely to arrive, but so tired that you are unable to enjoy the first night. With (2) there is always the possibility of your not arriving at all; and in all events you will either be (a) scared to death; or (b) bored to death. If you decide on (3) your date will (a) have forgotten you're coming; (b) have met the train that morning; or (c) have been waiting an hour and a half already and had time to have become thoroughly irritated. Of course you could fly, but even then you can't win. The smart thing to do is to arrive a day early, and then, when all

is quiet, creep into the House and become one of the "fixtures" before anyone has become aware of the fact.

But for the sake of argument, let us assume that you have arrived and been properly met. It is now seven o'clock and you are hungry. Of course your date may take you out to dinner. (In that case he is either a freshman or a millionaire.) Perhaps you eat in the House. Then, there's always the possibility that you don't eat at all. By this time, you are hot and tired and would love to change your dress and face and comb your hair. This is likewise a matter of opinion. If you do, you feel overdressed; if you don't, you are sorry you didn't. Next, shall you play bridge, watch the drunks, go to the dance, or merrily combine all three? Whatever you decide to do, someone will be sure to greet you upon your return with the news that you (1) bid that spade hand wrong; (2) made a fool of yourself; or (3) missed the best dance Siwash has ever had. And no matter what it was that you decided to do, you will discover that the subject of conversation for the entire week-end will be something you missed when you were doing something else.

If you have gone to the dance, afterwards you are starved. Immediately there is great talk as to when and where you are going. Finally a meeting place is assented to (agreed on? never!) and all and sundry flock to the afore-mentioned destination—only to discover that it is closed. Other places are suggested and ignored. Your feet hurt and your head aches. Finally you all end up at "the Greek's" (there's always a Greek's), where you consume undercooked hotdogs and stale moist rolls. You return to the fraternity house, and, after carefully ignoring all parked cars, dark rooms and locked doors, discover that there is nowhere to sit and no one to see. You are dog-tired, and after another hour of argument, limp to bed and fall into it.

The next morning is another story. Your date calls you much too soon, and you hurriedly dress for the day, only to wait an hour and a half for him to appear. Your nerves are shattered from too little sleep, and you want your coffee and want it badly. You call the House at least twice and finally give up, waiting the rest of the time in numb and bitter despair. When you've almost decided to shelve the whole episode and either go to bed again or take the next train home, your date arrives (1) smiling brightly: "Have you been waiting long, dear?"; (2) scowling fiercely: "*Why* didn't you tell me you were staying at Mrs. Rams' on Boone Street instead of Mrs. Rams' on Highland Avenue?" You decide that since it is only fifteen minutes until lunch, you might as well ignore breakfast entirely. Accordingly, you wait an hour and fifteen minutes, grab a sandwich, and rush to the Game just in time to miss the opening score.

The game is uninspired, which is the kindest thing you can say about the whole afternoon. Of course there are three possibilities as to the outcome of the game, but unfortunately only one result. (1) You can win. (2) You can lose. (3) You can tie the score. If you win, you celebrate with champagne. If you lose, you drown your sorrows in beer. If you tie, you do either or both.

After the game everyone is usually (1) too happy to eat or (2) too unhappy to eat—that is, everyone except you, and frankly, you are hungry again. Ignoring all surprised looks and startled glances, you timidly remind your date that you have had no breakfast and no lunch. In forty-five minutes, you ask him if he isn't hungry too. In another half-hour, you are almost at the point of tears, and probably feel like picking him up and carrying him to the nearest exit. (This is not advisable unless he is smaller than you.) Usually, however, you can as a last resort, tell him that his roommate wants you to go to supper

with him. This will make him fighting mad, and an army travels on its stomach—which is also the way to a man's heart. See what you've accomplished! Of course, he may say, "Okay. Where will I meet you later?" In this case you are doomed, and may as well make up your mind to (1) buy your own supper; (2) go without supper; (3) begin on one of the over-stuffed chairs in the alumni room.

About nine o'clock everyone will suddenly remember the dance; whereupon you will be rushed to your room and expected to be bathed, dressed, and made-up in fifteen minutes. This time you decide to be crafty, though, and, remembering this morning, calmly allow a little over an hour to prepare yourself. For once you are right—up to a certain point. Your only mistake was that you should have allowed a little over two hours. Good old Joe couldn't find his white tie. Finally, about eleven o'clock you arrive at the dance—nose shining, hair drooping, dress limping. An hour later, about twelve o'clock (it seems much later than twelve) you leave the dance—nose shining, hair drooping, and dress limping.

And you are starved! The ensuing argument over where to eat is the same as the night before. You repeat the procedure already outlined, and, as before, wind up at "the Greek's," who moans something unintelligible and announces that he no wait on any more crazy collitch kids. You return to the House, and as the kitchen is the only well-lighted room available, retire to indulge in a little light conversation. Someone staggers in and implores you to take him to get a Bromo. You agree and revisit the Greek, who promptly has a nervous convulsion. On the way home your car runs out of gas, your "companion" passes out, and your date prepares to walk to the nearest filling station. From your position on that cold stone bench you look at your date—or rather, you look *for* your date—and think, "So this is a college week-end." You have lost a beautiful,

long-cherished ideal, your glamour, your school-girl complexion, your appetite (ha!), and five pounds. Disillusioned, you vow to retire to a convent the first thing in the morning.

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Special delivery letter for Miss Louise Ragan:

Dear Louise,

The Christmas Hop this year will be December 18, and I would like for you to come down with me.

Love,

Gus.

"Grace, Grace! Guess what?! I'm going to the Christmas Hop at Siwash! Isn't it wonderful!? What'll I wear?"



Kernel

JEANNE SAWYER, '42

However vagrant fancies are
Of imagination wrought,
They wander near and wander far
Then cluster 'round one thought.

Why Teachers After All

FRANCES CHICHESTER, '41

ABOUT a year ago Mortimer Adler wrote a book on *How to Read a Book*. I have read only at random from it and intend in no way to criticize either what was said about the subject, or whether it was wise to say anything about it at all. I know that when I saw the book I felt an instinctive distaste. One does not speak of things being instinctive anymore, but I immediately felt that it was more or less an effrontery, for anyone to tell me how to read. That sort of thing reminds me all too vividly of the hours I have spent in what my teachers called "speeding up my reading time." If anyone ever tries again to mechanize my reading by that barren and unpleasant process, I shall tell him that I read for my own pleasure, and do not intend to be made uncomfortably self-conscious if I stop now and then to spell out a word or two. I might go on to write a vituperous essay along these lines, but it is not at all what I started out to do. Neither do I want to continue about Mortimer Adler, who, far from trying to speed up one's reading time, is doing what in part appears to be a healthy work. This is all by way of noticing that lately there has been an alarming number of books about how to handle almost any problem. Our libraries are full of books which are not only the original works of fine art, but translations of those books (if they are foreign), and commentaries on them, books on how to read both the originals and the commentaries, and commentaries on books about how to read books. This strikes me as being a singularly all-inclusive store of information. I do not want to suggest that this profusion of "books about books" has been in any way caused by the failure of teachers in colleges and universities to do their jobs as teachers; or that the job of teaching is thereby

made invalid. On the contrary, teaching has a legitimacy all its own. It is to show to a group of people, by means of one's physical presence and all the faculties which that presence commands, something which presumably they would not see by any other means. But it is inevitable that this sort of book will appear as long as writers feel free to write on any subject which interests them. I would not in any way try to limit that freedom. The point is that libraries are constantly including a wider and wider scope of information, so that almost any fact can be found there with infinitely less trouble than it requires to attend a series of lectures on a given subject. It occurs to me that the problem for the teacher who allows himself to admit that a problem exists, is all too clearly defined. The question is—Why teachers after all? If that can be answered satisfactorily it must be answered by an attitude which refuses to reduce the teacher to the function either of repeating what has been said in books, or of acting as a kind of "living guide to good reading." The necessity for the former is, of course, eliminated by the library itself. The latter might be effectively replaced by a carefully prepared reading list, neatly typed and pinned on the library bulletin board. It ought to take about three days to work up such a list. The rest of their socially necessary labor time the faculty could spend at home being comfortable and kindly moral advisers to the students.

But there is an answer which satisfies me: that teaching is not a matter of pedantry, nor even of imparting scholastic data. It is the gift of inspirational imagination of the trained and excited mind of the teacher to a pupil or class who is at least to some degree familiar with the facts of the case at hand. And if one admits to the critic any *raison d'être*, even great books are vitalized by that teacher who is able to bring to the subject the sensitive impressions of his mind, enforced by his own personality. For teaching is a fine art. And unless it can incorporate

into its tremendous background of fact those modes of presentation which are individual (in the apt, and not the perverted sense of the word), unless it can encourage rather than limit the ability of the student to build into the subject his own individuality or sensitivity, it is better abandoned as a thing in itself. For only in these ways does the element of creation enter into learning, or does knowledge as apart from an accumulation of past fact and theory have any meaning. So much of all that is valuable in teaching depends upon the imagination which goes beyond the stability of the library. And it is an accomplishment to inspire the love of a thing, without which all learning is barren. For learning as such may be accomplished by repetition, but that kind of zeal which leads to intuition does not always come to the person alone with his books.

I have had few teachers in all, but the ones who deserve to be called by that name I remember because of an attitude of mind they brought about in me, an attitude to which I think I shall always, however sentimentally, be devoted. There is, in that accomplishment, something rather fine that serves to make a mockery of the worn out phrase, "those who can, do; those who cannot, teach."

Ambition

BARBARA BRIGGS, '43

It has been the aspiration of some men
To recreate with pigment, note or word
Their visions; that the world might stand and gaze
In ever-awed awareness of their theme.
Others, more humble, have been known to say:
"If I can only make one life a song,
Keep one dream bright, or spare one wistful heart
A sorrow, then indeed I have not failed."
But I have found that even such a hope
Transcends my secret thoughts of self-fulfillment.
For as I grow and learn, maturing doubtfully,
I realize my dearest prayer can be:
To know—and then, forget myself.

The Great Man

ANNE GUTHRIE, '44

BOTH Albert Einstein and I live in Frog Hollow. The unique place is situated on the old Princeton Road, over which Washington traveled after his victorious battle. In this restricted area the Einstein household and ours practically rub noses. In fact we share the same postman, garbage man, and milkman. Our dog and his cat have further strengthened the tie by staging daily fights, in which our dog usually suffers the greater injuries.

I see the great mathematician often as he slowly strolls about smoking his pipe surrounded by his disciples. Sometimes I even catch a glimpse of him coming back with his sister from a long walk in the woods, their arms filled with flowers. They are much alike, with their long white hair carelessly floating in the breeze, and two little shocks sticking straight up in front like feelers.

Quite a few years ago, when I considered myself the most important being for miles around, I decided to call upon "the Maker of Universes." I thought that it might be interesting to compare my point of view with his on such subjects as relativity, curved space, and the fourth dimension. Since I had heard these topics mentioned once or twice in school, I felt quite qualified to state my opinions.

I approached his yellow frame house on a sleepy Sunday afternoon accompanied by my sister and some of her friends, who came along for moral support. We were all in such a state of excitement that we forgot to be the least bit timid or shy. We marched bravely to the front door and rang the bell, and were rather taken off guard when the great man, his violin

under his arm, opened the door for us. He smiled so that both sides of his face wrinkled up, and asked in a most polite way whether there was anything he could do for us. I boldly told him the purpose of our visit. He took some time to consider the whole situation, and then most simply and seriously told us a few of the elementary facts concerning relativity, curved space, and the fourth dimension. He explained that he would be glad to tell us more about his theories another time, but that at present he was expected for tea. We thanked him at great length for his words of wisdom, and walked primly from the house. No sooner were we outside than we were all seized with embarrassment. I, for one, ran all the way home without stopping.



Poet's Lament

JEANNE SAWYER, '42

There's no song like the voice of spring,
No roof like a star-lit sky.
And yet when I say, "I love you,"
Like a woman you ask me, "Why?"

Hans

RUTH JACQUOT, '42

THE fog-horn sounded again in the darkness, hoarse and mournful and infinitely lonely. The throb of the engines seemed louder against the night and the fog. Like the pulse in the throat it sounded . . . throb, throb, throb . . . the pounding of a frightened heart in the throat. It was like the beating of the heart of the tug, Hans thought. The thought amused him. He pondered it while keeping one hand on the rail, feeling the quivering of the boat. I'm like a doctor here with my hand on its pulse, he thought. Hans liked thinking things like that. He liked the tug; she seemed to respond to him, and he patted her affectionately. After all, she was *his* boat; he worked for her, stoking her, loading her. Someday he might even own her, and maybe that dark green tug, and a barge. He dreamed on about them, and about the great liners. Someday he'd own a liner. "For the liner she's a lady, by the paint upon 'er face" . . . white and gold, and mirrors, and the captain in a braided uniform. He saw himself in a braided uniform—blue, with gold braid on the sleeve—giving orders. "Aye, aye, sir."

He heard the fog-horn again dimly, and it roused him. The fog was closing in, thick and gray and heavy. "The fog comes on little cat-feet . . ." He hated it suddenly, passionately. A storm at sea was different, wind and spray and waves. But fog—creeping, pressing, hemming one in—and through it all the hoarse and lonely moaning of the fog-horn.

He thought clearly now. He looked at the boat, at the peeling paint on the cabin wall, at the tarnished brass of its portholes. The light poured out of them, yellow on the deck, bright against the fog. He looked out over the railing, heard

the bell of the channel buoy. The boat trembled in reply and Hans responded to her and to the sea.

He ought to go inside. In there, it would be warm, bright. But they would say:

"Have a drink, Hans."

"He is in love. He dreams all day."

"Ha, ha, who is she, Hans?"

He could never tell them and they would never understand. He stroked the railing gently. It was damp with the fog. He felt again the throbbing of the engines, and suddenly put his head in his arms and stood there silently for a long time, while the fog-horn called mournfully through the dark.



BOOK REVIEWS

MRS. MINIVER,

by Jan Struther.

"Mrs. Miniver" is a little book; it can be read in an evening, and everyone should do so. For it has an endearing charm that goes straight to the heart.

Mrs. Miniver is British. She lives in a middle-sized house in residential London with her delightful husband and three equally delightful children. The time is the present, and her attitude toward the war is one of the most remarkable things about the book, and an example to all of us. We follow her through her every-day domesticities, the comings and goings of family life, and find them good—because she finds them good. The explanation of Mrs. Miniver's peculiar charm and appeal is her gift of intense observation, her capacity for making the ordinary become extraordinary, and suddenly important. As Clifton Fadiman said in his review of the book in *The New Yorker*, "Mrs. Miniver, like Charles Lamb, will place a gentle hand on your elbow and bid you stop to observe something quite insignificant, and lo! it is not insignificant at all!" In the same way this book of which she is the heroine might, on first examination, seem insignificant, but we soon see that it is not insignificant at all. For it gives us a character the most heart-warming since Mr. Chips, a character who is the universal symbol of the enduring and the pleasant sides of existence.

To quote Christopher Morley: "A pleasant book at this time! It hardly seems possible until you read 'Mrs. Miniver.' She speaks of the fundamental and the permanent in a manner which is charming and humorous and wise. It is good to hear, and readers everywhere should welcome her."

Martha Ingles, '41

THE BIRD IN THE TREE

by Elizabeth Gouge

In the midst of informative books which tell us what is wrong with us and with the world, of books in which the characters are all abnormal, of books which revel in describing the seamy side of life, comes this story of Miss Gouge, which makes us remember the good that there is in man and the loveliness that can be found in nature. When we read *Bird in the Tree* we are at first inclined to feel that we are reading light fiction, but this impression does not last. The skill of Elizabeth Gouge is that she has written in a seemingly light vein but there is nothing light or trivial about her subject.

David has lost his parents so his grandmother, Lucilla, takes their place. David is only one of a large "family" which Lucilla has taken under her wing. Her dearest hope is to find a home where all her "children" might find inner peace and rest, a place where they can stop and view life from a distance. She finds this home in Damerosehay. The story revolves around Damerosehay, the effect it has on the characters, and the fight Lucilla undertakes to hold her family together. The characters are real. Although one might say that David, Nadine, David's small cousin, and Lucilla play the leading roles, still the other characters — Ellen, the faithful servant of Lucilla, who makes it her business to know the family affairs so that she can keep them straight; Hilary, Lucilla's son; Mar-

garet, the old-maid daughter who has "green fingers"; and three lovable children—all live and are not easily forgotten.

As this book is my introduction to Elizabeth Gouge I can not compare it to any of her earlier books but it is considered by many not only to be more engrossing and beautiful than her others but also to have more depth, purpose, and scope.

Anne Borough, '41

AS I REMEMBER HIM, a Biography of R. S.

by Hans Zinsser.

The New York *Times* called it "a memoir of uncommon quality," and I think this aptly suits the last book by Hans Zinsser called *As I Remember Him, a Biography of R. S.* Zinsser will be remembered as the author of the delightful and somewhat philosophical tale, *Rats, Lice and History*.

The biography of R. S. is the story of the life of its author, who was a scientist with a deep sympathy for humankind, a broad working philosophy, and a delightful sense of humor. The account of his struggles through medical school are similar to the experiences of many another bright young student. But his life after graduation was vastly different from the majority. Rather than settling down and living a comfortable, easy life in private practice he elected to do research work. He fought typhus in Serbia, combatted epidemic in Russia, fought in the first World War against the country where his roots were deeply sown, and went to Mexico on scientific work and also, as he said, because he wanted to see the place.

Hans Zinsser died in September and the readers of his book were probably not surprised, for near the end he had said, "In the prospect of death, life seemed to be given new meaning and fresh poignancy." It is my conviction that these words could as easily apply to this book as to the "prospect of death."

Ethel James, '41



The Old Oak

"The Old Oak" department was started in THE BRAMBLER last year. Its purpose was to resurrect some of the really good stories and poems from BRAMBLERS of previous years and reprint one or two of them with each issue. In this way Sweet Briar's present was tied up with its past, and many lovely poems and clever stories were again brought to light.

We regret that with this issue we must temporarily close this column. We close it by printing a story which, because of its setting on Sweetbriar plantation and because of the clever way in which it is handled, struck us as most interesting and delightful. It was written by Eleanor Duvall, editor-in-chief of the magazine in 1929. We hope that you will enjoy it as much as we did.

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THE TABLES TURNED

*A Story of Historical Happenings
with Manufactured Motives*

Daisy was lonesome. She sat at the old square piano even longer than necessary, an almost unheard of thing, and ran her fingers over the ivory white keys, while out of the corner of her eye she saw the bleak gray streaks of rain on the window. She knew that there would be no one who would venture over the muddy roads on a day like this to play with her. Her mother, up in the guest room, cleaning up for the approaching visits of Uncle Sydney's and Uncle Leslie's families, was too busy to notice her. But still, her mother might suggest something to do. The little girl swung off the stool and went to find "Miss Indy," whom she discovered superintending the cleaning of the guest room closet. Maria, a colored girl under her direction, had just pulled an old wooden box from the closet's

dusty depths and both mistress and servant were bending over the piles of papers inside.

"Mother," broke in Daisy's voice, "what shall I do now? I've practiced and practiced. Mother . . ."

"Mother's busy now, Honey. See, we've just found this box full of letters, and I'll have to sort them all before I throw them away."

But the fun of adventuring into the past appealed to the little girl.

"Letters; whose letters? Let me read some of them, *please*."

"Very well, Daisy. Here's a little bunch all tied up together as if somebody were saving them for something special. There's your Uncle Sydney's handwriting, and your Aunt Betty's, and some queer foreign stamps for you to save."

Daisy sat down to untie the old ribbon and pulled the first letter of fast-yellowing paper from its musty envelope. It was addressed in a flowing hand, which she recognized to be that of her elder uncle, to her grandfather, and was dated 1845 when the writer was a young man. She forgot the rain as she read it through, and then opened the five others that were in the same packet—this lonesome little girl, lost for a while in the past.

June 4, 1845.

At the Sign of the Anchor

On the Wharf of New York.

My dear Father:

Stated comfortably at my table, I am near to regretting already this mad trip to South America, and my common sense is asking if even Miss Betty Crawford is worth such an exile. I wish myself at home on the plantation with you and instead find myself about to set sail at dawn with a love-sick brother for that fabulous country called the Argentine. It was the most

awkward occurrence that Leslie and I should fall in love with the same Miss Betty, and the situation is made more complicated, as you know, by the fact that that fickle puss cannot make up her mind which of us she prefers. After we had proposed to her and she had fluttered between us like an undecided butterfly over Ma's lilac bushes, we concluded that things could not go on like that, and so came the idea of setting out for Buenos Aires, to give our lady the opportunity of seeing which of us meant the more in our absence, and too, this absence was to be by way of proof to her that we can be faithful. But, *entre nous*, I am convinced that Miss Betty is true to one only as long as he is in sight and I have made up my mind to be that one in view. I intend to escape from this affair as quickly as possible, you may be sure, and, giving Leslie the slip, come back to claim the prize. Assure Ma that she need not be worried over *my* protracted absence.

I have persuaded Leslie that we must not write to Miss Betty, for, to tell the truth, he wields a pen with the charm of ten devils and I cannot compete with him, but I gave as reason for such a course that the lonesome maid must make an unbiased decision.

So Leslie has gone on board in a love-sick manner, to write a farewell letter, the last that we agreed upon, while I stayed out in the city, thoroughly to enjoy this last evening with some charming girls I had previously met at Yale. But the dawn is creeping in at the window and I must get aboard before the *Baltimore* weighs anchor.

Your affectionate son,
Sydney Fletcher.

June 4, 1845.

My dear Miss Betty: On Board the *U. S. S. Baltimore*.

The dawn is nearly breaking over the harbor, the waters of which will soon be widening between the wharf and the wake

of our vessel, which will carry us so far away that a world will stand between you and me. Yet, since you alone are my world, the distance means nothing. Pray, never think that I left you willingly. It is not willingly that one leaves his heart and you are holding mine in your hand, weighing it with Sydney's and saying, "Now the color of this is brighter, but this one beats more strongly." May the captor be kind to those lone hearts! You will have made your choice when we return and we shall find happiness in your decision. Through these long days of silence, for so they must be perforce, if you are to decide freely, without word from either of us, know that one is thinking of you. Out on the silent pampas, when I raise my face to the heavens, your smile will be my guiding star, Miss Betty, and in the interim, God bless you.

Yours ever and afterward,

Leslie Fletcher.

December 7, 1845.

Hotel Etas Unis, Buenos Aires.

My dear Father:

Once more I turn my face toward the haunts of civilized man and turn my back on this God-forsaken, heathen-infested country. But to express the immediate import of this letter in a very few words. Leslie and I were in camp, far out on the prairie when your packet came, saying that you were sending money to Buenos Aires to us. We were indeed glad to hear the news, for the last you sent had somehow been dispelled by this strong prairie wind. And I offered to ride up to get the mail. Leslie gave me our remaining pounds for the expenses of the trip and is sitting in camp, owner of nothing more than his horse, to wait for my return. But I have booked passage on a ship sailing tomorrow. The thought of bearing this rough

life any longer I cannot stand, and besides, Miss Betty will be forgetting me. As for leaving Leslie, all is fair in love and war. I do not think he will break our compact about writing and reveal the fact that he has been duped until too late to do any mischief. When I have married the miss, we can send him money on which to return.

But before I arrive in Virginia, I will have one more time of gaiety. I intend to stay in New York for a month or two, in fact until my money gives out, and then return to Sweetbriar plantation to claim the bride from whom I could not be separated.

Always your affectionate son,
Sydney Fletcher.

.

December 28, 1846.
In Camp on the Pampas.

My dear Miss Betty;

The ripples of rumor circling from Buenos Aires have broken my silence to you, for now no longer need any promise to Sydney bind me. While I have been waiting for him to return from the city whence he was to bring our money, he has, says rumor, gone home without me. And that means that he will be talking to you, will be with you soon. This be my lot for ever leaving you! But I cannot count my lot entirely lost. I am riding to Buenos Aires as soon as my horse, which is, today, too lame to travel, can carry me. I will throw myself on the mercy of any sea captain, and surely Fate will not be so unkind that every one will refuse me. Months may elapse, perforce, before I see your face, but its image is always before me, and the hope accompanies me that I may not come too late.

Yours most truly and ever,
Leslie Fletcher.

February 2, 1846.

New York City.

My dear Miss Betty:

Now no longer does the Atlantic surge between us. Only a few hundred miles, instead of many thousands, keep me from you. Do not scold me, I beg of you, for returning sooner than we promised, for I could not bear life so far away from you. How I wish that the leagues that separate us could be traversed as rapidly in body as in fancy, for I would be with you this instant, but business of my father's keeps me a few long weeks. How long they seem you can guess, for I hope at the end of them to claim your hand. Miss Betty, pronounce the words that will make me the happiest man on earth; say that, on my return, you will be my wife.

Believe me always yours,

Sydney Fletcher.

.

March 10, 1846.

Clifford, Virginia.

My dear Sydney:

I was sitting in my garden, in the midst of all of this spring loveliness, looking over our blue Virginia hills and thinking, "Life is so nearly perfect, and yet it is never quite so. I only need Sydney to complete my happiness," when Uncle Ezra brought your last letter to me. How glad I am that you returned, for I need you, need your presence and your help. How true a test was the experiment and how it has helped me to my decision! So hurry home—I am eagerly awaiting your arrival; Leslie and I are postponing our marriage for we could never do it quite properly without you for our best man!

You see, while you were in New York, Leslie found a sea captain with a kind heart to bring him to the States and once

here, he started immediately on the long walk home. He covered the many miles in such record time that it seems a great accomplishment of pedestrianism. He has been for some time now, at home. I am glad that you are able to intersperse your father's business with some gayety, of which Leslie tells me he heard during his brief pause in the city, but do not let the northern belles so completely bewitch you that you will not return to Virginia for our wedding.

Your friend,

Betty Crawford.

.

Daisy folded the last letter and slipped it back in its envelope. She did not understand all that she had read and, as is the way with little girls, desired an answer to the things half told in correspondence. She asked, without looking up, "Mother, what did Uncle Sydney do then?" But only Maria's voice answered her.

"Lor', Miss Daisy, she done went down sta'rs *too* long ago. How come you to stay in de house? Ain' you see de sun come out an' don' you heah dem birds singin' fit to kill 'emselves down in de garden?"

E. D., '29

As We Pass By

"As We Pass By" is the oldest column in the history of THE BRAMBLER. It was first introduced in the October issue of 1926 by Emily C. Farrell who was then editor. With the following brief paragraph she presented her idea for a new column:

"Have you ever in your reading found some paragraph, or sentence, or even phrase that so struck you that you reread it and pondered over it, either because of its beauty in phrasing or because it expressed some philosophy of life that was either new or very, very old to you? I did it so often that I began to copy them all into a notebook. I am re-copying them here to see if you like any of them as much as I do. Please give me any that you find. I want this to be Our Column. Please help me to make it so."

We wish that she could know that from that long ago October to this one her "child" has continued in THE BRAMBLER with increasing popularity, giving pleasure and enjoyment to hundreds of girls. It is with great pleasure that we start it on its fifteenth year.

* * * * *

—"They got into the car again. Mrs. Miniver let the clutch in and set off on the long descent to Appleby. In the convex driving mirror she could see, dwindling rapidly, the patch of road where they had stood; and she wondered why it had never occurred to her before that you cannot successfully navigate the future unless you keep always framed beside it a small clear image of the past.—"

from "Mrs. Miniver,"

by Jan Struther.

—"The waterfall had never been so beautiful as today, she thought. The sun through an opening in the trees lay full upon it, turning the first swift slide at the top into a stream of gold, the whitening rush as it fell, into silver, the mist and spray from its impact on the pool below into a myriad of lights and colors."—

from "Dawn in Lyonesse,"

by Mary Ellen Chase.

"The spirits of the air live on the smells
Of fruit; and Joy, with pinions light, moves round
The gardens, or sits singing in the trees"—

Thus sang the jolly Autumn as he sat;
Then rose, girded himself, and o'er the bleak
Hills fled our sight; but left his golden load.

from "To Autumn,"

by William Blake.

—"She had always the power of suggesting things much lovelier than herself, as the perfume of a single spring flower may call up the whole sweetness of spring."

from "A Lost Lady,"

by Willa Cather.

"The pedigree of honey
Does not concern the bee;
A clover, any time, to him
Is Aristocracy."

by Emily Dickinson.

"He hadn't the resignation that a farmer has to have,—that resignation which knows how little use it is to hope or hate, or pray for even a bean before its appointed time."

from "Now in November,"

by Josephine Johnson.

"You shall not dwell in houses while you live, in tombs when you are dead. For that which is boundless in you abides in the mansion of the sky, whose door is the morning mist, and whose windows are the songs and silences of the night."—

from "The Prophet,"

by Kahlil Gibran.

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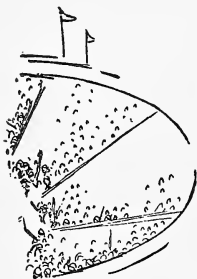
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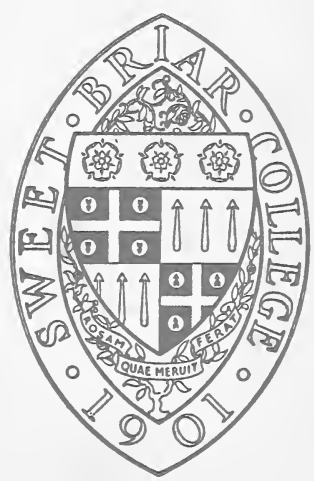
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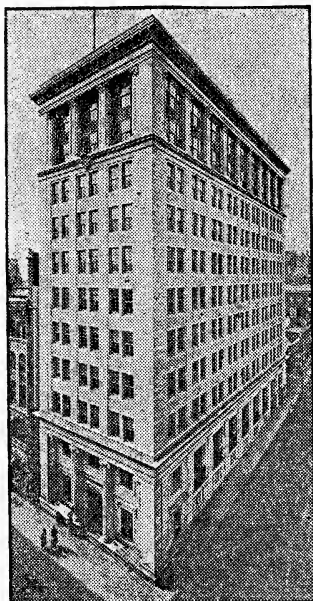
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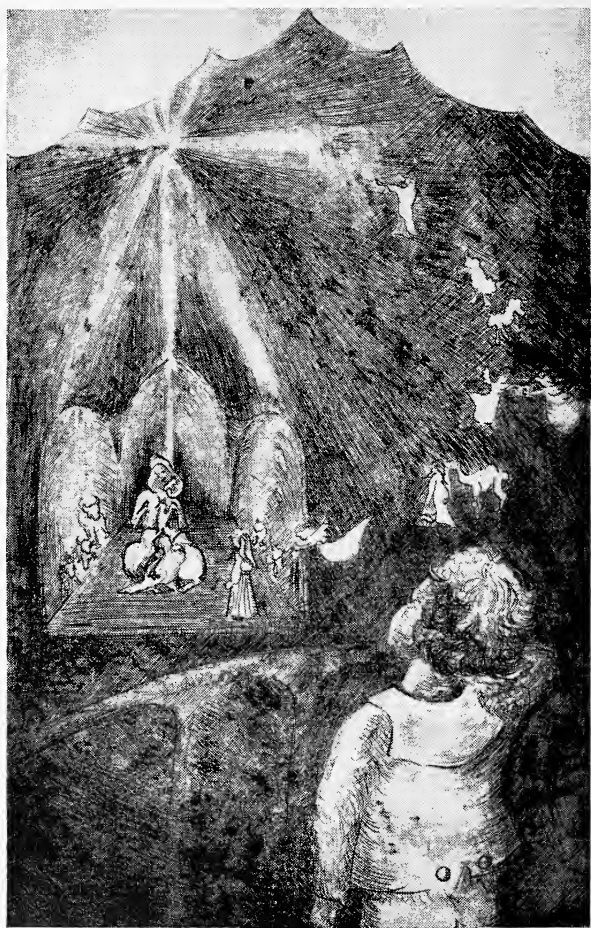
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Holy, Holy, Holy

JEANNE SAWYER, '42

Faint shadows of angel's wings
At the door,
The pure light of one shining star,
No more.

The sweetness of a new-born babe
Inside,
And shepherds in their lonely fields
Abide.

A mother's loving arms and tender
Care.
A man's joyous heart, his humble
Air.

Three kings kneel beside their camels
Here,
And soft-eyed oxen stand in silence
Near.

Heavenly choirs sing—all sounds
Cease,
Glory to God in the highest,
Peace.

. . .

A child's soul fills with wonders
Fresh
His solemn face upturned below the
Crèche.

The Children

NAN TAYLOR, '42

THE children were in the nursery. Mollie could hear them as she came wearily upstairs, already unbuckling her belt. They were moving around, laughing, and Nannie's voice came floating out to her, mingled with theirs, as she paused for a second outside the nursery door.

Mollie smiled. It was good to hear them after a day spent in the city. But the smile faded almost as soon as it formed. Tonight . . . the transport . . . they were leaving her, and would she ever see them again? She went on toward her room, planning to change from her khaki uniform into a comfortable silky dress. Tonight must be an occasion. A celebration of the children's freedom from menace.

She was so tired that as she bathed and dressed it almost overcame her. It was impossible for a human being to stand so much, and still go on. Sometimes just the thought of green fields . . . perfect and unspoiled . . . was enough to send a lump surging into the throat.

Now, stop, Mollie told herself sternly, or you'll break down. No time for that. She leaned in front of the mirror, putting color on her lips and cheeks. After the ship sailed, then there would be time for breaking down and time for thinking about Dick.

She had just returned from the hospital. Dick was still in the coma caused by the crash when his plane was shot down by a Messerschmit. Ever since the accident, Mollie had lived in a void of mist, seeing everything and everyone around her as though in one of the winter fogs. The children . . . Dick . . . England . . . what was left? Only Mollie was left and she

was not strong enough to stand by herself. *No one's ever strong enough to be alone.* The echo of Dick's voice came to her and she caught the edge of the dressing table for a moment.

Feeling returned, and the remembrance of small David and Mary, called Mousie. They were waiting for her. No time to think now, what will I do without them all?

Mollie went to the head of the stairs and called to Nannie. The nurse came bustling out of the nursery, closing the door carefully.

"Yes, ma'am?"

"Nannie, I think I'll have my supper with the children."

"Very good, ma'am." Then she hesitated as she turned toward the stairs. "Mr. Cameron, ma'am?"

Mollie shook her head. Her eyes were very bright, as though they might dissolve without warning into tears.

"There isn't much hope. But the children musn't know. Not till they can understand." She went on into the nursery.

They scrambled from their toys, the ones they must leave behind, and threw their arms around her. They were warm and rosy from their baths. Their travelling clothes were laid out on the beds, and the small table was set for two.

Mollie sat down and took small Mousie on her lap. David stood beside her. The room was warm and it was safe. The curtains were pinned together tightly, so that no chink of light might penetrate to the street outside, but it was safe inside, as it had never been before. Safe . . . that was a word one seldom thought about now. It was "Warning!" or "All Clear!" but not safe.

"When are we leaving, Mother?" asked David.

"Eleven."

"Will there be noises?" asked Mousie. She was already drowsy, her yellow curls nodding against her mother's shoulder.

"Big noises, to go in the shelter?"

"Course not, silly!" said David scornfully. He was seven, fully three years older than Mousie.

Then Nannie came in with Mollie's dinner, and a glance at the clock showed it to be six. Five hours. It seemed a very long time, but it passed in the wink of an eye.

"Time to dress!" Mollie sang out cheerily.

Mousie obediently trotted to her bed. David came up close to Mollie. She reached for his hand, held it tight, remembering their conversation a week ago, when she first learned that it would be possible to send the children to America. She and Dick had tried for so long. When they finally succeeded, it seemed a miracle. Mollie had broken the news first to David.

"Leave you and Father? That wouldn't be right," he had said.

Mollie explained how much it would mean to her and Dick to have the children safe.

"Well . . ." David considered it. "If that's the way you feel," he gave in at last. "I'll tell Mousie. She mightn't understand, you see. She's so young."

And his face wore a look strangely like that of his father, strangely old and set for a seven-year-old. Mollie had wanted to cry out that he mustn't look like that so soon . . . too soon. She could only hold his hand in a strangle grip, and nod. It would have hurt his new-found dignity if she had hugged him, as she longed to do.

"Well, David, need any help?" she said now, falsely bright.

He shook his head, but Mousie came trotting up to have her dress buttoned. Mollie's fingers trembled as they worked, but at last all the buttons were in their proper places, the children were dressed, and Mollie could get her coat and hat.

But, once more in her own room, she remembered that there was work to be done, Red Cross work. She put on her uniform again. Then out to join the children on the landing and down the stairs, pausing near the front door, so Nannie could hug them.

They were darling, the way they took it. But Mousie asked wistfully, "Can't you come too, Nannie? Mummy can't." Then Mollie whisked them both away, hearing a sob and a nose vigorously blown as the door closed.

It was a pleasant night, but somehow you never thought of the pleasantness any more. A moon and stars were bad, since they lighted the enemy. You never looked at the stars, but searched anxiously for a crack of light falling on the street. The Air Raid Wardens will get you if you don't watch out.

They rode to the docks in a bus, each child with a suitcase. Mollie sat with one on either side, holding their hands. The bus reached the dock much too soon, and they quickly joined the people milling quietly about. No raucous noise here. Undertones, a muffled sob, the oily slapping of water against the side of the ship. Mollie and the children hurried on board. Already Mousie was yawning, and David's eyes were heavy. But they stood straight, as the men in charge examined their passports, stamped them, and let them through.

"Well, darlings." They stood by the rail. Not much time left now. The ship sailed in a few minutes.

"I wish you could come too, Mummy," said Mousie, clutching her favorite doll.

"So do I, but it can't be done. Not right now. Maybe later."

"We'll be coming home soon, Mousie." David turned to his mother. "Give our love to Father."

A long blast sounded, warning them. Mollie gathered them into her arms, and they clung, just for a minute. Then she released them, and said, "Remember, you're our representatives. Be good." She turned and made her way down the deck, down the gangplank, onto the dock.

Waving, waving, until the dark ship had nosed her way out into the river. They were gone, and Mollie turned. Back to the crooked London streets, and the mass of buildings, and bandages and pouring coffee. And the dim drone of planes, coming nearer.

The Nazi

PEGGY HARRISON, '44

IT was the summer of nineteen thirty-nine, remember? You had just come over from Germany, a tall striking boy, with the steel blue eyes of a Viking, and the carefree, restless charm of your gay American mother. They said you were a Nazi, and I was surprised to see that a Nazi could be so gentle, so sincere, and so boyish. I had never really known a German until I met you; I had never realized that underneath that stoic mask of indifference you were perhaps the most emotional race in the world. Filled with a mute courage and a fierce pride, you clung desperately to the leadership of one man — even though that one man might be Satan himself! I realized all this and even more, in our fleeting weeks of acquaintance—the most marvelous, maddening weeks of my life. We were two people out of different worlds, you and I; for one brief, wonderful while thrown together. There were nights of gay enchantment, dancing, laughing, seeing the sun rise on a marble beach at dawn. In the daytime we wandered over the hills and valleys together, listening to the songs of the birds, learning to know each flower by name, and I learning too all about the hopes and dreams of a young German soldier.

Do you remember that day when you told me that no matter what happened, you, along with thousands of other Nazis, would follow Hitler to the death, not because of the man himself, but because of all that he stood for — the dream of a unified Germany emerging strong and triumphant over all her enemies? That dream, you said, was why people would give their children, their money, their very life's blood. That was the day when, all at once, I was struck by the look in your eyes, desperate, challenging, and at the same time full of a tragic

appeal. I was surprised to see a tear tremble on the lash of a man whom I had thought incapable of deep emotion!

I never saw you again. The next day, war was declared, and you took the first steamer home, before you even had a chance to say goodbye. Two months later, your friends in America received word that you had been killed in action somewhere in France. You never lived to see your dream come true. But the day that Germany conquers Europe, I shall look in the newspaper and read about it, and then I shall remember your shining eyes, your stirring voice as you said, "the image of a unified Germany emerging strong, triumphant, victorious—for that I would give my life's blood, Fraulein!"

Philosophy

KORAH SMITH, '42

When someone kicks your teeth
Out,
Just pick up a couple and say:
"Have one."

If your dearest beloved knifes
You,
Just pull out the blade, wipe it, and say:
"Try again."

But if someone tells you that life's
A joke,
Be practical—be funny. A banana peel
Will do.

Elise

HARRIETTE GORDON, '42

I WHISKED out of bed this mornin' at seven o'clock feelin' awful excited. I knew somethin' extra special was gonna pop today, but I couldn't think at first just what. When things quieted down a bit inside of me I remembered what was what. My sister was gonna come home today. She married a real rich feller, or at least she went West with him and ain't been back since. That was about eight years ago when I was nine, so I don't remember her so well. Flora (that's Mom) wanted things to look real nice today so it wouldn't be such a let down for Liz and so she wouldn't feel ashamed of home. I do hope I don't forget to call her Élise now, like she wants. I recollect how neat Liz—Élise always was and how fussy over what went where. I decided to fix things exactly like they was when she left.

The front room (it's the parlor when we entertain) is all fixed and waitin' for Liz, though she ain't exactly what you'd call company. The rug is a real pretty blue with sun-flowers in it but it don't fit the room very well or go with the furniture neither. The horse-hair sofa that stands against the wall opposite the door is all done over. It's a pretty lemony green which don't give such a good first impression but the sofa's always been just there and always will be, I guess. We got one beautiful antique that Pop bought from the little second-hand dealer around the corner. It stands across the room from the sofa and almost touches the ceiling. There are hundreds of little drawers with two handles on 'em. At first all you can see is the handles 'cause I keep 'em polished up so good. There's about three other chairs there and a good piano. Élise sent

that to us 'cause she heard I was crazy about music. I didn't mean I wanted to play myself. I'm always too busy to waste time learning how and I'm not a natural. Anyway it adds tone to the room and sometimes somebody comes in who likes to take a try at it. There's a little table beside the piano. I always choose the nicest looking books from the lending library to put on the table when we're expecting company. It makes it more natural looking, somehow. But the part I like best about the whole room is the drapes. Two of them was supposed to go at one window. We got two windows and only one pair of drapes so we put one at each window. They are a royal purple plush, the man at the store says. They look like the kind you see in the movies only they drag a little on the floor and there ain't enough time to fix 'em before Liz comes. I just know she'll be impressed.

We've spent a lot of money gettin' spruced up so Liz won't feel sorry for us. I don't see why she should, but she might not think we're as swell as what she's used to. Yesterday, Flora bought us each a new dress and got her hair done. I wanted to do something a little extra-special too so I got a big bunch of flowers from the man with the pushcart. He said he used to know Liz and he gave me about six dahlias. He didn't take nothing for 'em either. They're sitting in a vase on the mantle piece between the pictures of Dad and Uncle Everly. I hung up a picture of "Rheems" Cathedral over the piano. It's the picture Liz used to like. I do wish we could do something about the wall paper, though. It all sooted up because we tried to have a fire in the fireplace one night. It was just plain silly because we knew what would happen, but we hoped this time it might work. I've dusted and cleaned everything else till it shines.

Liz ain't never seen the piano or the drapes before. We took out the little pictures that we had hung up everywhere. We

took the scarfs off the table and piano, too. I told you before that what Liz likes is simplicity. Oh, I do hope she likes it and it's not too fancy for her. But if she don't like the room, do you suppose she'll like me, anyhow?



To Genius

KORAH SMITH, '42

You came,
 Your brilliance
 Lighting
 All the darkness
 Held in night.
 But like the moles,
 Unused to day,
 We had to turn our eyes
 Away.
 Too much! Too much!
 We cried.
 And let you go.

Night Song

NAN TAYLOR, '42

Come out of the garden, Mary Anne.
'T is late, and the violets soon will close,
The Canterbury bells and the rose,
And only the poppy will disclose
Its narcotic fragrance, Mary Anne.

Do you want to be star-touched, Mary Anne?
Are you already touched by the moon?
Dancing and singing a bit of tune
You're waiting there for the night's high noon.
Come in here this instant, Mary Anne!

You ought to be in bed, Mary Anne.
While the night is still and the moon is high,
And fairies are dancing on the sly,
And there's a twinkle in the owl's eye—
Come out of the garden, Mary Anne!

Build Me A Balance

FRANCES CHICHESTER, '41

You sheer sharp Presences
 Beautiful in form,
Build me a balance that is tense
Like the tenseness of a spinning top.
 Or better still,
Like the earth that whirls on no base
 Concentrated in air.
Fix my gravity somewhere inside me
So that I shall not fly out, suddenly center-lost,
But still cohering in myself, all of a piece,
Be drawn, slowly at first, then with a shiver of
 connection
 Into your greater gravity.

Question

RUTH JACQUOT, '42

You say I have built an ivory tower
Of blindness and indifference,
I do not picture Life.
I do not read the papers—except the Funnies.
Not the War. Not Politics.

I have known the aching boredom of classrooms just before
lunch,
Have sniffed the pungent ammonia smell of a horse, hot and
wet from the saddle;
Mutely I touch the paper-dry wing of a butterfly in a radiator
grille,
Weep without reason, and laugh for liking laughter;
I ask questions—what is wrong, what is right?
What is poetry, what is prose?
And I wonder about love.

I can tell about pink-snowed mountains at dawn,
Of the warmth of soft and perfumed furs against my cheek,
And about puppies and zinnias and tea-dances,
Or how I strangled a sparrow to death once,
And how I cried when a pony died, and the time I was home-
sick.

Cool autumn rains in the big-city twilight . . .
The stamping and whooping of a country square-dance . . .
People on the subways, mirroring Manhattan . . .
And the still, brown face of a cowboy . . .
I can tell of these.

And am I blind, then?
And am I indifferent?

Alchemy

FRANCES CHICHESTER, '41

“**L**OVE,” said Aristodemus, taking a bottle of that shining liquid out of the chest in which it lay and placing it on the table before the company. In spite of the brightness of the thing, Vano was disappointed that it was not the Philosopher’s Stone that Aristodemus was handing them. They had been called there from a long distance to see this thing which Aristodemus had produced—with much distillation and, it was rumored, at great expense (on account of the number of limbecs broken in the process). Still, one must show some enthusiasm for the achievements of others. This was a good thing for Aristodemus to do. Love had wanted tracking down for a long time. And as long as this was not the Philosopher’s Stone, as long as it was open to anyone to find it, one might still hope. One might still hope. That curious mixture that had come into Vano’s hands just yesterday. If it had not been for this meeting . . .

“No doubt you see the curious properties of this thing without further explanation,” Aristodemus was saying, “I have taken careful pains in the distillation.”

Everyone moved a restless assent. But Aristodemus perceived that no one was as excited as he. Perhaps, “Perhaps at the risk of being tedious, I may be allowed to point out a few things . . .”

The afternoon droned on. Vano looked out of the window at the oppressive sunlight and thought that there was so much light that a little might be captured for him. If only he had brought that mixture along. The two together . . .

*

*

*

It was well after dark when Aristodemus shut and locked the door behind the last of the guests. The day had been tiring and not too satisfactory. When all was said and done, it took a great deal of patience to hold any gathering of this kind. In these days anyone interested in the occult could not be too careful. The antagonism of the Church made it necessary that both gathering and dispersal take place during the dark hours. And that meant that everyone must spend all of a day in one's rooms. An evening would not accomplish the business at hand. Aristodemus was not sure that the whole day had accomplished it. Things had seemed to go rather well at first, but then one never could be sure of the reactions of these men. They were all too anxious after the Philosopher's Stone to give attention to such a matter as this. But this was important, none the less. Aristodemus was convinced of that. Love was a madness that had long wanted distillation. Harnessed in this way it ought to prove useful. But perhaps this was not the time to convince anyone of that. Or perhaps he was only imagining that the meeting had been a failure. There had been a bit of lively conversation toward the last. And at first everyone may have been too awed to speak. But Vano — Vano bothered him. Vano had been altogether too calm—almost bored. Vano, who was perhaps nearer than anyone else in the world to finding the Philosopher's Stone. Vano in this state was quite impossible. That was what happened when men lost their souls to a thing. From this at least, Aristodemus was free. There was a certain glory in the accomplishment: that in the whole process of distillation he had preserved an aloofness, a separation, a complete detachment of self. Not once had he pricked his finger and squeezed a drop of his own blood in the limbec. He was sure that Vano had used quarts of his own in his mixtures for the Philosopher's Stone. Perhaps that was why he had been so restless. Lack of sleep, poor food, loss of blood, any of those things . . . Still one ought to be excited in the

presence of this distillation in spite of his physical condition. But why should Aristodemus care what Vano thought? Yet withal, the evening had not been a complete success.

Might it have been the fault of the distillation itself?

Aristodemus went over to the vial which held the liquid. He examined it carefully. Suddenly he felt a strong temptation to lift the potion to his lips—to know beyond all possibility of doubt whether the mixture be true or not. Instead he set the vial aside. One must not let oneself be carried away. Before all, objectivity . . . He went over to his books and rechecked the list of things that had gone into the limbecs. All perfect. Nothing too much nor too little. Perhaps another meeting would be more successful.

The room was becoming cold and dark now. The fire on the hearth had died down. Aristodemus thought that it was too late to build it again. He began to get ready for bed.

The Wait

DOROTHEA HUTCHINGS, '42

SHE stood quietly at the back of the church, waiting for the march to begin. The bridesmaids looked at her and wondered over her great composure. Little did they know that inside her chest a heart was thudding wildly, and that the hands which gripped her bouquet were moist and warm. As far as any real thoughts were concerned, her mind was a blank; but as she glanced about her, at the girls in their pastel gowns and all those people out there in evening clothes, riotous, excited thoughts came racing into her head. She had never before pondered very seriously about Life. Now, however, its enormity and complexity struck her. This that was about to happen was almost beyond her comprehension. She reached down to smooth her dress. A pretty dress—quite simple. Mother had insisted on that. The bodice was snug and the skirt was full. She looked very old-fashioned in it. That was Mother's idea too. As the candles were lighted one by one, she stared at them and felt a quiet hypnotism creep over her. "It's so beautiful," she thought, "—and so frightening!" Standing on tip-toe she caught a glimpse of the door through which Jim would come. Was he nervous too? Grooms are supposed to be! The sexton was drawing back the white carpet. She took a deep breath and shut her eyes. "Please, God, make it a nice wedding!" The organist played an opening chord. There was a deep hush among the guests, and the music swelled. "I mustn't stumble," she whispered to herself. "I mustn't stumble. I mustn't, mustn't stumble!" Someone said, "Ready, Peg?" She nodded and stepped out. Slowly, slowly. Her eyes watered and her hands shook; the bouquet quivered with them. But surely nobody would mind. How can one help being nervous when one is only eight years old and a flower-girl for the first time?

Poetry As A Dynamic Force

RUTH JACQUOT, '42

AFTER the emotional crisis has passed and we have put away the typewriter and had our cigarette on the arcade, we hide the incriminating evidence and wait impatiently. There is a sound like an eruption of one of the minor volcanoes of the South Seas, and our roommate comes in. We smile brightly.

"Hello, hello, hel-lo!" we say gaily. It regards us with a wary expression, after hastily glancing around to see whether a Mother is present perhaps. We realize we have made a tactical error in the very beginning. We should have employed either dead silence or a string of, "For (blasphemy)'s sake why in (profanity)'s name didn't you knock down the (obscenity) door?"

"'Lo," mumbles the room-mate. We leer at it with infinite care to decide exactly what mood it is in. It is painfully conscious of our scrutiny and is trying to see in the mirror, without turning its back to us, whether it has lipstick on its chin or has forgotten some essential garment. Finally it turns and gives us a savage look. We smile.

"Lovely day, isn't it?"

It studies us doubtfully. Our hand is stealing under the desk blotter. It watches, fascinated. Its tongue moistens dry lips. We come forth with a white paper. The room-mate's eyes are fixed upon it with a look of hypnotic horror.

With a sudden rush we block the door a few seconds before the R.M. gets there. We laugh with fiendish glee. The R.M.

backs away, its eyes desperately searching the room for some means of escape. But it is hopelessly trapped.

We wave the white paper gently to and fro. "Look," we say in soft and insinuating tones, "A poem. We wrote a poem. And *you* must read it!" The room-mate shakes its head, uttering a dry, choked sound. We laugh hideously. "You cannot escape. You must read it. You *must!*" We advance closer . . . closer . . . and with one last wild and despairing shriek the room-mate plunges head-foremost through the window . . .

We stand for a few seconds listening to the body bouncing off the fire-escapes below. At the final thud we sigh and turn away. Carefully we conceal the white paper under the blotter again. Perhaps the other room-mate will come in soon. We wait impatiently.



Mary Speaks

MARGARET BECKER, '42

When I looked up, I saw Him standing there
His baby arms outstretched within the door
To steady Him. The slanting sunlight shed
A golden glory on His curly head,
And cast a path of light before Him where
The shadow of a cross lay on the floor.

The Poplar Tree

JEAN NEHRING, '41

Oh what a truly lovely maid am I.
So full of grace and every youthful charm.
I revel in the joyous days of spring,
When sunbeams play upon my green lace gown,
And scented south winds tickle as they pass.

Oh what a truly lovely form have I,
So tall and slim and beautiful to view.
My sisters look just like me people say,
But I am lovelier by far than they,
And I become more charming every day.

Oh how I love to hear the blue birds sing,
And watch the dancing flowers at my feet,
And whistle gently as the wind goes by,
And twist and bend and sway and laugh with it.
Oh what a joyous, happy maid am I.

Thoughts On Going Blind

MARGARET BECKER, '42

Please let me keep the memory of April rains
Slanting across the fields where young grass strains
To catch the soft, grey light.
And may I hoard the picture of the distant hills,
Silent and tender as their shadow fills
The valley, just before the night.

.

It will seem strange to me at first,
To feel the water cool against my hand,
And not to see the sunlight on the waves,
The smooth white stretch of sand.

It will seem strange, then, just at first,
Sensing my boat surge forward as I try
To taste salt on my lips and yet not long
To watch the bright spray fly.

.

I'm not afraid.
I tell myself that I can touch
The curve of a magnolia flower,
The ripple of a colt's warm skin;
That I can grope and catch at last
My dog's ecstatic, quivering frame
And laugh to feel a cold, wet nose
Against my cheek.

.

I can still smell the sweet, warm earth;
I feel the raindrops wet upon my face

And hear them whisper to the grass below.
 I am so very changed, and yet, the place
 Is just the same—my window seat,
 The ivy on the sill—for I can stretch my hand
 To feel the cold, impersonal glass,
 The smoothly polished wood. It was planned
 For me to catch a memory, sitting here
 To haltingly recall within my mind
 The misty mountains curved against the sky—
 All that I cannot know since I am blind.

. . .

Blind?
 The doctor must be wrong.
 I trembled in the dark
 When I was young,
 I was afraid to go to bed
 Without the friendly crack of light
 Beneath the door.

Am I a coward?
 I cannot bear the thought
 Of sightlessness.
 Not to see
 The shafts of sunlight slanting through the leaves,
 The raindrops splashing on the shining street,
 A candle's steady flame.
 Please, God, the darkness cannot be for me
 Who loved light so!



BOOK REVIEWS

FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS.

by Ernest Hemingway.

For Whom the Bell Tolls, the generally accepted best book of one of our best authors in contemporary fiction, is a romantic novel of such power that every page overwhelms us. It is easy to see why this book has been so "sensationally successful," to quote *The New York Times*. When we read it we are constantly tempted to turn back and re-read a particular passage or chapter. The descriptions are so vivid that we feel that we are actually there, seeing the exact places, feeling the same emotions, and going through the same experiences. The philosophies uttered by the characters are so compelling and ring so true that we are ready to accept them as our very own.

We are thrown behind the enemy lines with Robert Jordan in the Spanish Civil War. There each moment is reality itself as we move along with him on his mission of vital importance—to dynamite a bridge essential to the enemy for reinforcement passage. For four days we eat, live, and breathe with him. We witness his meeting with the gypsies and his joining them; his love for a young Spanish girl, Maria, who has escaped the Fascists; his admiration for Pilar and her courage; and his annoyance and distrust for her husband, the undependable Pablo. It is about these four "living" people that Mr.

Hemingway's novel unweaves, so there is no need to mention any other.

This is truly a complete book. Ernest Hemingway has left nothing he set out to do undone, and leaves us entirely satisfied.

Florence Ellen Cheek, '43

PILGRIM'S WAY,

by John Buchan.

Atlantic Monthly calls this book "an exquisite work of an exquisite spirit, simple, gentle, affectionate, unpretending, hard working." *The New York Times* honors it as "the book of the year in autobiography." Among autobiographies it will be thought at first the simplest and most readable; and then, as the depth of its character grows, it will be thought the soundest and most sane, the most strengthening in its moral fiber.

John Buchan had an inspiring career of service to the British Empire, climaxed by the Governor-Generalship of Canada, a position which he was occupying at the time of his death last February. Only one week before he had finished the final revision of this unique autobiography. In spite of this distinguished career, however, he presents himself in this book not as a titled civil servant of the British Crown, but as "John Buchan, man of letters, servant of the servants of culture." The book he calls "An Essay in Reflection."

Buchan had an enlightened vision of a post-bellum British Empire. His belief was that the dictators had already served the democracies by awakening them to value of what they might lose. He rightly feared "decivilization," which is civilization gone rotten. Democracy was to him not a government, but a state of mind involving certain basic beliefs—the sanctity of personality, policy settled by free discussion, mutual respect of majority and minority, etc. He quotes from Disraeli's speech

during the Civil War that "The American Democracy . . . may ultimately decide the fate of the two Americas and of Europe."

The New York Times' final comment on the book is very fitting as a conclusion here also: "*Pilgrim's Way* sets a standard, and will become a classic, on the one hand for its restraint of mere personality, and on the other for its revelation of a character rooted in history."

Margaret Stuart Wilson, '41.

NEW ENGLAND: INDIAN SUMMER,

by Van Wyck Brooks.

Van Wyck Brooks has done a commendable job in making the culture, the life, and the people of New England seem real for us in this worthy sequel to *The Flowering of New England*. Although he has a more difficult period with which to deal, it seems to me that he has met the standards which he set for himself, and it must be observed that *The Flowering of New England* has already been awarded every honor that a book can receive in this country.

New England: Indian Summer is a continuation of his former work. A number of minor characters and incidents are drawn together and brought to life by the biographical sketches of more famous persons, which run as threads through the book, skillfully binding the many parts into one unified whole. In the same way the idea of Boston as the center of the literary world of the time gives unity of place, still leaving the author free to acquaint us with Cambridge and Concord and New York. So skillfully has Mr. Brooks traced the careers of such men as William Dean Howell, Henry James and Henry Adams that we feel as if we had known them and had been at least a small part of the New England of 1865-1915.

The style is clear and readable; it illustrates the richness of the author's ideas and the brilliance of his scholarship. To any one interested in getting the spirit of this part of America, a knowledge of its culture and its people, I heartily recommend *New England: Indian Summer*, preferably but not necessarily preceded by *The Flowering of New England*.

Louise Kirk, '41.

Editorial

EVERY now and then we need to be reminded how lucky we are. I am not referring to the fact that we are lucky to be in America rather than in Europe, to be at peace rather than at war. I am referring to something that concerns us much more immediately than that. I am referring to the fact that we are lucky to be in college rather than out of it. So many of us chaff at the restraining bonds of our college life and long to be out in the world where we can really live. May Sarton, the interesting young poetess who lectured at Sweet Briar about a month ago, wrote a poem while she was here reproving us for ever taking this attitude. The poem is one it would be well for us all to read. We print it here without further comment.

THE GIRLS

You take it easy, rebelling against rules, looking pretty,
Admiring your shoes, smoking too much, hating parents' choices
That sent you to this pleasant prison instead of (poor and
merry)

Where that raw thing is you call Life in hushed voices.
That Real Thing outside the present which is so unreal,
And so restricting to your temperament and so sweet and dull,
To be taken easily and enjoyed lightly you feel,
But only as a Purgatory before the beautiful
Paradise of all the lovers, the learned, the wise and great,
That world outside these warm walls and pleasant hills,
That imagined arduous affair for which you wait
With baited breath, a place where there will be no rules,
But only a permanent date.

Have you imagined
 College to be a world, or dreamed that you could make it grow
 Your world as none will ever be again, warm in your hand,
 Shaped by your will and changing every day as what you know
 Come clearer and deeper and more true and strange,
 Four years of intense private work on mind and sense,
 Where outside responsibilities you have greater range
 To explore, be curious, go deep, be more intense,
 Passionate, single than life allows later when you are free
 Of rules but caught in the patterns?

Have you thought too
 This is the single hour when thought meets action. You can be
 Exactly what you choose now, never again will this be true,
 Nor be helped then by sheer minds, clear hearts there for giving
 Answers to the most devious questions, and that all this school-
 ing
 You resent, is once and for all, your chance for living?
 There will be no one there with answers when you leave.

MAY SARTON,
 October, 1940.

As We Pass By

—This is Christmas! Do not weep! This is not the time to weep, when the salvation of all mankind is born.

from "The Tidings Brought To Mary,"
by Claudel.

.

—Hartley fell down and hurt himself—I caught him up crying and screaming—and ran outdoors with him—The moon caught his eye—he ceased crying immediately—and his eyes and the tears in them, how they glittered in the moonlight!

from the notebook of Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

.

—Grant seldom let anything go past without trying to find the meaning of it. "I've got a fool hopeless belief," he said, "that the more we know the more we'll be able to understand."

"Maybe for you," I told him, "but for me only more confusion."

"Better to be confused than blind," he said.

from "Now In November,"
by Josephine Johnson.

.

—In the field beyond, two lambs—the only living creatures who never fail to come up to expectation—were authentically gambolling.

from "Mrs. Miniver,"
by Jan Struther

.

“The moon like a flower
 In heaven’s high bower
 With silent delight
 Sits and smiles on the night.”
 from “Night” (*Songs of Innocence*),
 by William Blake.

.

“I don’t belong to any sect or creed. All the same,” he said,
 “I’m religious.”

“In what sense of the word?”

“In the sense that I possess the instinct for worship and do
 worship.”

“Worship what?” she said.

“It’s difficult to say in a few words. The Sum Total of All
 is the nearest I can get to it; but I believe there’s a life of the
 spirit, a timeless life, always available, and always parallel
 with this other material life. And the most important thing in
 life is that we should be in touch with it as fully as we can.

“My religion is, of course, subject to alteration and adaption.
 But it’s there, and I like to feel it’s there. You can’t live and
 die in the presence of a vast mystery, as we all do, and not feel
 awe, unless you’re a clod.”

from “Now We Set Out,”
 by Suzan Ertz.

.

—“This sudden resurrection of happiness in his life was as
 surprising as a glowing day in the middle of winter. It was as
 though pink carnations had bloomed suddenly in the snow.”

from “Island Magic,”
 by Elizabeth Goudge.



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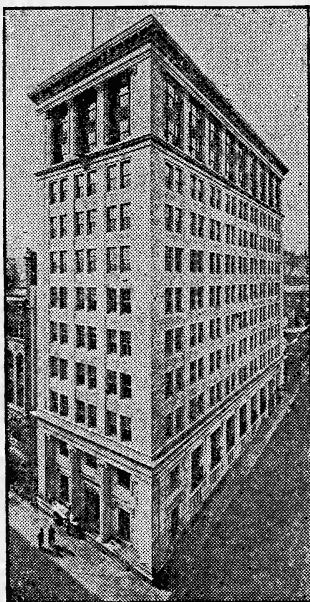
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The Rush Basket

FRANCES BALDWIN, '41

“YES, Madame, twenty-five dollars. No, the vases are separate.”

Why did they stay so late? The fat one, choked with cheap furs, would never buy anything, and . . .

“The porcelain figurines are fifty, the green bowl fifteen. No, I can not reduce the price of the ivory box.”

Séane twisted the belt of her drab dress and tried to keep the exasperation out of her voice. She must not yield to her temptation to yell in their ears.

“How long have you lived in the French Quarter?” inquired the flat-chested one with a curious glance, and a smile which stagnated on the wrong side of friendliness.

“All my life,” replied the brown-toned girl pushing her hand through her coarse black hair. Her look proudly defended the quaint shop.

“Hm . . . m, a nice set of andirons,” said the same woman, running her finger delicately over the polished metal, and automatically scrutinizing it for traces of dust.

“Yes, it is a fine brass, and only thirty dollars,” rejoined Séane, her small body leaning nearer the window. The last daylight was limping away. If only they would go there would still be time to see Tony before he left for the night shift. She longed for his reassuring love and strength.

“Oh, how beautiful! Clara, do look at this basket. What colors! I must have it. How much is it?” The fat woman emerged from the back room where she had been poking about.

“I am sorry, Madame, but that is not for sale.”

"But, my dear child, how absurd! I will give you a good price for it. Come now, what?"

For an instant Séane was again brushing through the rough rushes by the edge of the back bay. The mushy lap of low water was seeping through her senses, and calm through her body. The late sun cast a single ray into the water. She began to pull the resisting rushes. It was hard work; moments of labor were rewarded by only a few ragged stalks. Heavy gray tinged the tawny sky; a bird flew high and fast; and a vibrant voice said,

"Let me help."

Later, when the ebony fingers of night had closed over the sky, she learned that his name was Tony.

Séane jerked herself back to the faces before her, and stated again, a shade too firmly,

"It is not for sale."

A cutting voice rammed into her mind a few short words.

"Come, Sophie, there's nothing here we want."

Too late to see Tony, and no sales again that day. Séane climbed the stairs to the darkness above, and moved out onto the balcony. She gripped the cold iron with hands calloused by cut crystal, splintered broom handles, hard pencils, ragged rushes. Each carved flower, each lined leaf lent its icy touch to soothe the swollen fingers.

The sultry odor of lilacs rose up to her from the patio below; for some reason it brought tears to her eyes, and she let them fall, almost unaware of them in her tiredness. She could never be as patient and as hopeful as Tony. She felt weak, discouraged by the low southern sky. She wanted his love now. Loneliness and confusion conquered thought, and a wild impulse ran through her mind. She looked down. Twenty feet of air, then contact with the smooth hard stone. And how easy! No more tourists making stupid remarks, no more figurines, no more waiting. And the stones did look rather friendly.

Her eyes were riveted by a splash of red in the patio. Could it be her blood that blotched the ground already? No, her hands still hung to the impersonal iron. She shook her head; she was imagining things. The red was only the coat of a well-groomed girl, who was being guided by a black arm into Frenchtown's best night spot. Slowly Séane removed her hands, and walked inside. Carefully she shut out the perfume of lilacs, and the low southern night.

The next morning was a confusion of bright blueness and noisy bustle in Frenchtown. Séane smiled as she greeted the dirty man at her door. He rubbed an old hand across his smeared forehead, and stammered,

"Tony Maurais, you know him, Miss?"

"Why, yes, I do. What is it?" Séane spoke swiftly.

The man looked at his shoes as he spoke. "They found him 'bout an hour after sun-up in the back bay, Miss. Drowned. He did it himself. We don't know why 'cept things at the factory ain't too good. And why he went way down thar', 'mong all them rushes, we can't figure."

"Thank you," mumbled Séane mechanically. Someone had said, "Life must go on; I forget just why." She turned to the women who were admiring various antique articles.

"The ivory box is one hundred and ten dollars, and the green bowl is fifteen."

"I want something different, something interesting," answered an arrogant young matron.

"Well, Madame, these porcelain figurines are quite unusual. Fifty dollars for the pair. And," Séane's eyes and body strained back, "and . . . that rush basket is only ten."

Fog

JEANNE SAWYER, '42

Hanging over the horizon, low, clinging, like a
Lady's gray chiffon cocktail gown. Creeping
Over the sea, a magic carpet, slow, mysterious,
Blotting out the tall masts of fishing boats,
Making the lighthouse a ghostly shadow, a faint
Outline. Silently blurring the bleak reefs into
Mere dim guardians of the harbor. Reaching out
Thin wisps of fingers, settling over the rock-
Bound coastline, like filmy bits of dust under the
Spare room bed. Unhurried as exhaled cigarette
Smoke. Graceful, feline, slinking up over the road,
Dampening the asphalt with the wetness. Leaving
Gossamer beads on the grass. Flowing, like the skirts
Of a Quaker maid, who quaintly lifts the folds up over
A puddle. Politely old-fashioned as she avoids the
Corners. Streamlined as a greyhound, stretching its
Length down a race track. A misty symphony woven in
Pastel harmony. Pale as rain. Grasping as a
Money lender and as unattainable as depth. As haughty
As royalty. As friendly as night. As intangible as
Love. Like rumor it hovers over the city; then fades
Into nothingness. Quietly, picking up its shadowy mantle
From around the shoulders of the hills and rolling out to
Sea from whence it came. Smooth, stealthy, indistinct
In the distance. Cool, grey, billowing like washing on
A line. Unpredictable as fashion. Beautiful as a waltz.
Fog.

Irraggiungibile

FRANCES WILSON, '41

Somewhere on a tawny, dusty road
Or near some curving sheen of morning grass
Or following the perilous track the buoy takes
Bobbing and glinting in the water . . .
Perhaps in the fragrant promise
Held long within a bud, or even in
The riotous circus crowd, or the line,
Colorless, of dim mourners in fixed stance,
Their grief deadened by a weighty scent . . .
Somewhere is the music that never fell on ear
To blind the heart, the song unsung. Somewhere
The scene awaits the painter; and the dancer,
Innocent, has not yet found the dance. The words
Are there, and jumbled till the writer pattern them;
For somewhere, there is quiet madness
Waiting to go mad, but held in bond. Somewhere
Love sits in subtle camouflage.

The Weaver

MARGARET BECKER, '42

Across a silver warp of song
I cast my rainbow dreams;
The shining shuttle swiftly flies,
The fragile fabric gleams.

With memory's misty violet,
The tender green of youth,
A scarlet strand of gallantry,
The clean, clear blue of truth.

The weft is wrought with purple pride,
The gray of patient pain,
The glistening gossamer of tears
And sorrow's somber skein.

Here runs a golden cord of joy,
Then through its pattern fair
I weave a single slender thread:
The stainless white of prayer.

The Perfect Vase

RUTH JACQUOT, '42

THE philosopher lived, appropriately, he thought, in a cave. The philosopher lived according to a theory, and his theory was that one should be true to the concepts of other people. In his Utopia one would never fail to be able to distinguish between a burglar and a banker or the Colonel's lady and some really dreadful creature. The burglar would talk out of the corner of his mouth, and he would wear a cap and a striped undershirt, and the banker would be rosy and round and pompous. Though life in the philosopher's Utopia would have been delightfully simple, he never regretted that it did not exist, nor even wished that it might. He followed concepts himself, and he was a happy and thoughtful philosopher. He had a little cap on the back of his head and a long, flowing robe, and a long, flowing gray beard. He was a most charming wise man.



Many people came to see the philosopher, for he was wise, and true to form he talked loquaciously and logically. So many people came to see him, and all of them found his advice interesting, and a few found it helpful.

One day a young man walked up the steep path through the woods and came to the wise man's cave. The philosopher sat in its opening, smoking a long-handled pipe.

"Good day, Sir," said the young man.

"Day," began the philosopher, "And what, exactly, is day? Are there twenty-four hours? Are there hours? We have—".

He broke off and looked at the young man. "A potter, undoubtedly," he remarked with great interest. "Clay—dust and water—Death and life—what do you want?"

Then the young man broke into a torrent of speech. There were flaws in his work, he said. His vases sold, yes, but he wanted perfection. "How, tell me how," pleaded the young man, "can I get perfection?"

"It is said," the philosopher stated, puffing on his pipe, "that this is a world of imperfections. No one has ever seen anything, nor heard anything, nor thought anything perfect. Ours is a world of imperfections, and life is merely a futile striving to gain that which can never be obtained."

"Never?" queried the young man. "Never?"

"What a beautiful evening it may be tonight," the philosopher said. "It may rain or be hot. There may be a sunset or a storm—or perhaps there will be an earthquake, or even some strange thing that we have never seen before. But it will be true and beautiful, because it is. What is, is true; and what is true, is beautiful." He had read that somewhere, but he liked to pretend it was his own idea.

"Don't digress," said the young man tartly.

"If there were a perfect thing, what would you pay for it?"

"I should sell my soul for it."

"That wouldn't be enough," the philosopher replied. "Souls are cheap."

The potter looked at him, and then he bowed his head and turned away.

"Stay!" commanded the philosopher. "You have heard of Helen of Troy?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Did you ever meet her?"

"Of course not!"

"Ah, too bad, too bad. A charming girl. I remember—but the past is over. She was very nearly perfect," said the phil-

osopher. "But her nose was a little Roman. Slight error in the formula. Of course the philosophers in those days were inclined to be rather metaphysical chaps. Since then the charm has been improved, and it is now out in a revised edition."

The potter raised his head and stared at the philosopher.

"Don't gawp. It's impolite. I should think you'd know better, at your age."

"I'm sorry," whispered the young man. "But did you say something about a charm?"

"Oh—yes. It's a charm to make something without flaw. Made by a friend of mine, Calliolemel, in the 3rd century, B.C. He was quite proud of it. His masterpiece really, though he never used it."

"Will it work?"

"He said so. I never bothered to play with it myself. You see there's a difficulty. The subject will be perfect as to physical nature, but no more. If it's a woman, she will grow old and die, but never fade. She could be as mean as—well, as Calliolemel's wife, for instance—inside too. Or if it's an inanimate object—it could be broken. And then the charm is broken, too."

"How much must I pay?" asked the young man.

"Don't interrupt me. There is also—"

"I'm sorry."

"You did it again!" shrieked the wise man.

The potter stood silent, so the philosopher puffed on his pipe and continued.

"There is another thing to be considered also," he said. "The charm can be used only once. Calliolemel," he went on reflectively, "was proud of his work. He swore that the formulas double-checked and that the charm would not fail. He de-



stroyed all his formulas. Said he didn't want any cheap imitations on the market."

The young man dug his toes into the path.

"How much does it cost?" he asked, and his eyes were shining.

The philosopher was not a very practical man. He admitted it sometimes, rather sadly, saying it was his greatest fault. If he'd only been a little bit practical, he might have had a good job, like running a grocery store, or a dairy. His secret ambition was to drive a milk wagon, and he often told himself that he ought to take time someday to conjure one, and then learn to drive it. But he never did, for he was lazy as well as impractical. When he was particularly cheerful he often reflected that being a wise man was really the only thing in the world that he could ever do very well. He had always greatly admired Aristotle, who he thought was not a very good philosopher, but was, it must be admitted, a very talented man. And hardly ever impractical.

"I don't know," said the philosopher now. "What do you think? It's sort of antique."

"But it's just good for one time," the young man answered.

"Well, I doubt if I would ever use it anyhow. Come inside and we'll look for it. You can have it for nothing if you think you might have some fun playing with it."

And so the young man took the formula on its little scrap of paper and thanked the philosopher and started back down the path through the woods. But he was thinking what a doddering old fool. What an impractical, long-winded, silly old chap. And the young man's eyes were shining.

No one could say exactly what color the perfect vase was, but it seemed to be blue. It held the blue of the sky reflected in a soap bubble and the blue of the eyes of a flaxen-haired child, and there seemed to be in it a touch of the gloss from a raven's wing and a hint of the paleness of a fog at twilight.

Glowing, it stood in front of the potter's booth at the market, and everyone in the market stood in front of it. The vase was not very large and not very small, and what its shape was no one could say, beyond that it was so beautiful that those who saw it could not even speak. Everyone laid down his work and came to look at it; the whole market place was a mass of people. There was no pushing, no shoving, just a strange silence as the thousands of people moved as close to the vase as possible and then stood, dreamy and motionless. Throughout the earth an electric something told the universe that a miracle had been wrought. No one died and no one was born and nothing grew; nobody ate or slept or spoke. For a perfect thing had been made, and as hope and ambition vanished, life came to a standstill.

That is—except for the philosophers of the world and a few pixies and satyrs. Chortling with unholy glee, an excited satyr dropped in to tell the news. The philosopher still sat in the sunshine smoking his pipe.

"It's the greatest traffic-jam in history!" declared the satyr with journalistic fervor.

"It is very strange," remarked the philosopher, "that the sun has not moved for several hours. But quite nice," he added quickly. "What *are* you talking about?"

"A perfect thing has been done," shrieked the satyr, "and everything in the whole world has come to a standstill! Something perfect has been accomplished at last! It's a vase," he added.

"How pleasant," murmured the philosopher, and then he felt a sudden strange and rather guilty sensation. "Did you say a perfect vase?" he asked, but the satyr was gone. "I'm sure he did," the wise man said to himself, and he got up and



went inside and turned on his radio for the news broadcast. There was only silence. When he realized that no one was broadcasting special flashes from the scene of the event, the philosopher knew that something truly revolutionary had occurred. "I had better go to see this perfect vase," he said, and he shut his eyes and wrinkled his forehead and conjured with all his might.

It may have been that the philosopher did not know much about vehicles, or that he had thought too much about milk wagons in the past, but all he succeeded in evoking was a little yellow milk cart drawn by a spirited white horse with wings. The philosopher eyed the wings with dismay. Then he felt rather pleased, but a little nervous. He climbed up to the driver's seat and juggled the reins and said, "Ahem," in experimental tones.



They started off at once, the horse flapping his wings with many flourishes, and soon they were overlooking the market square. As far as the philosopher could see were great multitudes of silent and motionless people, staring in the direction of a glittering object in the middle of the square. The only sound was a faint and poignant and indescribable music that seemed to emanate from the vase. The philosopher peered down at it, but he was too near-sighted to see it very well. He decided to stop the milk wagon and go down and take a look.

"Ahem," said the philosopher hopefully, but the white horse just flew a little faster, skimming dangerously near the heads of

the unconscious throngs. "Dear me," cried the poor, impractical wise man, "What *does* one say to a horse? Especially a winged horse!" He began to think desperately with his eyes shut, and since he was pulling on only one rein, the horse flew faster and faster in rapidly narrowing circle.

"WHOA!" cried the philosopher at last, triumphantly, and they made a three-point landing with a loud crash in the middle of the market place. Under the wheels of the milk wagon were a few broken bits of bright blue pottery — *they had smashed the perfect vase!* But it did not look at all perfect now. It was just a few pieces of splintered blue clay, which, as the philosopher stared aghast, slowly disintegrated, leaving small piles of dust. A sighing little wind rustled through the market place and lifted the dust high into the air.

The philosopher was speechless. Twice he opened his mouth to say something but no sound came. He observed that the great crowd had miraculously vanished, and so had his milk wagon, but he was more concerned about getting his voice back. A wise man should never be at a loss for words.

"Something, sir?" asked the young potter politely.

"Ah—no—" replied the philosopher hastily, overwhelmed by confusion. He muttered an awkward something about his milk wagon and then he saw the hint of condescension in the potter's eyes. The philosopher took a deep breath and rose nobly to the occasion. He prided himself on being an excellent philosopher; any good philosopher can rise to any occasion, but only the best can do it by taking merely one deep breath.

"It has come to my attention," announced the wise man in pedantic tones, "that—ah—pink pottery is supposedly of considerable greater durability than—ah—blue pottery."

There was no sign of recollection in the potter's face. "I wouldn't know," he said.

"You ought to know. What would life be without pottery, pink or blue or any other hue? The earthen bowl—how many

hungry lips have received nourishment from that humble device? We have acquired some knowledge from the earlier civilizations, the Aztecs, Egyptians, the American Indians, as to the extent of their culture, from their pottery."

"Would you care to——"

"Be quiet. Some of the designs on early primitive pottery are found throughout the world. I had a friend on the continent of Atlantis who complained about it. He felt that it was all due to overproduction. He despaired of finding a new design and said that everything had been said and done before. He complained bitterly about unions because—what is the matter?"

"That's the trouble," said the young man. "It's all been done before. What can we do about it?"

"I shall be very brief and to the point," said the philosopher kindly. "Persevere, young man. Strive for perfection. I am not the first to say that he who builds a better mousetrap——"

"I guess you're right," exclaimed the young man, his face alight.

The philosopher started walking back to his cave. He allowed himself one last regret about the winged horse, before forgetting it completely. "He might not have fitted into a true philosophical concept anyway," he rationalized. "Well, we must take it philosophically. Ah," he sighed, "Life!" And taking out his pipe, he began to ponder upon the theory of relativity as he walked.



Nostalgia

KORAH SMITH, '42

I look at you
 And I remember
 What the earth is like,
 After rain;
 And the strength and loneliness
 Of a solitary crag,
 Watching in night's emptiness.
 I hear
 The cold, cruel rage
 Of a northern sea;
 The sensuous whisper
 Of a tropic breeze . . .
 And I know what the world was,
 A hundred thousand years ago.



Residue

FRANCES WILSON, '41

Let the shining thing spill
 And splinter through my fingers
 Leaving a dust of essence.
 This thing, too great a weight
 In my weak hands, must fall.
 And still the glitter
 Devoid of all substance, clings
 Between my fingers.

Ah, Nature

MARY LANGFELT LAW, '43

THE general opinion of men is that nature is a thing of beauty, a spiritual and visional feast. This fallacy has been well established by embittered poets of the Rousseau variety, who seek perfection somewhere, since they themselves fall so lamentably short of it. Mothers, too, motivated by the tender but impractical theory that their children should see the world overcast by a rosy glow, paint nature as the epitome of everything delightful. Unfortunately, men must learn that lightning strikes, bugs bite, rain is wet, and all the other unpleasantries inherent in this universal Mother; and that she is a hypocrite. However, even with the unalterable facts before them, men manage to disassociate the bad from the good, and continue to worship their Goddess, who seems to me personified by poison ivy, pretty, but oh, the after effects.

But sometimes nature is not even pretty. I was walking in the woods one day—I cannot imagine why, but it must have been of necessity for I was miserably cold—and I came upon a little stream. It was a very muddy stream, a rusty kind of muddy, with a scum of slime and dirty foam on its surface. There were slippery, angular rocks projecting out of the water, which were covered with hard little bugs that looked like black beads. The grass on the banks of the stream was strangely like unwashed, uncombed hair that would not even have been pretty had it not been uncombed and unwashed. In this tangle of proletariat grass squatted an indiscriminating bull frog, as unattractive a creature as the imagination could conjure, being rotund, wall-eyed, awkward, and pimpled. He pretended he was not there, thinking he could persuade me that he was part of the scenery—silly, when he so obviously was there.

and I so obviously knew it, for I threw twigs at him. For company he had two jelly-like fishing worms, which he would probably eat at the first opportunity; I suppose they are to him what hot dogs are to us. They were very ugly; naked worms always seem awfully undressed to me. My disillusion in nature, which started at the age of five when I picked some beautiful, beautiful morning-glories in an ecstasy of admiration, only to have them promptly wilt and look like discolored membranes, was completed.

Perhaps my perception is blunt, for I know that there are people who can find something rather fine in a bull frog, in spite of his tough, sickly green skin. But still I have little sympathy for these Pollyannas, and no patience for their soliloquies on the beauty and expression of a snail. They may be happier in their fool's paradise than I am in my analytic world, but scores of them have died of exposure from sitting on the wet ground to admire the view.

Definitions

NAN TAYLOR, '42

France is,
 an old woman seeking the sunny hills
 with her stick tapping on the cobbles.
France is,
 a peasant whistling valiantly into the dark
 as he passes a cemetery.

England is,
 a worn and ancient lion with the dogs
 snapping viciously at its throat.
England is,
 a soldier in a red coat and daffodils
 studding the quiet rolling downs.

And America?
Youth and lusty life,
and a heritage.

Criterion

BARBARA BRIGGS, '43

A probing shaft of pain that suddenly pierces the heart of
stolid contentment—

A black cloud-finger smeared across the riotous color of an
autumn sunset—

One poignant moment silhouetted against the vast spectacle
of eternity—

The whimsical intrusion of a breeze upon the stillness of
a summer afternoon—

The incongruous irony of indifference appearing in the heart
of strong love—

And so I give you my ideal of beauty:

The sharp thrill of contrast.

Incident

JESSAMINE BOYCE, '42

FROM her seat in the crowded day-coach Gertie interestingly watched the varied scene. Well-dressed over-stuffed bald-headed men were kissing their wives goodbye, and little boys and slightly older boys were furtively smoking their last cigarettes before returning to prep schools. The most interesting person to Gertie was a tall willowy blonde who seemed to embody all the qualities that Gertie had longed for all of her life. She was obviously the "Most Popular Girl" in her set, and from the corner on the station platform, where she stood surrounded by eager lanky boys, there sounded a tinkle of high silvery laughter accompanied by a great many protestations and denials. Finally the conductor herded his passengers into the car and the overfilled seats swelled to make room for the new arrivals.

The blonde girl entered, looked around, and without so much as a "by your leave" flopped into the seat opposite Gertie. With an eager little smile Gertie moved boxes to make room for her, asking at the same time, "You goin' far?"

"No," said the girl. She was rooting in her purse for a match. Wrinkling her nose, she looked up. "Really! This ghastly day-coach—Do you have a light?"

Gertie supplied her with a kitchen match and noticing the girl's amused glance, said, "You oughta seen where I got that match. See, a girl friend of mine was gettin' married and wanted me to be in—"

But the girl was smiling at some one outside the closed window and impatiently interrupted, "See if you can help me get this window open, will you?" There was a brief struggle, then, "Oh, damn," said the girl. "The train's moving and I won't

get a chance to say goodbye to Tuffie." She smiled again and waved. Then, as the train went into motion, she produced a tiny gold lipstick and proceeded to reshape an already perfectly outlined mouth.

There was a silence while the girl powdered her nose. Then Gertie again made friendly overtures.

"You ever been to Philadelphia?" she asked.

The girl nodded and continued to stare in her mirror.

"Well," said Gertie, "that's where I work. But I been down to North Ca'lina to this girl friend's weddin' and this boy friend of mine—" She interrupted herself as she saw the conductor approaching and smiled at him genially, showing two large gold fillings in the back of her mouth.

The conductor acknowledged her politely, and noticing the destination on the girl's ticket, asked Gertie, "You going to Camden College too?"

"Oh, how funny!" the other girl laughed. "Oh, how terribly funny! Why, he thought you went to college, can you imagine? Isn't that simply a *scream*?"

End of Day

DOROTHEA HUTCHINGS, '42

Sunset over a great, green hill,
And twilight in a dell.
Star after star acreeping out—
The pale moon's magic spell;
Incense of sweet and white By-Nights,
A deep and tranquil hush.
Clear and faroff melody of
A solitary thrush;
Moisture gathering on the grass,
The stilling of the breeze.
The gradual waxing louder
Of crickets in the trees.—
These things I hear and smell and see
With infinite delight;
Because so sweetly they foretell
The coming of the night.

Sonnet

ELLEN BOYD DUVAL, '44

I saw her first when spring had come this way
And in its wake had left a world turned green.
I saw her stoop to pick a rose she'd seen
And press it to her lips that lovely day.
I saw her and quite suddenly a ray
Of her own beauty, shining and serene
Smote me with joy and yet with sorrow keen,
So young she was, so innocently gay.
I prayed she'd have no secret burning thirst
For things with which her life would never blend,
That joy and peace within her heart might shine.
I sit today and see her as at first,
And even yet that prayer to God I send
Though many years have past, for now she's mine.

What's In A Name?

CAROL TANNER, '43

October 12, 1936

Dear Jeanne,

AS Western Union has already informed you, the baby has arrived. The whole family has now suspended all other activities and is concentrating its attention on finding a name. This being the first child and the first grandchild everybody feels a very keen interest in naming it, and just any name won't do. As so often happens, Tom and Dot were confident of the fact that it was going to be a boy, and of course it was going to be named Thomas. The baby being a girl upset the plans, although we could call her Thomasine. However, we all agree—unusual phenomenon—that Thomasine sounds entirely too much like a name for a patent medicine. The child cannot be named after her mother for there are nine Dorothys in the family now, counting the cook, and there is not another possible nickname left.

The usual family problems are of course arising. Aunt Amelia and Aunt Ophelia have both dropped broad hints that their names would be a great asset to anybody. After all, two rich great-aunts approaching eighty are not to be sneezed at. The problem is: Which is the richer? It would be tragic to name the child Amelia and to find that Aunt Ophelia had all the money. Uncle Paul and Uncle Ambrose have made several wistful remarks to the effect that you can always put feminine endings on masculine names. Pauline or Paulette wouldn't be bad, but I do draw the line at Ambrosia.

Personally I think that it will be simpler to choose a name absolutely unconnected with the family, but that is easier said than done. Everybody has made lists of names that they think would be suitable. These lists show variety if nothing else.

Aunt Emma, who reads the Bible every day has scoured the Old Testament for names and is now beginning on the New Testament. (She just doesn't quite grasp why we reject such names as Vashti and Naomi.) Tom's older brother, who is a poet, is full of suggestions such as Aurora, Cassandra, Proserpina and many others that are never seen outside of mythology and Photoplay.

Of course, we could take a cue from the Nortons. You remember Mrs. Norton, don't you?—a long asparagus of a woman, who is always in the throes of some momentous decision. No name seemed suitable for their cherub, and so they have decided to wait several years and to name the little dear according to his personality. In the meantime they are calling the child Itsy. That is all right for the Nortons because they can't see the absurdity of it. It would never do in this family. Our sense of humor—a little perverted sometimes, I'm afraid—wouldn't stand for it. Inside of a week the child would be called Itchy.

Well, I must go now, for I promised that I would glance through the City Directory to see if I can find anything likely. Please write me soon and tell me all about yourself. I daresay that you, too, are full of marvelous suggestions for names. But please don't bother to submit a list. You couldn't possibly mention anything that we haven't considered and reconsidered.

Best Love,
Carol

As We Pass By

—"It was a wedgewood day, with white clouds delicately modeled in relief against a sky of pale, pure blue"—

from "Mrs. Miniver,"

by Jan Struther

"I thought of age, and loneliness, and change.
I thought how strange we grow when we're alone,
And how unlike the selves that meet and talk,
And blow the candles out, and say goodnight.
Alone . . . The word is life endured and known.
It is the stillness where our spirits walk,
And all but inmost faith is overthrown."

by Siegfried Sassoon

—"As a true lover of nature she was able to distinguish between the shade cast by blossoms and the shade cast by foliage. The latter is full of dense and cool and bluish black. Whoever rests beneath it surrenders his soul to the earth. The former, which can be enjoyed only rarely, the fleeting vernal shade of trees in blossom, is tenuous and delicate and translucent. It has a lilac tinge, and whoever rests beneath it acquires a dreamy foretaste of the heavenly state of peace that awaits him when life on earth has run its allotted course."

from "Embezzled Heaven,"

by Franz Werfel

—"I sat with them till it was very late, sometimes in merry, sometimes in serious discourse, with this particular pleasure, which gives the only true relish to all conversation—that every one of us liked each other."

from the "Tatler Papers,"

by Richard Steele

Come to the window, sweet is the night air!
 Only, from the long line of spray
 Where the sea meets the moon-blanch'd sand,
 Listen! you hear the grating roar
 Of pebbles which the waves suck back and fling,
 At their return, up the high strand,
 Begin, and cease, and then again begin,
 With tremulous cadence slow, and bring
 The eternal note of sadness in. . . .

from "Dover Beach,"

by Matthew Arnold

—"Medieval Persia, a world of nightingales singing among the roses, of pale blue moonshine flooding turret-ed towers, of red wine, and of lovely women sitting by the side of a running brook."

from "The Arts,"

by Hendrik Willem Van Loon

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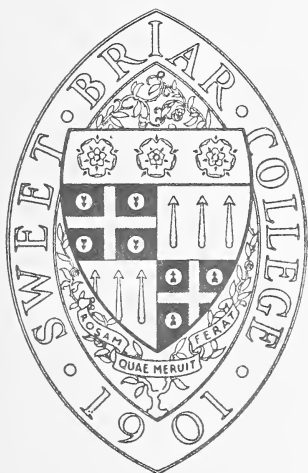
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Alleycatastrophe

BETTY WEEMS, '43

MY name is Alec — short for Alleycat, because as my pompous, intellectual master proclaimed, "Alec is the most nondescript, unindividual, gray-striped member of the cat proletariat that I have ever seen." This, of course, hurt my feelings, but I forgive him—he knew not what he did. Mr. Peabody doesn't think that I can think, which is rather fortunate because he would certainly be embarrassed if he knew what I think about him (and his antics).



To be such an intelligent man he can certainly make ridiculous, birdlike noises in the presence of women—or at least one woman (at a time). Sometimes he gets so out of breath making these noises that I think it must be Dover having a panting fit. Dover is Mr. Peabody's dog, and of all the people I know (that is, except Hitler)

I hate Dover the most. This is not the ordinary emotion stimulated when cat meets dog—for I am above such conventional demonstrations. It is a hatred born of long suffering, continual mistreatment, and a complete disgust for the unintelligent. Dover and I just don't have anything in common. We are not compatible, physically or mentally. Why, I doubt if he's ever even heard of Aristotle's *De Anima* and I'm quite confident that he can't appreciate Picasso.

However, my hate for Dover pales into obscurity with the thought of my obsession—this Hitler. I remember the first time I heard of him. We went calling one afternoon, Mr. P. and I, and as we entered the Memmlischens' home, I heard little

Elmer Memmlischen (he is a genius—at least that's what they call him because his head goes around and around and sticks out in the back) yell, "Mawther, Adolf Hitler is now broadcasting!" And then I heard a noise. It sounded like a tiger. I was horrified! So barbaric! (my nose twitches with shame at the thought). I yielded to fear—that affection of the Angora-cat set. Never before had my hair bristled as it did then, or my back lost its graceful sway. As Hitler talked on I began to detest him. He reminded me of rulers on blackboards; bones being crushed by a rocking chair; car brakes that screeched just quickly enough, unfortunately, to keep from killing Dover. These were only the superficial elements of my distaste. Soon I found out all about his past. I cannot abide his Nazi theories. His utter lack of Ethics repels me. My terror finally gave way to that contempt of the inferior that one feels for a rat. And to make matters worse, I saw a picture of him on a telephone post and his moustache was the absolute image of the rat hole that I broke my nose on chasing Alfred. I began to abhor him.

I had never thought the conversation among Mr. Peabody's friends terribly scintillating, but soon after my horrible obsession began to envelope me, I began to find it unbearable. It was always of Hitler when it was of *anything* substantial. Before cocktails it was discussion of the latest developments in Europe, which would have been interesting to hear if "before cocktails" was ever of any longer duration of time than from the door to the living room. After cocktails it was always great wails over the fate of one country after another, war in general, and the horrible Hitler. Once, while only half listening, I heard the sentence, "If only someone would kill him!" The idea of this sentence so startled me that I raised my head from Mrs. Biddleherst's lap suddenly enough to upset her cocktail all over her dress which I had seen last year without the fur

trimming but which she proclaimed with screams as absolutely new!

To make Mrs. Biddleherst happy, I was denied my dinner. 'Tis the fate of all great thinkers. We must suffer for our ideas. So John Huss was burned at the stake and Socrates forced to drink poison. But a bit of material suffering did not deter me from my rapidly forming determination. In the next few days I committed many misdemeanors due to my absent-mindedness, so deeply was I engrossed in my new scheme. Very often I was without dinner. I felt a martyr and my convictions were strengthened. I, Mr. Alleycat of Peabody Mansion, must kill Adolf Hitler and restore peace to the world.

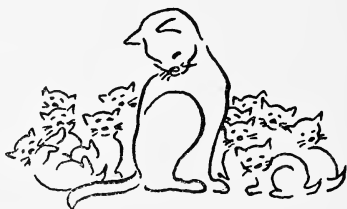
To the ordinary cat this might have seemed a rather bothersome task to be concerned with, but greatness of character depends partly on how great a thing we can take in our stride. I decided to take the murder of Hitler in mine. I take no credit myself for having conceived the idea for, after all, what are we but a product of heredity and environment? I certainly had the best advantages along those lines—my great grandfather having made some important discoveries in the field of Psychology. (He found that purring could be employed artificially to get fed when in the presence of the majority of very young girls; and that human beings were of such mentality that following a piece of string intrigued them to the point of offering you free room and board.) As for the environment—Mr. Peabody has set me a very good example of what to be mentally and what not to be otherwise.

It was very difficult leaving him — not because I wasn't clever enough to slip away, but because there is a certain communion of soul between people of close association that makes it rather strange to be away from them even if they don't hold your respect or love. But I felt it my duty to humanity. And

I was sure if Mr. Peabody knew of my purpose he would soon be reconciled to my departure.

It took me a year to get to Berlin and I used up about six of my promised lives, while my victim used up about ten million of everybody else's. The boat trip was the worst incident of my travels. We were torpedoed and sunk and as there didn't seem to be enough life-preservers to go around (these careless Americans) I was forced to do a great deal of swimming, which I abhor. I was only saved because Mrs. Von Esshelman's darling Mimi had pinned a red ribbon around my neck with a diamond and pearl studded broach (these superficial Americans).

Once in Berlin I found a new and terrifying problem confronting me. I must learn the German language—how else was I going to pull a Benedict Arnold approach? I could never get friendly with Hitler unless I knew what he wanted when he yelled. This was a slow and tedious process and meant living with a German family and, unfortunately, another cat. Mrs. Alleycat was a very prolific person—and the resulting responsibilities of a family of twenty-five scattered all over the



German Reich were overwhelming. Often I was tempted to forget my ultimate purpose and settle down to the raising of bigger and better families. The distant fields looked pretty green—there being exactly seven lady-cats in our neighbor-

hood and the present Mrs. Alleycat (like American women) being beautiful but dumb. I credit these desires to Mr. Peabody's influence.

Food began to get scarce. This brought me to my senses with a jolt. It reminded me of the meals I had missed at the Peabody mansion for the sake of the cause. I must go on. I had been following too much the devices and desires of my own heart. The next day I left Mrs. Alleycat. I made my way downtown to the vicinity where there was going to be a parade. I pulled the whining and purring trick and soon found myself in the arms of a little girl—a better place from which to see. Fortunately, we were situated near the entrance to the Reichstadt building where Hitler, with Mussolini at his side, was going. As they stepped from their car, I jumped out of the little girl's arms and ran toward them. She followed—screaming for me not to get in the way of the Fuhrer. So I ran between Mussolini's legs. (Who, as I hoped, hates cats.) He gave me a terrible kick, which I partly dodged, but fell to the ground as if fatally wounded. Hitler, seeing the terrified little girl and the flickering and disapproving frowns of the watching Nazis, took advantage of the situation (as I had planned). With a few reproachful words for Mussolini, he smiled at the little girl and picked me up from the pavement. The Nazis hailed their kind-hearted Fuhrer while I purred, completely recovered, and got taken up to the council room of the Reichstadt.

The meeting was very long but interesting. I amused the group by following the pegs as they were moved around on a huge map of England. As Hitler rasped, "Blitzkrieg!" I took my paw and put it on the spot marked London and rubbed it out. They all laughed hideously while I smiled to myself. Then a man called Goering handed Hitler a piece of paper which he explained contained the signals that would start the

German Military Force, in all its parts, simultaneously in motion—in England's direction. I kept my eye on that piece of paper.

The time came for Hitler to brood. We geniuses have to have our moments. Especially before such crises as English Blitzkriegs. The company was dispersed, except for me and Hitler. Perhaps Hitler sensed that I was not a cat to be told to leave in the same manner as people like Mussolini. I reflected for a moment that even Dover has more character than this meatball. At least he doesn't bark at little dogs and then get beat up by them.

Hitler brooded.

I brooded.

I don't know whether he thought of anything while he was brooding—but I thought of plenty. I thought of Mrs. Alley-cat (and all the other little cats) and of Mr. Peabody and of his nice airy room with the huge windows. I wished this room had more windows.

Windows!

And then I stopped brooding.

And so did Hitler. He must have thought of something too, because he jumped up and started to ring for the gang to return. But I jumped quicker. I seized in my teeth the list of signals that Goering had given him and raced to the one window. I leaped through the glass and just barely landed on the fire escape. (There went life number seven.) Hitler rushed to the window, threw it open and climbed out after me. I led him a merry chase to the top of the fire escape. Then I climbed out on a pole to a place where he could just reach. He leaned dangerously out to get the paper. The time had come for an emotional upset. I must startle him. Did I dare do it? Could I possibly degrade myself to the point of speaking the human language—and worse than that, the German one? Then I

thought—no one will ever know but him . . . and (heh, heh, heh) he won't know long.

"Watch your step, Adolf, you damn fool," I cried.

He fell———!

*

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When I got home, Mrs. Alleycat was furious. (I am convinced that there is no peace on this world for the married cat, even when he has realized his ambition.) Mrs. Alleycat screeched, "You have been calling on the neighbors' cats. I know you have because you've been thinking about it for the last two or three days." (Perhaps Mrs. A. isn't as dumb as I thought.) I realized proudly that when the evening papers came out she would retract her statements. But the evening papers came out with, "HITLER COMMITS SUICIDE. JUMPS FROM BUILDING."

I brooded again and decided to myself that in spite of Mrs. A. it would be better for my twenty-five—going on thirty—children not to grow up realizing their father was a murderer. And besides—"Full many a rose is born to bloom unseen."



Ripples

KORAH SMITH, '42

Last night among the hills
I strayed.
Watching the fading light,
That played
Strange tricks upon the land.

I threw a stone into
A lake.
From sapphire depths disturbed
Awaked
A thousand ripples.

I watched and as I did
They stopped,
Seemingly ending life.
And yet
Unseen they rippled on.

Thus also that which Fate
Decides,
Of joy, of tears, of hate
Abides.
Though time may dim the sight.

Emotions felt must pale
Desist.
And yet their overtones
Persist,
Longer than man himself.

Come Walk With Me

JEANNE SAWYER, '42

Come walk with me for Spring is here,
And in her dawning's cup a tear
Of winter's melting snow.
Listen to her morning song
That lilts from every hill along
The highway, far below.
The faint sweet breath of April rain,
The pale green shoots of pushing grain
Are swelling from the land;
And Spring steps forth with fairy tread
Upon each fragrant flower bed
With robins in her hand.

The Dutch Country

BETTE HARTMAN, '44

I WISH I could go back there for just one day, back to Lancaster County, I mean, where the Amish people live. You've heard of the Amish, haven't you? They're the Pennsylvania Dutchmen with the funny hats and long beards. They know how to farm, though. A trick of the weather can't fool them. And they're happy back there, too. That's what strikes one most about them. They're so happy and peaceful. One can feel the content when driving past their homes and by their fields. Worrying and rushing are forgotten. One can just ride slowly along.

. . . The crowing of the cock tells you that it is almost five-thirty. The farmers will be getting up now. See, there goes a little Amish boy with his long, black trousers rolled up while he draws water from the well. In a minute he will open the doors of the big barn. There is a lot of work to do before he can catch up his lunch-pail and books and turn toward the little red school house. There comes the Grandmother out on the back porch. Her long, full green skirt blows out around her in the stiff morning breeze. A deep purple shawl lies over her shoulders. It is autumn, and the air is getting frosty. Soon the mist begins to rise and moves slowly across the far fields. The orange and red of the leaves are blended with the green of the trees and the gray of the mist. The Grandmother rolls up her sleeves and goes back into her kitchen. Breakfast will be early this morning. It is market day.

Later in the morning, just before noon, the exodus toward Lancaster begins. The women, dressed in their long skirts of green or blue or red or purple with black aprons and bonnets, the men in their black suits and wide-brimmed black hats, and

the older children dressed as exact replicas of their parents, pack their fruit and vegetables, flowers and jelly into their tiny horse-drawn buggies and start slowly to town. From all the outlying towns they come, and by one o'clock they have reached the market. When their wares are laid out, the doors are opened. All afternoon it is bustle and rush. The city-folk are anxious to find the best peas and the freshest lima beans. Only the Amish remain unhurried, smiling calmly at the people rushing by. At last the booths have been emptied. In empty wagons, the homeward trek to the country begins.

It is late afternoon. The ride home is unhurried, uneventful. Now and then a wagon will stop, and its occupants will get out to chat with some neighbors. There are unhurried discussions over their horses (the Amish are proud of their horses) or over the new crops, and once more they are on their way. The sun is setting over the farthest hill, and the long expanse of fields turns golden. The leaves, too, change color, and from hill to hill the surrounding countryside is one picture after another of red farm houses and barns, with fields and more fields extending over the horizon.

Then once again, the carriages reach the peaceful farm houses. The table in the kitchen is spread heavily with Dutch food that only the Grandmother can cook from carefully prepared old recipes. The family gathers around. Later, before the fire, the father reads from the Bible. Then, after the livestock in the barn has been cared for, it is bed time. Night envelops the farms; everything becomes quiet.

There is a full moon. Over the countryside, on the narrow dirt roads, a few buggies drive slowly along. The young of the county are courting. . . .

The scenes above may seem unreal to those who have never seen the Amish at home. But when one has lived among them and learned to respect them, it seems only natural. It is com-

forting to know that a few miles from a busy modern city with movie theatres, cafes, and brightly lighted streets, there lies a peaceful expanse of farmland where people remain entirely untouched by modern science, where a culture hundreds of years old lives on unhurried and unpretending, where people are happy in their cultivated fields and serene in their faith in God.

Summum Bonum

FRANCES WILSON, '41

Because you are an artist, you must feel
The gravity with which my heart receives this hour.
Who, in plebian attitude must kneel
And tremble, at the altar of your power.
Because your senses are more quick, and near
To loveliness and ecstasy and right,
You live to crystallize, to clear
The fog that blinds those such as me, from light.

The Return of Eve

JEANNE SAWYER, '42

SHE stood at the garden gate, and fingered the rusty padlock. Behind her, the forest was in bloom, young and alive, and the sun through the trees made lacy shadows. Only the garden was still and dark as if winter lingered within the brick walls. She walked on, touching the lifeless vines which clung half-heartedly to the stone, and, when she reached a moss-covered hillock which was high enough for her to see over the wall into the garden, she stopped. Leaning her arms on the coldness, sadly she let her eyes wander over the tangle. Once neat beds in curious shapes and exquisite patterns were now a hopeless patch of briars, and she could not tell where one garden ended and the other began. She remembered the special charm within these walls had been that in each bed grew one family of flowers, and then, around the borders were odd greens and mosses. Roses had run riot all around the inside of the walls, and while the gardens held a variety of blooms, each different from the other, from a distance each seemed to blend with the others in colorful harmony. It had been a satisfying effect.

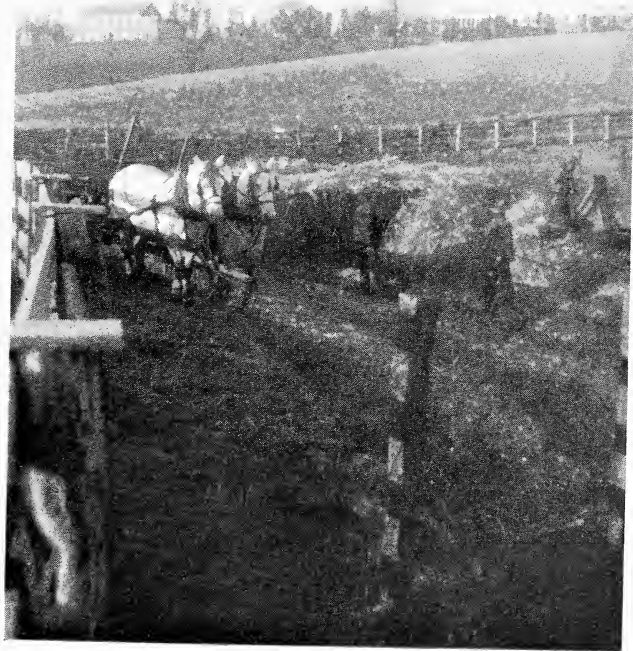
In the center was a sundial on a marble base, which once had been covered with periwinkle as blue as the blue of the sky stretching into eternity. As the sun rose and fell, the dial told the hours, and when the shadow went around the disk and pointed to certain gardens, the opposite plot would seem, for that particular interval, to be the most beautiful of all. The gardener who had originally arranged the planting had planned it so that the flowers grew around in a circle from the morning glory to the four o'clock. During some part of the day, each

had its reign, not more beautiful than the rest in actuality, but because the sun shone more brightly on it.

She reflected unhappily that something must have gone wrong, for there was no order, no beauty, no green living thing in the garden—just the red dust of crumbling bricks and the gray of choked grass. She wept quietly. Her soft sighs stirred the leaves and they changed places with each other like dark ladies in a dance. She caught a glimpse of white in the midst of their brown mold. Beneath the sundial, was a flower. Its clear white petals were open, and it was growing sturdily—almost visibly. She smiled then. It would be a late Spring in the garden.

She went back to the iron gate and knelt to feel the earth. It was dry, but there was life beneath the dead turf. A rainfall, even a shower, would encourage the young shoots and tease the buds out on the flowering bushes. One small gray cloud would drop enough to seep through to the sleeping roots.

The sun went in, and she turned her eyes skyward hopefully, and then bowed her head. The shadow of a steel wing passed over the dial, blotting out time, and suddenly, it was winter again in Eve's heart, and in the garden.



"PASTORAL"

MARTHA INGLES, '41

Nor Principalities, Nor Powers

(Romans viii, 14)

JEANNE SAWYER, '42

Sing a song of long ago
 Before the world was born
 When the blare of raging trumpets
 Was the call of a hunting horn;
 And sweet-toned church bells
 Tolled the hours of light,
 And no soul suffered
 Through the dark years of night.

Dream of a future golden day
 When the heat of men's desires
 Will thaw the angry frozen hearts
 Of pitiless empires;
 When a host of larks will sing on high
 A song of the hereafter,—
 Of west winds and daffodils,
 And children's laughter.

Saltarello

FRANCES WILSON, '41

When I, on some seething market street
Watch the brown lithe movements of the sellers there,
The children sudden as flies upon the fruit
Dart under stands, over barrels and singing
With the lubricated voice of Italy,
Gypsies but for their civil clothes,
The heat bubbled over their faces, and their wide mouths
Open, showing rich red throats, and the hair
So wanton, black, and full of native oil . . .
When then I watch the lean brown thighs
And fingers, sudden in their business,
So am I forced to find the flavor of you
In these portraits of abandon—
Loosely slinging their bodies about their stalls
Singing lightly, always ready to break into a dance.

- - - Especially the People

ALICE EATON MCBEE, '41

ONE of the things that I like best about moving to a new town is walking down the main street for the first time, and looking at the houses and the stores and the people—knowing that they are looking at you and wondering who you are, and where you come from, and you wondering the same things about them. In cities there is only a first time for most of the people you see—you waste your time wondering about them—it is only when you are sure you will have a chance to know people that the wondering is worth while.

The first thing I always do when we move to a new town is to walk down the main street and look at the houses and the stores and the people—especially the people. It's a wonderful feeling if you do it as soon as you arrive, slip away from the big vans, and the strangeness of the new house and walk down the street before anybody has a chance to come and speak to you. You can say to yourself—the town is seeing me as a stranger and it is a stranger to me—these people will never again be the same, never again in my life or in theirs will we look at each other as we do now. Tomorrow they will be Mr. Simpkins the grocer, Pat the milkman, Mr. Peters who runs the drugstore; and I will be the red-headed girl who lives in Miss Merrywell's house, or the girl who always buys the *Saturday Evening Post*, or the girl Ed Stanly is going with. But now we are all people and who is to say what we may mean to each other.

I picked up this habit of mine quite by accident when I was about five years old. We had just moved to Colebrook and after lunch my father started down town to get some things for my mother; when he had gone beyond calling distance she re-

membered she had forgotten to tell him to order milk for the morning so she sent me after him, partly because she needed the milk and largely because she wanted to get me out of the way. I started out of the yard on the run but as soon as I had my father's back within seeing range I slowed down—this was something new, I had never walked down town by myself before in my life. The realization that I was by myself, in a strange place, gave me a thrill that sent delighted little shivers running around on the inside of my tummy. Jamming my hands into the pockets of my blue-jeans I began to saunter along scuffing the loose dirt on the sidewalk, and looking at the houses and wondering if I would ever go inside of them. Just before he got to the post office, which stood at the end of the Green, my father stopped to talk to a man—so I stopped where I was and waited for him to finish talking. The house in front of which I was standing had a wide veranda spread around on three sides of it; on the right hand side of this veranda were rockers with gay cretonne cushions, and on the left hand side were straight legged chairs without any sort of cushions at all. There was a man sitting in one of these straight chairs smoking a small black pipe. We stared at each other for several minutes, and then he got up slowly and came down the walk. He was a tall, spare, old man, very erect, and he had a face that was smooth and white. As he walked toward me I saw that he had a slight limp and that his suit was black and looked as though it had just been pressed. When he got to the gate he stopped, and, leaning on the post, he asked me if I liked apple pie. I told him that I did, and he gave a sort of chuckle and said, "I thought you would," and then turned and walked back up the path without another word. I ran after my father to tell him about the milk. When we got home I told my mother about the man who had asked if I liked apple pie. She smiled

and said, "I guess that must have been Mr. Thayer; he used to live across the street from us when I was a little girl (Mother was born in Colebrook) and whenever we had a fresh-baked apple pie he would walk across the street and ask my Aunt Mary for a piece, and we three would sit around the kitchen table and eat it, no matter if it was the middle of the morning. He probably recognized your red hair and thought that if you were my daughter you would like apple pie."

All the rest of the time we lived in Colebrook I used to have a talk with Mr. Thayer almost every day. Sometimes we just said "Hello," and other times he would ask me questions about my school, or how the ice was, or if it was good swimming weather. They were just the conventional things that an old gentleman asks a little girl—we never got to be intimate friends but I always liked him because of the way he had spoken to me that first day. Once he made me a basket out of a peach pit, and I gave him a piece of the first apple pie I ever made—it wasn't until after we had moved away from Colebrook, and he had died that I learned about Mr. Thayer.

We had just moved again, the year I was fifteen, and it was summer, a long hot summer day melting into evening when I came back from walking down the main street; and because it was summer, and we'd just moved and I'd gotten that same excited, restless, special feeling from walking down the main street of a new town for the first time, I began to think back to all the other times I'd had that feeling—and then I remembered Mr. Thayer and began wondering.

Mother had left the jumbled furniture, and the piles of books and dishes to go out onto the terrace in back of the house and sit in the swing and rest,—it was quiet out there in the fading daylight with the stillness broken only by the muted rustle of the brook as it brushed against the ferns at the bottom of the gar-

den. I went over and sat down beside her. In a little while she smiled at me and said "Well?" (Mother always knows when I want to ask her a question without my ever telling her), and I said, "Mother, what sort of a man was Mr. Thayer?" "I don't know what kind of a man he really was, dear," she said, "but I'll tell you about him and then perhaps you can decide for yourself." So Mother began the story the way she begins most of her stories. She said, "My Aunt Mary, that's your grandmother's sister, told me about Charlie Thayer, and I think she knew more about his life than anyone else—that is, more than anyone except Mary Lou."

Colebrook has always been a small town, and when Aunt Mary was a young girl most of the people who lived there had lived there all of their lives and knew the desires and devices of their neighbors' hearts as well as they knew their neighbors' business. Shut away there in the New England hills the town depended on gossip for the daily bread of its conversation; few items of possible interest went un-noted and fewer still un-commented upon—Jane Peter's seven months baby, and the fact that the Smith young'uns were going barefoot already, passed thru the town from the lady's sewing circle in the Congregational church, to the group at the post office, and in between the swinging doors of the Inn's bar room; they were mentioned during the morning's "trading" at the store, and came up again over the tea cups in the better houses at the north end of town. Each question was considered, and with equal gravity approved or condemned so that before a week was out the town had formulated its opinion, settled the matter for all time and passed on to the next thing. None of these decisions was the result of any one person's pronouncement—the town, the undefinable "they" governed them all. When a baby was born in Colebrook it might of its own free will decide whether it would scream with rage or cry quietly but from that moment on "the

Town" shaped the course of its destiny with stern though hidden hands. The clothes it wore, its teething, its first steps, its schooling, its recreation, and its work all took place under the sharp eyes of the town. Some of the boys went away when they grew up and escaped; the women stayed, and if one varied her wash day to break the monotony of life the echoes of her misconduct as it passed from house to house soon forced her back into the accepted pattern.

Charlie Thayer had lived in Colebrook all of his life, and when he was about twenty the town decided it was high time he was thinking about getting married—he had finished at the Academy and had been working in his father's feed store for the better part of two years and was proving to be a good businessman. In any event he would inherit his father's interest in the store. The fact that Charlie liked Abbey Graves better than the other girls in Colebrook, or at least took her to more of the parties and church sociables, fitted in with the plans of the town perfectly, for Abbey's father owned the other half interest in the feed store, and what, people asked one another, would be more suitable than to have the young folks marry? Everything might have gone along smoothly enough if Mrs. Thayer hadn't gotten a letter one morning from her brother in Charleston, South Carolina, in which he said among other things, that he would like to have Charlie visit him for a while, say six months. The letter caused a good deal of conversation to take place in the Thayer household and before long the question as to whether or not Charlie should go to visit his uncle was being discussed by the town. Mrs. Thayer had explained to the Ladies Aide when it met at her house that, "It did seem like powerful long way off for Charlie to go, but being as how he had been named for his uncle, and if she did say so herself her brother Charlie had done real well, and what with him having neither chick nor child,—well, it did seem as

though it wouldn't be right to keep the boy at home. After all," she said, with a meaning nod at Mrs. Graves, "it's not as though he was going away for good and all." "The Town" agreed with Mrs. Thayer.

The Saturday night before Charlie left Colebrook his friends gave a surprise party for him in the Grange Hall. Everybody was very gay and Charlie and Abbey danced together all evening. When it came time to go home the guests crowded around to wish Charlie good-bye and one of the boys called out, "Well, I guess the next party we give for Charlie will be a wedding party." Abbey blushed, and Charlie got very red but he didn't let go of her hand, and everybody laughed.

When Monday came a great many people "happened" to be at the station to see Charlie off and to call after him, "Don't take any wooden nickels," or "Be as good as you can, Charlie" when the train pulled out. It is hard to say what thoughts must have passed through Charlie Thayer's mind on that long trip South. It was the first time he had ever been more than fifty miles away from Colebrook, and the places and the people and the things he saw and heard made him feel as though he had got suddenly into the middle of a story book without realizing it. When his letters began to arrive in Colebrook his mother read them to the neighbors, and especially to Abbey Graves, although Abbey had some of her own. At first Charlie wrote often, telling about the trip, and the new things he was doing, the food he had, and the people he met; he asked questions too; he asked about all the people in Colebrook, and what the news was, and who had been elected fire chief. As Charlie said to my Aunt Mary a long time afterwards, he had been homesick those first weeks in Charleston. The houses with their iron grill-work, and their front doors on the side seemed odd, the people strange and indifferent, and he missed the hills in that flat country of waving grasses and Spanish moss. He said it

didn't sound right to be called Mr. Thayer instead of "you, Charlie." He told Aunt Mary that he first began to think about people those months he was in Charleston; always before he had known the people he met so well that he had never had to look at them to see what they were thinking; always before people had just meant old Mis'Breck who was forever complaining about the weather, or Judge Grey who used such big words that it took you a while to get what he was driving at, or Mike Cassedy who knew more about hunting dogs than anyone in Litchfield County. But now he was meeting a lot of people he didn't have any knowledge about, and he had to sit down and think about them; to decide whether he liked them or not, and why. He realized that those people might be wondering about him too. "And then," Charlie said to Aunt Mary, "I realized that perhaps most of those people were too busy to bother wondering about what sort of a fellow I was; and I figured if I got to be somebody important they'd just naturally have to wonder about me. That's when I asked my Uncle Charlie to let me start reading law in his office for I decided I'd get to be a lawyer and show these people I was something." Charlie Thayer told all this to my Aunt Mary because they had always been friends, and because she saw after him when his wife died, and he felt that perhaps after all she understood him better than anybody else—but to get on with the story.

Charlie wrote his parents of his decision to study law, and, as his uncle wrote a letter giving his approval, there wasn't much the old folks could say; besides, they thought it would be kind of nice to have a lawyer in the family. When people asked about Charlie, Mr. Thayer would say "Yes, he's studying to be a lawyer, his uncle's having him take some courses in the college down there too." It made Mr. Thayer feel good. Abbey Graves wasn't very pleased about the way things were turning out and she and Charlie had a quarrel. It's a hard thing to

make up a quarrel that is begun and carried on by mail and after a while, when neither one of them seemed to be winning over the other, their letters began to have longer and longer intervals between them and finally they stopped completely. When the girls in the post office asked Abbey about it she told them that Charlie sent hers along with those to his mother on account of the postage being so high.

Charlie had been away a year when he met Mary Lou at a dance one night. She was little, and her dark hair had a glint of red in it, and she had a soft drawl. Charlie thought she was lovely. Almost before he knew it he was head over heels in love with Mary Lou, and although there were a good many other young men who felt the same way about her she seemed to like Charlie as much as he liked her. He met Mary Lou at the beginning of the summer and by fall they were planning what they would do when he got to be a lawyer and was ready to support a family, for his uncle would not hear of his stopping when he was doing so well. Charlie had written nothing to his family about Mary Lou because he could not put down into so many words the way he felt about her. Sometimes he thought about Abbey and felt a little guilty, but his mother wrote that Abbey was going around with Billie West a good deal and folks seemed to have forgotten that she'd been crazy over Charlie. Mrs. Thayer wrote some other things about Abbey, harsh things that Charlie was glad to forget, and yet they made him feel better somehow.

Charlie wouldn't have gone back to Colebrook that fall if his father had not died suddenly.—

The town greeted him sympathetically, joshed him a little about his Southern accent, and his fancy clothes, and helped him in every way it could. People seemed glad to see him; they stopped him on the street, in the store or the post office to say a few words to him—it made Charlie realize how much he'd

missed Colebrook without knowing it. The job of getting his father's affairs closed up took longer than Charlie had anticipated, though he worked hard at it, sometimes into the night, for he was impatient to have it over with so that he might get back to Mary Lou; but the longer he stayed the harder it was to bring things to the point of breaking away for good. Everyone expected him to take over the store, now that his father was gone, and Mr. Graves was none too well. It made Charlie feel good to have people glad to see him. Often someone would stop by the house and ask him about the South, and once when some of the men got into an argument at the post office while they were standing around waiting for the mail to be sorted they came up to him and said "Charlie, you're pretty near a lawyer by now, what's your opinion on this?" Even Judge Grey stopped him one day and suggested that Charlie might help him on some cases if the store wasn't too busy. Two months went by before Charlie realized it and the town began to whisper because they hadn't seen him say more than two words to Abbey Graves; they wondered if Abbey had lost him to some girl in Charleston, they said the girls in the post office said Charlie had sent some letters to a Mary Lou somebody down there, they said that being as how Charlie and Abbey had been practically engaged when he left it didn't seem right for him to act so. It wasn't long before Abbey heard the whispers.

Late one November afternoon Charlie finished signing the last paper that cleared up the estate, and, turning in his seat, he called to Peter Holms, the handy man, that he was going to leave early and gave some directions for locking up the store. As he rose to go, the door opened and Abbey Graves walked into the room. She came over to him and said in a tight, angry voice, "Charlie Thayer, when are you going to marry me, how much longer do you think I am going to wait, how much longer do you think I am going to be the laughing stock of this town?"

Peter Holms who was cleaning up the back room heard her say it, but no one ever knew what Charlie answered because he went over and shut the door to the back room before he made any reply. Nobody ever knew what he said in the letter he wrote to Mary Lou, (though the girls in the post office held it up to the light and tried to read through the envelope). Two weeks later Charles Thayer and Abagale Graves were married in the Congregational church—and the town talked—some people took it for granted, some people said he was a fool, some people said Abbey couldn't have much pride asking a man to marry her that way. Everyone knew that he had been in love with a girl in Charleston and wondered what sort of a girl she was, and what she looked like and how she felt about it all. The town couldn't come to any decision; first it sided with Abbey and then it pitied Charlie—after awhile other things came along to interest them and they stopped discussing Charlie and Abbey but no one ever forgot what had happened and no one ever stopped saying "Well, now you take Charlie Thayer—now I wonder—?"

Mother stopped talking, and we sat there watching the mist rise over the meadows, and listened to the high, shrill cry of the peepers. In a little while I asked her, "What became of Mary Lou?" so Mother went on with the story—"She married in time, and once when her husband was on a trip North she came to Colebrook, and brought her little boy with her; his name was Willie, I remember, Willie Ford."

It was dark now and as we got up to go into the house I said, "Mother, was Mr. Thayer happy with Abbey?" and she said "I don't know, dear, people used to say they didn't get along too well. As far back as I can remember they sat on the veranda in the summer, she on her side in the rockers with the cretonne cushions, and he on his side in a straight-backed chair smoking his pipe, and neither one of them saying a word. She

died the year before Mary Lou visited Colebrook, and I remember people saying they wondered what Abbey would have thought of that visit. Mr. Thayer brought Mary Lou over to meet my Aunt Mary that day and I played with her little boy. After they had been in the house a while they came out and went into the garden back of the house. Willie and I were going to go with them but Aunt Mary called us and we went into the kitchen to have some apple pie instead.”—

The first thing I always do when we move to a new town is to walk down the main street and look at the houses, and the stores and the people—especially the people, for it is only when you are sure you will have a chance to know people that it is worthwhile wondering about them.

Wine

MARGARET BECKER, '42

Bare is my board
Of wisdom's meat;
No crumb have I
Of comfort sweet.

My cloak of pride
Is rent and frayed,
And on my hearth
Love's embers fade.

And yet no cold
No want is mine,
For I am drunk
On beauty's wine.

You Are - - -

KORAH SMITH, '42

You cannot be a dream;
 Yet, if you are reality
 Then life must be a fantasy;
 Like those distorted visions
 Which swarm the brain at dusk;
 When beauty changes to a monster,
 And a smile into a fool's grimace,
 And laughter is the broken echo of forgotten tears.

You cannot be reality.
 And yet this pain that racks my heart,
 Is it a dream?
 Could any fiction of my brain invent
 A creature such as you?
 You are too perfect for my shallow mind to paint;
 You are too much a part of earth's pulsating stream,
 To be the phantom of a mortal's dream.

Not a dream, nor yet reality—
 You are a faded hope, the living pain of human longing.
 My love for you is like the futile splashing
 Of the boundless sea against the rockless shore.
 She breaks with all her fury and primitive simplicity,
 Upon the cool indifferent sand. No grain is moved
 But as the sea rolls back, a little of her tears are left,
 To dry and shrivel in the sand.

The Mirror

RUTH JACQUOT, '42

THE little man in the derby hat had just got out of the elevator and was walking along the corridor of the apartment house when he heard the scream. It was a ghastly sound, shrill and horrified, somehow more dreadful because the corridor was so ordinary with its red carpeting and the ivory numbered doors and its airless, musty, apartment house smell. When the scream ended, the man stood, uncertain, and he saw the dark floral pattern on the dirty carpet and thought it was an ugly design, and he looked at a frayed cigar butt in the sand-filled earthen pot by the elevator and felt a sudden wave of nausea. All in a few seconds he saw and felt these things, and then he was running towards a door and jerking the handle, his mouth dry with fear. The door was unlocked and opened noiselessly from a little vestibule. The girl was lying on the floor of the vestibule, on her back, one hand clutching at her throat. She was dead. He saw at once that she was dead. Her face was twisted in an expression of utter terror, the eyes staring open, her mouth still as if she had not yet finished screaming. The man stood and looked at her, feeling nothing now, and behind him people began to push and crowd, and very dimly he heard voices asking and shouting in the corridor, and then a woman began to shriek hysterically.

* * * * *

Mara Wintersley put the mirror up herself. She put it in the little vestibule that she always called the entrance hall, and she thought it was very effective. It was an odd mirror, elaborately carved in baroque swirls, and gilt-painted, but the gilt was tarnishing in places. It was an antique, a family heir-

loom, Carl had told her, and very valuable. "Extremely valuable," he said, and his pointed white teeth had flashed in a strange grim smile. It didn't look it, she thought. It reminded her somehow, rather strangely, of Carl himself. Carl had been her first husband, dark-faced and foreign and strange. She had really known nothing about him except that he had glittering compelling eyes and a curiously cold and furious nature. And there was something about him, something uncanny and repellent, so that Mara when she left him felt that she was stepping back to a world she knew, out of a chill and remote and terrifying age long past.

But she kept the mirror, because it added a touch of the unusual to her apartment, which was very modern, gray and white and chartreuse, and typical somehow of brittle, sophisticated Mara Wintersley and her very cynical, witty, very modern new husband. It was, she told herself, distinctive and—she thumbed over her mental catalogue of smart adjectives—unique.

Noel was wryly humorous about it. "How would *you* like to come home to the blushing bride and encounter first of all a gloomy gift from a gloomy first husband?"

"Well, after all, darling, it's the only thing I kept of his," said Mara. "And it was practically his only gift anyhow." And she made a rueful smile while all the cocktail guests laughed appreciatively. They had never liked Carl. "I think he was a zombie or something," Noel used to say, describing the collections of antique books of magic, the treatises he wrote on witchcraft and vampires and ghouls. Mara had tried at first to coax Carl away from his morbid books, away from the great dark mansion to the gay habitats of her friends, but he had merely smiled, the opaque dark eyes inscrutable, his sharp-pointed white teeth flashing. "I want to keep you for myself," he said, "I should want to kill anyone who took you away."

But he did not contest the divorce. She was free twelve weeks after they were married, and he even came to her celebration party, bringing the mirror.

"Sort of hail and farewell," Mara explained, "off with the old and on with the new," and she laughed up at Noel. She was tired, a little, from the strain of doing over the apartment. When the guests left, she turned and pushed up a stray curl in front of the mirror, and Noel, hearing her exclamation, asked "Trouble?"

Mara Wintersley laughed. "One drink too many, darling. I thought I saw my good old lawyer leering over my shoulder."

"Always thought I was cut out to be a bartender," he said cheerfully. "Let's go out and get you so you can't see at all." And he tossed her coat over her shoulders and they went out laughing, racing each other down the stairs instead of using the elevator.

In the morning it was Noel who saw the note in the paper about the death of Mara's lawyer. It rather shocked them for a moment, and then Mara giggled and dug into her grapefruit. "I'm psychic, didn't you know?" she said. "Your future, two bits." So Noel laughed too, and she kissed him goodbye and turned back with a happy little sigh. How nice this was, and how different from Carl's huge gloomy place. She turned to the mirror and rubbed her lipstick in with her little finger. She had always felt helpless around Carl and somehow beaten, as if he knew her most secret thoughts. "You are mine now," he whispered when they were married, "I shall never let you go." Mara Wintersley laughed suddenly, because her lawyer had outwitted Carl so cleverly. And of course the judge had been very sympathetic and lenient. A wonderful old judge with those twinkling wise eyes. Mara Wintersley paused suddenly and looked quickly at the mirror. For an instant she felt that

she had seen—but no, of course not. It was the sunlight flashing for a second in the glass on the wall.

She went into the living room, and then because she suddenly felt lonely and a little afraid for no good reason, she turned on the radio very loud as she went about her work. She decided she would not use the glass again.

Noel laughed because she wouldn't use the mirror. "So you called them to come and get it," he mocked. "Just because you were tight and saw it making faces at you!"

"I wasn't tight the next day when I thought I saw the judge's eyes," she said, "and that letter about him today. . . ."

"This is a swell goodbye," Noel said. "He was doddering, darling. On his last legs."

"My lawyer was young."

"He was a good lawyer," drawled Noel, straight-faced. "The good die young." And he dodged the pillow Mara threw at him, and picking her up, he carried her into the vestibule. "Now look and tell Daddy what you see."

"I see a beautiful girl and an idiot by the name of Noel Wintersley." And then she threw her arms around his neck and kissed his forehead. "I do believe you're getting bald, darling," she said.

"As I believe I announced before," he answered with dignity, "This is a swell goodbye. Let me go. I'll be appreciated in Cincinnati."

"Fool," said Mara tenderly. "I'll come with you to the taxi. I've got some shopping today to do." But first he kissed her goodbye there, and then catching up his briefcase, he offered her his arm and they marched solemnly out of the apartment, whistling the Wedding March off-key.

The man did not come for the mirror all day, and Mara was getting angry. You'd think they didn't *want* charity, she thought, and was just getting ready to telephone them when

the doorbell rang. It was a telegram, and she took it eagerly, because she knew that Noel was telling of a safe landing and had probably written something funny and insulting. She read it in their bedroom. For a long time she stood staring at it, not moving, barely comprehending, and then with sudden dreadful clarity she saw again that scene in front of the mirror in the vestibule. "I see Noel Wintersley," she had said. And she had seen herself. And two other faces. And now they were dead, and Noel was dead. "Noel," she whispered, and then Mara Wintersley turned her set face towards the hall and began walking slowly towards the mirror. A little smile flickered, because she knew that Carl had beaten her at last, somehow; she dared not think how.

The mirror hung on the wall above a little table, and Mara Wintersley waited until she was directly in front of the little table before she looked up. She saw the door behind her reflected and part of the living room through the door, and the wall behind her, the *whole* of the wall behind her. But her own reflection was not in the mirror on the wall.

* * * * *

The house physician laid down the telegram. "Probably a heart attack," he said. "And no wonder," and he tapped the telegram.

"Judas," said the little man in the derby hat. "Judas, I was right outside the door and I hears her scream. Like she was being murdered. Judas, just like she was being murd . . . " And he jumped and cried out himself, for just then the mirror on the wall slid to the floor with a loud crash and broke into silvery little pieces on the floor and on the body of the girl.

As We Pass By

“And wondrous works of substances unknown,
Were heaped in the recesses of her bower;
Carved lamps and chalices, and vials which shone
In their own golden beams—each like a flower,
Out of whose depth a firefly shakes his light
Under a cypress in a starless night.”

from “The Witch of Atlas”

by Percy Bysshe Shelley

“For she had seen a vision of Heaven . . . Alabaster walls encompassed Heaven about, walls that were as tall as the skies of the earth. Morning glories clambered in green fountains on all the alabaster walls. And their trumpet mouths of blood-red and thundery-blue, and moon-white and wine color and cinna-bar—oh, all the mouths of all the colored trumpet-flowers—blew music through the vast breadth of Heaven—”

from “Lamb in His Bosom”

by Caroline Miller

“In the morning of the second day we breakfasted luxuriously in an old-fashioned parlor on tea, toast, eggs and honey in the very sight of the bee-hives from which it had been taken, and a garden full of thyme and wild flowers that had produced it.”

from “My First Acquaintance with Poets”

by William Hazlitt

"You need three things for burning leaves:
 A rake, a match, and by your side
 (To make the ceremony true)
 A child to watch you, all wide-eyed."

from "October"

by Barbara A. Jones

"Pain and sorrow we must always bear alone. Only happiness can be shared with another, and so we remember it, as I shall remember this hour here."

'If it could only last!' she sighed.

'It lasts as long as it's remembered'."

from "All This and Heaven Too"

by Rachel Field

"While Spring shall pour his showers, as oft he wont,
 And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest Eve;
 While Summer loves to sport
 Beneath thy lingering light;

While fallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves;
 Or Winter, yelling through the troublous air,
 Affrights thy shrinking train,
 And rudely rends thy robes;

So long, sure-bound beneath the sylvan shed,
 Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, rose-lipped Health,
 Thy gentlest influence own,
 And hymn thy favorite name."

from "Ode to Evening"

by William Collins



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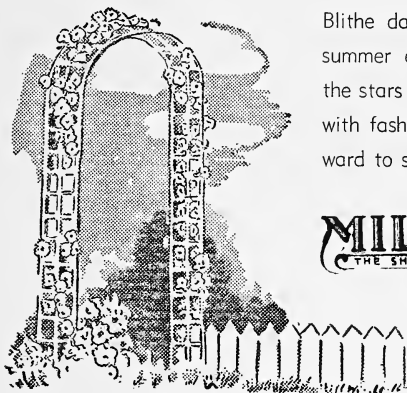
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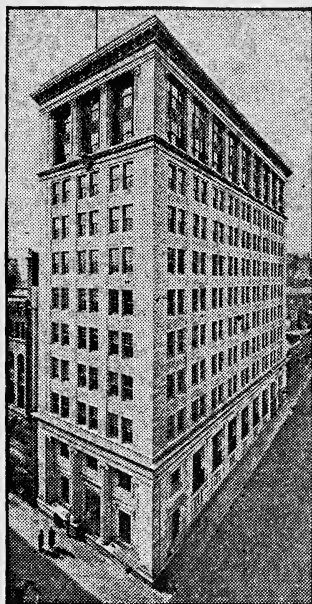
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BRAMBLER

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May

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SWEET BRIAR COLLEGE, SWEET BRIAR, VA.

1941

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B. Briggs



The Willowy Approach

DOROTHEA HUTCHINGS, '42

From: Louisville, Ky. *Born:* Ditto.

When a child, wrote: Poems—Stories—Novels.

Weakness: Lions.

Ambition: To be an architect.

DANA had reached the terrible conclusion that she was a wall-flower, born to bloom unnoticed on the second floor of a dorm. So frankly did she look at herself in a mirror that she completely missed two startling brown eyes and wavy chestnut hair. In fact, she saw only a man-less college girl. It was stamped all over her as by a rubber stamp: man-less.

Then one day in the library she came across a thin red book, *Personality—and How to Win a Man*. Now, Dana had no personality and she wanted to win a man—A Particular Man—so she checked out the book and read it avidly. "First appearances are important," the book said; "Walk with shoulders erect, stepping out from the hip—and smile."

Dana practiced for ten days.

Saturday night she tip-toed to the railing and peered into the lower hall. There he was! No mistaking his dark head and deep voice. Dana's heart drummed unevenly. She pressed a hand against her stomach to settle a butterfly or two as his gay laugh rose above the din her dorm mates and their dates were making. It was now or never. She rubbed her elbows together and pulled her left ear for good luck.

"Walk with shoulders erect, stepping out from the hip—and smile."

She was on the top step now, watching for an opportune moment. He was *sooo* wonderful—"King of the Campus" they called him. And now she was moving slowly down—gracefully. Oh, so gracefully! Several couples looked up and

frankly stared, but Dana scarcely noticed them. Walk gracefully, walk gracefully.

Three more steps to go.

Suddenly something happened. The stairs dropped away, the floor flashed up, and she landed in a little heap. A burst of laughter struck her ears.

They're laughing at me, she thought. Oh, God, let me sink through the floor, let me die. Don't make me stand up and face them—and *him*!

"How dare you laugh!" cried a deep voice. "How dare you! She might be hurt." There were quick steps across the floor. Some one knelt down, half-lifted her.

"That was a well-staged little act—it really worked," said a girl's shrill voice.

The arms grew tense with anger. "You shut up!"

Dana opened her eyes and looked up into his face. "Oh," she gasped.

"Are you all right?" he asked. "Here, let me carry you over to that sofa." Before she could reply, he had lifted her easily and deposited her on a couch in the parlor.

"Thank you," she said weakly, more overcome emotionally than physically.

He sat down beside her. "Do you do that often?"

Her eyes met his.

"I mean—well, gosh—I mean, you really might hurt yourself sometime—and—maybe I ought to stick around.—Maybe?"

Pattern

FRANCES WARFIELD MEEK, '42

From: Columbus, Ohio. *Born:* Ditto.

When a child, wrote: Love letters for her paper dolls. And poetry.

Weakness: Horses and the flavour of Olde Russia.

Ambition: Too many to list.

He searched
 for my hand
 in the guilty darkness
 as a machine chooses a
 part, to be used in a wheel.
 He was a log in a split rail fence
 or a flower in the lace of society.
 He lived in a pattern and so he liked
 cabbages, hot dogs and Ford V8's. Sun-
 days he dated "a girl like the girl that
 had married dear old dad" and
 yelled about war be-
 cause after all he was
 only a pattern on
 t h e w a l l.

Stir Not These Flames

DORIS OGDEN, '42

From: Short Hills, N. J. *Born:* Morristown, N. J.

When a child, wrote: Poems about robins.

Weakness: Boots and saddles.

Ambition: Changes every day.

A WINTER sun shone weakly in the cold, grey sky. The raw wind cut through the thin clothes of the men as they worked. But they scarcely felt it, for their digging kept them warm. Grey stone buildings rose behind them. The other three sides of the large, bare field were bounded by a high wire fence, which was dwarfed by the distance and by the leafless trees visible at the far end of the field. The fence narrowed to meet the walls of the nearest building, a corner of which protruded into the field, showing two walls, with far-spaced, tiny barred windows high above the ground. The little group of men worked slowly but steadily at one side of this field. Not far off a guard stood leaning on his gun, watching them.

Pierre lowered his pick for a moment and straightened his aching body, keeping a wary eye on the guard. He rubbed the small of his back with one hand and wondered whether he had ever been as tired before in his life. He looked down the line of men working with shovels and picks. This trench was almost finished. Six feet wide and five feet deep it must be. Its length varied from day to day, depending on the number of bodies they had. These poor devils were buried, as they had died, together.

"Careful, Pierre," muttered the man opposite him, who was also working with a pick. Pierre saw that the guard had picked up his gun and was watching him. Silently, he swung the heavy pick-axe above his shoulder and began digging again.

He could endure this work if only he could escape from his thoughts, if he could go on working like an automaton. But his tortured mind was filled with self-accusations, doubts, and memories, and gave him no peace. The pick-axes rang on the frozen ground. The shovels scraped and clanged. Pierre's thoughts went on, punctuated now and then by a vicious drive with his axe. Perhaps he could stall off those hated thoughts, if he kept his mind on Annette. Where was she at this time of day? Probably standing in line, waiting for the rations for her family. Perhaps little Pierre was with her. He could see him standing there, holding his mother's hand, watching all that went on with wide eyes, and asking endless questions. So, during the early months of the winter, he had gone with her or stayed at home with little Pierre and Annette's parents. Now he was in prison. What a fool he had been to lose control of himself that day! But he couldn't have just stood by and watched that German soldier humiliate his wife. No man would stand for that, no, not even one who had sworn submission to his conquerors. He remembered every detail of that scene and he writhed inwardly again with hopeless anger. He saw them walking down the village street, he and Annette and little Pierre. A German officer was coming toward them, and they were about to step back to let him pass when little Pierre dropped his rag doll. Anne bent quickly to pick it up before the soldier could step on it. With a vicious shove the soldier pushed her out of his way, throwing her to the ground. Pierre could see him standing there in his hated uniform, with his eyes angry and his mouth in a hard straight line. He could still see the soldier's face, too, as his fist caught him in the mouth; could see his knees sagging as he sank to the ground; could hear Anne's horrified cry, "No, Pierre, no." The memory grew dim after that. They had dragged him off to prison with no farewell to Annette or their son. He was glad then, that he had done it, but many were the times he had since regretted

that blow. He had given in to Anne's pleas when he swore loyalty to the Germans. When he had gone that far, he should have kept himself under control. Now he was no better off than the men who had refused to swear and who had been sent to concentration camps. They, at least, had their pride. He had nothing—only the knowledge that, though he had made himself surrender, he had been unable to stick to his resolve.

Reality brought Pierre back to earth with a jolt. He had heard the sound they all dreaded—the sharp staccato cracks of the firing squad. The men stopped their work long enough to glance in the direction of the prison walls. Some muttered curses were heard, and then they resumed their digging, avoiding each other's eyes.

Pierre forced his thoughts back to his wife. The authorities were not too inhuman, for they had let him keep his picture of Annette. The knowledge that it was in his coat pocket comforted him. Only last evening he had shown it to his fellow prisoners. They were all sitting around wearily, talking about their lost families. Pierre, usually silent, had suddenly wanted to tell them about his wife. They had listened sympathetically, but looked skeptical when he told them how pretty Annette was. So he had taken out the picture and shown it to them. It was a remarkably good snapshot. She was laughing, showing her white, even teeth, and the camera had caught the twinkle in her eyes.

"Of course, that was taken about six years ago, before we were married," he had explained. "But she doesn't look much older now—at least, she didn't until this winter," he added with a catch in his throat.

As more rifle shots rang out, the men tried to drown the sound with the scrape of their shovels and the blows of the picks. Looking up, Pierre saw that this trench was almost long enough. Soon they would be finished with this work on tomorrow's grave and be ready to go fill in today's. That was

the part he hated most. He feared with a cold dread that he would recognize one of the bodies—that he would see someone he knew. These men were executed for no real reason. They had done nothing, except perhaps to defy the German authorities, or to hoard some food for their starving families.

The grave was almost finished now, and those with picks rested, while the shovelers finished up. The sound of a truck became audible but Pierre did not look up. He knew what it was.

"You can rest for twenty minutes," the soldier called, and the men collected in a weary little group, turning their backs to the truck. They could rest, thought Pierre, while those poor devils on the death squad laid the bodies in the grave, side by side, as close together as possible.

Suddenly, the full import of what he was doing struck him. He, Pierre Londeau, was digging the graves of those Frenchmen who had had the courage to defy the Nazis. He was a coward. He was yellow, yellow through and through. It was cowardly to take that oath of submission. Yet, he reasoned with himself, he had submitted for Anne's sake. By surrendering, he would be able to stay near her and look out for the family, even though his every move was watched by the Nazis. But his first misstep had brought him here. His whole spirit rebelled at the humiliating part he had chosen to play.

There were more guards now—the evening detail to bring the prisoners in. Two men were already at work, shoveling quicklime over the bodies. Again his spirit revolted and he felt sick with self-contempt. Even though he had been doing this for more than a month, he could not get used to this part of it, as the other men had. Their minds were numbed still by the shock of the defeat, he supposed. They did not realize what they were doing. Dazed by the loss of all they had known, they were spared this awful self-incrimination, this tortured state of mind. As he shoveled, Pierre's fury rose. He was past

caring now, beyond remembering Anne's words of caution. Savagely he kept on shoveling, his mind raging, until suddenly his whole body froze with horror. He recognized the half upturned face of Jacques Portiers, little fourteen-year-old Jacques, from next door; he who had played with little Pierre throughout the winter—and he who had marched determinedly away with the men of the town, when word of the Germans' approach came. Something snapped in Pierre's mind as the body disappeared under its white covering. At that moment a hand struck his shoulder and a guard's harsh voice said in his ear, "Get back to work, *Schwein*." Pierre had found his freedom now. Youth and strength flowed back to his body. Slowly he straightened, lifting his heavy iron shovel. As he turned, the guard recoiled from what he saw in Pierre's eyes. But before he could move, the shovel, swung with the force of a demon, caught him full in the side of the head.

* * * * *

Two guards came out of the prison dispensary and walked toward their quarters.

"I shall be glad when winter is over," said one. "I live for the time when it is warm twenty-four hours a day."

"*Ach*, I dread those cold nights when we have sentry duty," replied his companion.

"That is a decent coat they gave you," remarked the first, looking at the jacket his friend was wearing. "They get them from the prisoners they have shot, do they not?"

"Yes," returned the other, thoughtfully looking at a picture he had found in the pocket. "And some poor devil had a damned pretty wife."

Elegy Found in an Old Coke Bottle

BARBARA WRIGHT, '43

From: Highland Park, Ill. *Born:* Evanston, Ill.

When a child, wrote: Poems and illustrated books.

Weakness: Men and deviled eggs.

Ambition: To write the world's greatest novel.

"All this and heaven too!" I sighed,
 When you bestowed your pin;
 What cared I then I'd lost my pride
 In trying to rope you in?
 The alterations you'd required
 Had all been carried through;
 For you I'd sweated (nay: "perspired").
 To fit that "32."
 I changed my lipstick, "Passion Red,"
 To palest "Angel Glow."
 (In spite of what the public said
 I felt that *you* should know!)
 The gown that drew the stags at bay
 Soon folded on the shelf.
 (You found it just a bit risqué
 To show much "outer self!")
 You thought my culture wearing thin;
 At once my mind grew far
 From Harry James' to Wagner's din,
 From *Esquire* to Descartes.
 But all the while that I was trying
 To bloom as your ideal,
 Those roving orbs of yours were eyeing
 A dizzy blonde, you heel!
 So take your pin and ring with crest,
 In tears I plead you go,
 (Besides I must be getting dressed
 To paint the town with Joe.)

Number Pleasing

BETTY WEEMS, '41

From: Houston, Texas. *Born:* Ditto.

When a child, wrote: Three passionate novels.

Weakness: Bargain basements and going barefooted.

Ambition: Ten children.

IN Sweet Briar Grand Central Station—alias the Information Office—live two Elizabeths and a Lena. The three “Jacks-of-all-Communications” literally live in a space of about twenty-four yards divided by that hall we know too well and spend too much time in. They live—if you could call being a combination mouthpiece, live wire, and encyclopaedia for twenty-four hours straight—“living.” The girls actually spend the night right by the switchboard and then keep on working again the next morning.

However, upon investigation, a “satisfied-with the present-set-up” attitude was discovered. Although Lena and Elizabeth Duff (who has especially dark hair and an especially green and white checked dress) would like some day to get a job with Western Union, they are amazingly happy doing what they’re doing.

All were born in the not too distant countryside. Lena (the blonde) is from twelve miles away, Elon; a well-populated home of eight; and Madison Heights High School. Elizabeth Duff is from around Elon also, and an E. C. Glass High School. Elizabeth Lynch is from a minister’s family, Pleasant Hill, Maryland.

An extremist along some lines, Miss Duff has a phobia about bugs—any kind of bugs. This phobia is one of the few things that upset their frantic routine of efficiency. Miss Duff sees a fly and lets out a screech. From the yell, Lena thinks it is a snake—and since she has a phobia about snakes, out comes an-

other screech. Elizabeth Lynch ("Lib" for short) thinks it is a big snake and is even more afraid of snakes so she yells even louder. Chaos, confusion, and conflict follow. (Any resemblance to any person living or dead is purely intentional.)

Along with the bugs and in between "number pleases," Lena explains that, to her, Hitler is an unspeakable name. The three of them are divided on the war issue, with two pro-English and one Isolationist. But, in general, the war is in the category of things they don't have time to bother with. Lib Lynch expressed a unique view about the draft, however. "They don't take any of the men that have been in jail! So I'm afraid that before long the only available men will be jail birds!"

Among the other things they don't have time for is listening in on conversations. "It would be fun if there wasn't so much other stuff," says Lib. "I listened once late at night (before the eleven o'clock law) to a very-long-distance call. The sleepy girl answered with, 'I'm speechless!' He screamed back, 'F'gosh sakes don't be speechless now—I've already paid for it!'" This upset Lib, as she is the very curious type—talkative in a soft manner, and pleasantly opinionated. Lena is very different. This gay, outdoor girl is independent, not a bit curious, and very sophisticated. Elizabeth Duff is in between as far as disposition goes and is very particular about her name.

Contrary to the usual conception, Randolph and Manson get all the phone calls and not the Freshman dorms. The biggest telephone problem (next to those people who conveniently change their names upon the discontinuance of their telephone privileges) is persuading the amorous men who call after eleven that their loves will still be there in the morning. Ah-h-h—Spring! Which, by the way, hasn't affected the busy three as yet. Lena is not any more in love than usual (a continual state since the age of ten). Lib just thinks she *might* be, as usual, and Miss Duff is still playing the field, as usual. Maybe the

explanation lies in the fact that they are not as continually subjected to the sight of blooming bushes and dappled dells.

Miss Duff seems to be quite akin to the typical Sweet Briar girl in the way she uses her spare-time-if-any. She sleeps. (While Lena walks, and Lib listens to symphony music.) On dates, they dance, bowl, or go to movies. On vacations they either go home or visit friends. Lena prefers the country, horse-back riding, picnics and all of the outdoors, while Lib and Miss Duff like the city.

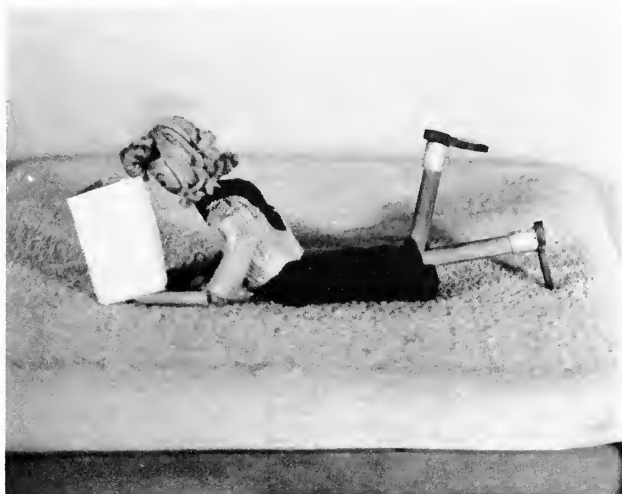
It is interesting to watch the keys, cards, trunks, extensions, and lamps of the P. B. Export (all of which is long for Switchboard) go through their frantic dance while telegrams come ticking and trickling in almost on top of each other through the (ahem) Simplex. And it is even more amazing to watch these three, cool and collected, untangle the screaming operators, type out the telegrams, answer the unceasing questions, and also harmonize pleasantly with each other and with us.

Perspective

Like an insect crawling over
The slippery surface of smooth glass,
We with our pettiness forever strive
To gain importance.

—K. S., '42

INTRODUCING



BETTINA BOXWOOD

Miss Bettina Boxwood, in fact. No country miss, this. Indeed, she hails from a cosmopolitan center, where starched nurses push perambulators through endless parks, and glamour comes wrapped in cellophane, three for a nickel. Her mien is pleasantly aristocratic, but for all her culture she has a yen to sandwich a bit of college life into her already colorful existence. So she was thrilled,—nay, enchanted, to become a part of our literary organization. Watch for her. She'll get around. We hope you like her.

Assembly Line

SIDNEY HOLMES, '44

From: Long Island. *Born:* Ditto.

When a child, wrote: Nothing.

Weakness: Dark hair.

Ambition: To play Boogie-Woogie on the piano.

HE is a young American. At the age of eighteen he drinks, smokes, and takes girls out as long as his money holds out. He is a freshman at one of the country's best colleges, and is, at present, wondering whether his semester marks will enable him to remain there. This isn't bothering him particularly, since he has every confidence that should he have to leave college, his father would make it easy for him to get a job at home. He sees no reason why, with his brains and a college education, he shouldn't be able to make good.

His chief aim in life is to make a lot of money without exerting himself too much, and to enjoy himself to the utmost, living in luxury and comfort, with a large circle of friends about him at all times to share his pleasure and leisure.

His life so far has been entirely pleasant. His parents have seen to it that he has had everything they could give him in both material things and in moral support. In grammar school he was considered a "swell guy" by the boys, and marvelous by the girls, because he was never afraid to answer back to the teachers or to get into any scrape that was "cute" or "smart." In the Class Will he was left a brief-case in which to keep his demerit cards.

Prep school was an unpleasant experience which he had to live through as best he could. The monotony of his life there was broken by beer parties after "lights," and walks in the woods where students could smoke without being caught. When these activities were discovered and he was expelled from

school, he went home very disgruntled, with a resolution to reform, and went out and got tight to drown his sorrows. His parents were very disappointed and disillusioned, and sent him to another school, from which he finally graduated.

Meanwhile, he had gained prestige among his contemporaries. He was known as a "riot," a "good kid," the boy who knew how to have a good time.

Now he is in college with four more years of happy irresponsibility ahead of him, and the outlook is decidedly pleasant. As far as he knows he has no particular talent. He thinks perhaps that he would make a good writer.

He has a sort of "eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow we die" philosophy of life. He professes to be an Atheist, with no religion except a belief in himself and his abilities. Life after death is a ridiculous fantasy invented thousands of years ago with absolutely no basis for belief or assumption. He will live and let live, make the most out of every minute, and die happy, because he has enjoyed himself; he has had a good time.

Idle Doubt

DOROTHEA HUTCHINGS, '42

Our everlasting love is dead.
"So what?" they say, and I agree;
For now that I've a new love found,
What means the other one to me?
Oh, I daresay his dazzling smile
Stirs warmth within some woman's breast.
Perhaps he holds her in his arms—
But what care I? My new love's best!
The new love's twice as fine, I swear;
I'm twice as much in love. But he—
I wonder—has he found as yet
A girl he much prefers to me?

The Ruby Yacht

O. K., '41

From: Over the hills and far away. *Born:* um-hum.

When a child, wrote: Horror tales.

Weakness: Chocolate milk.

Ambition: None.

I

I went into a Temple built by Sin,
My eyes alight and Whiskers on my Chin;
Forgetting that the Door would fast Revolve,
I Soon came Out the Way I had come In.

II

The Rose will tatter, Aye, the Book will Slam,
And Dust will choke the Lake where Bass once swam;
Ah, fill the Cup, for Amherst, too, will Fade,
And as for Finals, Drink, Nor give a damn.

III

A Book of Algebra beneath the Bough
A Coke, some Juicy Fruit and thou,
Beside me, cramming me with Facts . . .
Ah, Learning, thou were Paradise enow!

Prelude to a Nervous Breakdown

JEANNE SAWYER, '42

From: Andover, Mass. *Born:* Boston.

When a child, wrote: Everything, with emphasis on poetry.

Weakness: Horses and music.

Ambition: To own a typewriter.

I

This is the story of a dope

Who eloped with a microscope.

(Let me not to the marriage of true minds

Admit impediments.

Consider the bond between solutions

And sediments.)

And the spirogyra grew all around

And the algae grew all around.

II

This medico entertained the hope

Of achieving fame with his microscope.

("Dear me," said Pooh, searching wildly,

"I cannot find my honey anywhere."

And as he hunted, he hummed a little tune

Which was suspiciously like

"Oh say, honey, are you making any money?")

Oh the air is filled with tiny germs

And micröorganisms.

III

So the pope put his blessing on the dope
And he started off on his scientific mope.

*(Sing a song of nonsense, pocket full of fun,
Four and twenty bullets loaded in a gun;
When the gun was fired, out came the lead
And four and twenty Germans fell down dead.)*

Oh the cure for cancer is unknown
And the doctor has a headache.

IV

Now the dope had a theory on heliotrope
Which he'd observed through his microscope.

*("Hell," said the duchess, lighting her cigar,
"When I go walking, I don't go far.
Confidentially, I'd rather drive a car.")*

Oh there's a cynic at the clinic
Who has no faith in theory.

V

Now the pope had hope in the heliotrope
So he loaned the dope his telescope.

*("Sur le pont d'Avignon
On y danse, on y danse,
Sur le pont d'Avignon
On y danse tout en rond.")*

Oh the flowers that bloom in the spring, tra la,
Have nothing to do with the case.

The Little People

BETTE HARTMAN, '44

From: Lancaster, Pa. *Born:* Ditto.

When a child wrote: "Men of Mars" etc.

Weakness: Freckles, fortune tellers, and Mike (teddy bear).

Ambition: Just to write.

THE night of the formal dinner, William was back again at the club. We were all glad to see him—to see his happy smile and his twinkling eyes. William was the head waiter, and so, of course, he knew everyone there. He was never too busy to ask about our tennis, never too rushed to recommend lamb chops for luncheon. We all knew and respected him—and I'm pretty sure he liked us.

William is Swedish, and like most Swedes he is quite tall and very blond. He must be about fifty, but he always seems much younger to us. In fact, we had all grown up accustomed to seeing him around and depending on him for a good time. I can still see him walking briskly across the hall, his blue eyes twinkling, his hands playing nervously with the black velvet ribbon that hung from his glasses. And that was what had seemed so strange to us that evening. He was no longer smiling, he looked tired, and he wasn't even playing with his velvet ribbon. Suddenly I wondered where he had been for the past two weeks. It wasn't long before I discovered the reason he had been away and why he looked so worried.

It was just before dinner was announced. I was in the dining room arranging the place cards. At first I didn't pay much attention to the waiters standing in the corner, but they were talking in hurried phrases and I heard a familiar name—"William." I caught most of the conversation then.

"New York—no—he wasn't sure—just a chance—they're in Berlin—have to stay until the war's over—no—the cable was his only chance—should hear tonight."

At first the scattered words didn't make sense. Then I remembered. William's family were visiting in Berlin. I hadn't thought about it before, but now I realized that the war had struck suddenly. There had been no warning, no chance for escape. And that was why William didn't seem the same. I looked at the long tables, the mass of red roses, the gleaming candles, the shining silver. William came up behind me. I jumped.

"Is everything all right, Miss?"

I could feel myself blushing. The waiters had disappeared. "Yes, thank you, William"—I fled to the safety of my friends and the terrace. Suddenly I felt frightened. It was all too perfect: the sun setting far across the golf course, the soft playful breeze that ruffled my hair, the dining room inside. Something was wrong—all wrong—couldn't I do anything? I looked around. Everyone near me was laughing, dancing. Through the open door I could see my mother and father talking to some friends. I started toward them, but it was too late. William was already announcing dinner. I would have to wait until later, and hope that nothing would happen. Carefully I crossed my fingers.

The dinner was perfect, the service impeccable. But it seemed long, the courses following each other slowly and correctly. Even the music was muted, somehow forlorn. And yet everything was the same; it was the same dining room, the same club, even the same people. But William wasn't the same . . .

Then it happened.

"Telephone, William."

Startled, I looked up. William went suddenly white. He turned toward the kitchen and the telephone. It seemed like a year, but it was really only a minute until he returned. Surprised, I noticed that the room still looked the same . . . the flowers were just as red, the candles were still flickering, and

still somehow it didn't seem right. . . .

He nodded to my father. The men crossed the room to him—across a room that had suddenly become very quiet. He looked at them for almost a minute. Then automatically he repeated the message.

"We're all fine and happy. Mother sends her love. Father."

There was a sudden rush toward William, sudden relief and laughter and congratulations. But he shook his head. . . .

"No," he said, "No, this cable means nothing. My mother died ten years ago . . ."

Poem

KORAH SMITH, '42

From: Caracas, Venezuela. *Born:* San Francisco.

When a child, wrote: Scenarios and plays.

Weakness: Drums—the ocean.

Ambition: To own an El Greco.

Better to leave
The rose
Unpicked
By the road,
Better by far.
Better remembered beauty
Than a withered
Flower, loved
For a fleeting hour;
Better by far.

As We Pass By

"The room was like a shabby caravan held up for a moment in a smart, bright street. One doubted whether returning in a few hours' time to the gleaming mechanized block, one would still find it there; it would most certainly have moved on."

from "Journey Without Maps,"
by Graham Green

"He had a wonderful talent for packing thought close, and rendering it portable."

by Macaulay

"What is love? 'Tis not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What's to come is still unsure:
In delay there lies no plenty,
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,
Youth's a stuff will not endure."
from "Twelfth Night"

"Ye cannot find the depth of the heart of man, neither can ye perceive the things that he thinketh: then how can ye search out God, that hath made all these things, and know His mind, or comprehend His purpose?"

from The Apocrypha,
Judith VIII, 14

" . . . he learned to apply the Socratic method, that art of discussing without contradicting, of persuading without opposing, of avoiding all violence in language and mental attitude."

from "Life of Benjamin Franklin,"
by Fay

“Swing ’em high and swing ’em low,
Keep on swingin’ that calico!
Right foot up and left foot down,
Whirligig, Whirligig, Whirligig ’round!
Rope your cow and brand your calf,
Swing your honey an hour and a half!
Here I come with the old mess wagon,
Hind wheel broke and the axle draggin’,
Promenade, boys, promenade! . . . *Keno!*”

from a Cowboy dance

“The blue triumphs in splendor; it is the triumph of the azure, woven with silver and golden lights, like imperial brocade; it is the deep blue that bathes in pure light the motionless headline and circling lake; and alone, in the distance, the sail of a boat places its sweet note of virginal white.”

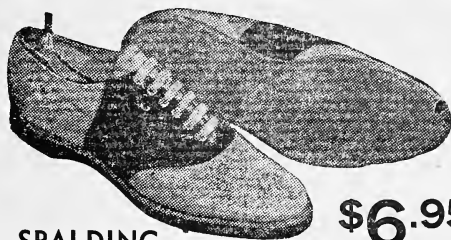
from “The Triumph of the Blue,”

by Luis G. Urbina

“I was so chill, and overworn, and sad,
To be a lady was the only joy I had.
I walked the street as silent as a mouse,
Buying fine clothes, and fittings for the house.”

from “Song,”

by Anna Wickham



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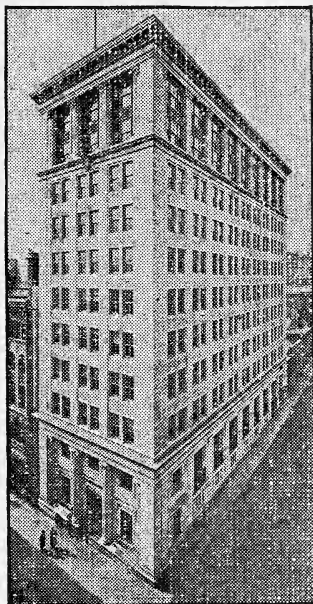
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